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REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS

FROM

SOME SIXTY YEARS OF LIFE IN IRELAND

BY

H. KINGSMILL MOORE

D.D. Ball. Coll. Oxon., F.L.S.

CANON OF ST. PATRICK'S NATIONAL CATHEDRAL
PRINCIPAL OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND TRAINING COLLEGE
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IN MEMORIAM

The Most Rev. William Conyngham, Fourth Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin

The Right Honourable Gerald FitzGibbon, Lord Justice of Appeal

AND

The many others herein mentioned with whom it has been my Privilege to Work.

PREFACE

In no sense is this an autobiography. The lives of ordinary people do not interest the public.

It happens, however, that for more than half a century my life has been in contact with people of prominence in Church and State. In consequence, many happenings likely to be of general interest are known only to me.

When first the thought of writing about men and movements occurred, my purpose was to deal solely with the lives of others: but I found that Reminiscences imply a Rememberer, and for that reason the personal element is inevitable.

As the book is intended to deal only with public persons and public matters my private life has no place in it. This explains my silence about the many kind and valued friends who have done so much to make life happy at Cedar Mount.

There are two public friends who did not fit into any of my chapters, to whom I should like to make brief allusion here.

Had I included a chapter on 'Temperance Work,' Canon A. L. Elliott would have filled a prominent place. He was an influential and untiring temperance advocate; we did much work together, first at

St. Catherine's and afterwards at Killiney. I greatly valued his friendship.

The Right Reverend F. R. Wynne, when Rector of St. Matthias's, was appointed to the newly-founded Chair of Pastoral Theology in Trinity College. It was my privilege to help him week after week, when the Divinity Students met at his house for social evenings and wise guidance. I walked with him at St. Matthias's-on-the-Sea, as Greystones was then named, from his summer residence there. I visited him at Clarisford, Killaloe. His beautiful life has been written by his celebrated son-in-law, the Rev. J. O. Hannay. To know him was to love him.

I have to thank Messrs. Blackwood for kind permission to use an article contributed to their Magazine, and my son and his wife, and my daughter for much help given at all stages of the preparation of these 'Reminiscences.'

Also a debt of gratitude is due to my colleague and friend, Mr. John Cooke, for his kindness in reading the proofs.

CEDAR MOUNT,
DUNDRUM,
April 1930.

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REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS—CORK CATHEDRAL

Liverpool—A disappointed portrait painter—My father—My mother—Midleton College—'John Gregg'—His Cathedral—Bromsgrove Grammar School—Cricket at Hagley Park—Lord Lyttelton.

BORN December 11, 1853, the first years of my life were spent in Liverpool, where my father, the incumbent of a city parish, ministered, with the help of a single curate to about 8,000 parishioners. Naturally a child could form no opinion as to the value of his labours; but, if the many and valuable gifts he received on leaving are evidence, those for whom he worked esteemed him highly. Perhaps the story of an intended presentation may be told as a partial index to his character.

The leading portrait painter of the town foreseeing presentations begged for sittings from my father. The sittings were given, and the portrait was painted; but when his friends ascertained my father's indifference to the perpetuation of his person, they did not include the portrait among the presentations. As some consolation to the artist, the portrait was purchased at a nominal price, and it remained unframed and unseen

for a quarter of a century, until I offered to provide a frame, and hang it in my dining-room.

In 1863 my father was appointed head master of Midleton College, Co. Cork. The school, which had flourished early in the century under a famous scholar, Mr. John Turpin, was almost derelict in 1863. A single boarder and half a dozen day-boys comprised the whole of my father's inheritance in the way of pupils. Very rapidly this was altered. By Christmas the number were already considerable, and many alterations in the buildings and grounds were undertaken. Here my mother's skill was invaluable. She was an excellent gardener. In Liverpool she succeeded with chrysanthemums, and native ferns, in a back garden, and I can recall hunts for ferns in Welsh holidays which doubtless inspired for me the hobby of my life. At Midleton she designed and carried out a flower garden which was the admiration of all visitors. She also introduced many improvements in and around the buildings, which added much both to their appearance and utility. It was a sad blow for my father and his seven children when she died, within two years of our coming to Midleton.

Perhaps, as it was connected with a fine old school,[1] which he raised to a foremost position in Ireland, a son's tribute to a father's work will be pardoned. I have never known anyone so indefatigable or with so insatiable a love of teaching. Rising early, he was ready for morning school at 7 o'clock. From that hour until 11, or oftener 12 at night, he allowed

[1] Midleton College was founded in the reign of William III.

himself no rest, unless the few minutes he snatched for his meals deserve the name. He carved for the boys at dinner, and was usually present at their breakfast and tea. If no one called during the interval between 12 and 12.30, after a cup of coffee, he used to visit the playground, and watch the games. At all other times he taught unceasingly. When school hours were over at 3 he took for gratuitous 'grinds' all whom he thought wanted help, either singly, or in batches. He specially rejoiced in giving finishing touches to pupils seeking university distinction. But I think he gave even more time to the dull whom nobody else could teach, and whose hope of a livelihood of any kind depended on what he could do for them. How he found it possible to conduct correspondence has always been a mystery.

That his private affairs suffered was inevitable; long lists of debtors were disclosed after his death. With regard to fees he was singularly incurious. He had his reward in many a grateful heart. So lately as 1927, when the Earl of Midleton gave a banquet in Cork to old Midletonians, generous testimony was borne to my father's liberality by a leading ecclesiastic, who publicly said that he and his brothers, and many more, owed their success in life to the education which Dr. Moore's kindness had given them.

But I must condense. Very signal success soon crowned my father's labours. The school grew and grew. Large new buildings were added; they were soon filled, and a second set of buildings saw a similar result. By this time, some twelve years after his

appointment, Midleton was in the front rank of Irish schools. The boarders numbered more than seventy ; day-boys, as many as fifty, came by road and rail from all the surrounding country. In due course my father's work both as a clergyman and a scholar met with public recognition. The clergy of the diocese of Cloyne—allowed choice by the Bishop—unanimously elected him a Canon of Cloyne. In addition to what had been done for Midleton College, they found in him the faithful pastor of East Ferry parish, where a beautiful church, built under his auspices, adorns the eastern banks of Cork Harbour.

Trinity College, Dublin, gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws, *stipendiis condonatis*.

Of my own schooldays at Midleton I offer a single incident ; I select it as leading naturally to my introduction to one of the most remarkable, indeed to one of the greatest Irish bishops of the nineteenth century.

The Bishop of Cork gave annually a prize for Holy Scripture, open to the whole school. I entered for it in my fourteenth year. The Bishop's Chaplain examined. The competitors sat round a table and answered or missed the questions he put to them *viva voce*. The result was reached finally in a curious way. ' Name the Kings of Judah.' The question went all round the class till it came to me—I answered it. ' Name the Kings of Israel.' Again I alone answered, and I won the prize. In spite of the good service they did me, I have never impressed on my students at Kildare Place the duty of learning by heart those long lists of names !

The Bishop whose prize thus came my way was 'John Gregg,' a name to conjure with in Dublin and Cork for a long period in the nineteenth century. The 'Gregg Memorial Hall' in Dawson Street, which belongs to the Y.M.C.A., commemorates not only his episcopate, but also his ministry, in connexion with what was then Trinity Church. Mr. Gregg took deep interest in the Young Men's Christian Association, and it is interesting to recall that at the opening of the Hall, his son, who succeeded him in the see of Cork, told us that the offer of the bishopric by Lord Carlisle reached his father when in the act of presiding at a Y.M.C.A. meeting. Bishop John Gregg's preaching is not likely to be forgotten by anyone who ever heard him. There was a force and rush about it, accompanied by an apparently inexhaustible supply of language, which gave a style as original as it was impressive. A special feature of his oratory was the endless array of epithets he could command for anything he desired to impress. Here is an imperfect specimen. 'A good cause, a pure cause, an excellent cause, a right cause, a noble cause, a splendid cause—*God's cause*.'

Sometimes, I am afraid, we schoolboys took to counting the epithets, and great totals were reached. Nor let it be supposed that the Bishop's sermons were limited to amazing bursts of eloquence; he had an exceptional power of driving home, in a sledge-hammer way, the truths he desired to emphasise. Thus in a sermon on the evils of debt he suddenly electrified a fashionable congregation by 'If every bonnet in this church, which has not been paid for, were to fly up to

the roof, I wonder how many heads would remain covered.'

Notwithstanding, however, John Gregg's eminence as an orator, his claim to real greatness rests rather on the magnetic influence he exercised. For all time this influence is commemorated in the magnificent Cathedral which is the chief ornament of the city of Cork. To call up the funds for so perfect a building, finished and elaborated in every detail, in the years immediately following the disestablishment of the Irish Church was a titanic task. Who but he could have accomplished it? Here is an instance of the way he worked, and of his keen insight into character. The completion of the great spires lay close to the Bishop's heart. In response to his appeal a wealthy merchant sent him a cheque for £10,000. That morning the Bishop's carriage was at the donor's door. He entered with the cheque in his hand. 'This came to me to-day from you, very good, but *not good enough*. I can't get on without £30,000, and you can afford to give it.' He left with £30,000 in his pocket.

It is the glory of Bishop John Gregg that he carried to completion, within a few years, and at a most difficult period a Cathedral which may justly claim to stand high among the best buildings of our time, perhaps of any time. In 1880 I revisited Oxford, in the hope of enlisting support for the Memorial to Bishop Berkeley which I was hoping to place in Cloyne Cathedral. Among others I called on Canon Bright at Christ Church. He was at once interested in the Memorial, and readily promised his help. Then from Berkeley

and Cloyne he passed to Cork and spoke with enthusiastic admiration of the new Cathedral. Perhaps I may best sum up his opinion by quoting the words with which he concluded a panegyric which testified alike to the minuteness of his inspection, and the intensity of the impressions he received : ' It is so spirituelle ' was the phrase in which his feelings reached their climax.

From Midleton College I passed to King Edward VIth's Grammar School at Bromsgrove. As he wished to send me to Oxford, my father judged that a couple of years at an English school would prove useful. Bromsgrove was a favourite school for Irish boys ; in my time the connexion was marked by such well-known names as Archdall, Hewitt, Graves, etc., and the fame of a celebrated Irish head master, Dr. Collis, was still fresh. The Head of my time was respectable rather than eminent. In my eyes his methods and manners contrasted unfavourably with those of my father. Nevertheless there was much at Bromsgrove upon which I look back with pleasure. The buildings were interesting ; the upper forms had large and comfortable studies, the chapel was beautiful ; I greatly enjoyed the services. At the end of my first half-year (the three term system was still in the future) I was promoted to the Sixth Form. Later, I became a prefect and rose to the head of the school. At football I obtained my ' cap ' ; but at cricket I was useless. Instead, I took up Nature Study. One cricket scene I may recall as being of general interest. The most prized match of the year was played at Hagley Hall, in

Lord Lyttelton's great park. The office of scorer fell to me. Almost the whole of the opposing team was composed of those famous sons who have made the name of Lyttelton celebrated not alone in cricket, but in all the great walks of life. How well I remember the pleasures of that day—the cloudless weather—the splendid park, with its magnificent time-seasoned trees, and herds of deer—the great pavilion on the lawn where we were sumptuously entertained—the excitement of the game, both elevens were strong—the inexhaustible kindness and courtesy of our hosts. Possibly the most outstanding feature of all for me was the old Baron himself as he moved among us, paper and pencil in hand. Every now and then he would exchange a friendly greeting ; but for the most part he was absorbed not in checking the score, but—in writing Latin verse !

CHAPTER II

OXFORD AND BALLIOL IN THE SEVENTIES

Some of the Fellows—The Master—His discipline—His sermons —His hospitality—A runaway horse—T. H. Green—J. Cook-Wilson —Oxford music—Choragus—W. Sichel—The river—Sandford 'Lasher'—Ruskin, Hinksey road-making, Breakfasts—Fellow collegians, W. H. Grenfell, Charles Gore, W. St. J. F. Brodrick—The Union, H. H. Asquith, Alfred Milner.

My name was entered at Balliol, which then as now, stood foremost among Oxford colleges. By the courtesy of the Provost of Oriel I was permitted to enter my name there also. The Balliol Entrance Examination being of the Honours standard, it was comforting to have an alternative. Happily the powers that were at Balliol opened their gates to me, and I was duly enrolled in their books in 1873.

The Master was Jowett, a unique force, to whom the College owed much of its pre-eminence. Other notable figures were J. L. Strachan-Davidson, a winning figure, afterwards Master; that 'strange and fascinating personality,' R. L. Nettleship, beloved of undergraduates, whose tragic death on Mont Blanc everyone mourned; F. de Paravicini, a noble in scholarship as well as in rank; Evelyn Abbott, my tutor, whose alert mind and indefatigable industry overcame his physical disabilities; a curious-looking ecclesiastic, famous afterwards as Canon Cheyne;

Henry Smith, a mathematical genius whose magnificent head won him the soubriquet of ' Jupiter ' ; and the philosopher, T. H. Green.

Not notable, but weirdly interesting, was a tall, gaunt figure familiarly known as ' Old Woolks.' It was constantly seen flitting in and out of chapel, and wandering about the quadrangles. Nothing more authentic about it was known to us undergraduates than a strange rumour that in a bygone time ' Old Woolks ' had outdistanced Jowett in examination. Another figure pleasant to see was that of A. L. Smith, Master 1916–1924. At the time he was a Fellow of the neighbouring College, Trinity ; but he was often in Balliol, where his affections centred. We wished he had been with us more.

Of the magnetic personality of ' The Master ' I venture to speak for a moment or two. To attempt anything even approaching a sketch of his many-sided nature would be something of an impertinence ; his fame is world-wide.

But every Balliol man who knew him is proud to pay some personal tribute to his memory.

Tennyson has thus immortalised him :

> Dear Master, in our classic town,
> You, loved by all the younger gown
> There at Balliol,
> Lay your Plato for one minute down,
> And read a Grecian tale retold,
>
> To-day, before you turn again
> To thoughts that lift the soul of men,
> Hear my cataract's
> Downward thunder in hollow and glen.

The way men commonly felt about the Master may be expressed in the words of a little Frenchman who was a prominent figure in the social life of the College:

'I would gladly crawl round the quadrangles on my knees if I thought it would give him pleasure.'

My own feelings when, early in my course, he 'gated' me for three days, were similar. It came about in this way. At that time only three boats a week sailed from Cork to Bristol. One of them would certainly bring me a couple of days before College opened; the next might bring me in time, or, at worst, an hour or two late. As it happened I was late, and was sent for by the Master. Not for a moment doubting the excellence of my case, I commenced my explanation. Abruptly he cut me short in the well-known semi-shrill voice. 'I'll gate you for three days, Mr. Moore.' That was final; I bowed, retired, and served my term of enclosure with a newly-awakened sense of the absolute inviolability of College rules, and of the splendour of the Master in enforcing them.

Quite amazing was the power of will which broke from that seemingly frail body. 'None could oppose Jowett,' says one who for years was his intimate friend. 'If he wished anything done it *was* done.'[1]

His sermons were a feature in College life. When he preached every seat in chapel was filled. Simple in matter (Mrs. A. L. Smith describes them as 'Gospel Sermons'), precise in language, delivered with the

[1] Mrs. A. L. Smith in her biography of her husband.

force his character gave to all he did, they inevitably went home.

I do not know that sermons of any type occupy a large place in the thoughts of undergraduates; but Jowett's themes were often discussed and re-discussed. In Hall I remember hearing his style contrasted with that of Archdeacon (afterwards Dean) Farrar, then perhaps at the height of his fame.

Farrar: When I stand gazing at the mighty works of God, the gigantic cataract, the beetling cliff, the storm-tossed ocean with the rush of the wildly raging waves, etc., etc.

Jowett: When I look upon a pleasant prospect——.

While tolerant of liberal views, he refused publicity to crude and ill-digested theories. When the College chaplain, Cheyne, already mentioned, preached a sermon on some German theologian's 'solar myth' explanations of the Old Testament, Jowett was indignant, and was heard to say as he walked out with the preacher, 'Mr. Cheyne, you ought not to say those things to boys; you will never preach in that chapel again.' Henceforth the future Canon was 'silenced' at Balliol.

The Master's week-end parties were famous. Many were the celebrities whose appearance we came to know. In particular I recall Dean Stanley with a statuesque face as though chiselled in marble; and Bishop Colenso, tall, well-proportioned, looking anything but a heresiarch. Both Stanley and Colenso preached in the College chapel. Another figure stamped on memory is that of George Eliot; her gait and dress were ungainly, her face rugged, and masculine

like her pseudonym, but there was no mistaking the power that lay behind that face.

It was my privilege to meet some of the Master's guests at dinner, but the most signal mark of favour which I received was an invitation to his house at Malvern. It came because he learned that I was suffering from overwork, and proved a most enjoyable and invigorating experience.

Among other incidents of the visit I recall an exciting ride with E. K. Corbett, afterwards a judge in the Egyptian Court of Appeal. Horses were hired from a livery stable, and we started without any hint as to the need for caution. My mount went quietly enough, too quietly, it seemed, through Malvern. Once free of the town, I suggested improved pace ; at first there was little response, and then quite suddenly and apparently without any provocation, the beast burst into a mad gallop. I kept my head—and my seat—but all attempts to pull him up were as useless as if I had been tugging at the Rock of Cashel ; all I could do was to help him round such corners as occurred. Happily the roads were open, no motors or motor buses then. How many miles we sped I cannot tell. Till he began to tire I was helpless, but at last I was able gradually to check, and finally to master his paces. We returned him to the stables bearing, in masses of foam, indisputable traces of the struggle. Said the groom, grimly, as he took him from me, ' We don't expect our horses to be ridden this way.' Said I, still more grimly, ' I don't expect to be carried that way. You may be thankful that you have not been made

responsible for broken limbs, or even a broken neck.' There was no further suggestion of extra charges for damage done to the horse.

When I matriculated my name had not been sufficiently long upon the books to entitle me to a room *in* College, but I was allotted very pleasant quarters with five other Balliol men, in a house under the special tutelage of that remarkable man Professor T. H. Green, whose influence has been justly described as ' one of the outstanding facts in the intellectual life of Oxford during the latter half of the nineteenth century.'

How shy he was, and reserved! Yet somehow, even to the raw undergraduate, he was not disconcerting. As you looked into that keen, grave face, you felt there was a great store of kindness behind it, and were assured. It was a real joy to partake of his hospitality, and to know his charming wife.

The terms spent in the house, before rooms became available in College, passed very pleasantly. The company was congenial. Three of my companions afterwards became prominent in various ways. A. B. Walkly, who left us too soon for a scholarship at Corpus, was afterwards well known in London literary circles as a dramatic critic. T. A. Lacey, still with us as Canon of Worcester, is recognised as a learned theologian. But *facile princeps* was J. Cook-Wilson, whose friendship has been one of the precious things of my life. In every respect he was an intellectual giant. To him fell the almost unprecedented distinction of four Firsts, two in ' Mods.' and two in ' Greats.' I think it was my music that drew him to me; in

nothing else could I approach him. He liked to come into my room and listen to my playing ; and when he became a Fellow of Oriel it gave him pleasure for me to go and play on his piano there. The friendship thus begun lasted until his death in 1915. He was my father's guest at Midleton for some weeks during a long vacation, and greatly appreciated the beautiful scenery and social life of the neighbourhood. In later years he visited us at Cedar Mount, Dundrum. At the time he was in failing health, but he recalled the old musical tie, and begged for some of his favourite Schubert and Mozart. Whenever I was able to revisit Oxford the friendship was renewed, as though there had been no gap. I was his guest at Oriel, and, when he became Professor, at New. In his house in Fyfield Road he would show me long arrays of manuscripts—his lectures ; and, when I asked him about their publication, while not very definite upon the subject, I gathered that there was hope of their one day taking book form. Now that he, and the wife to whom he was so devotedly attached, are no longer there, Oxford to me is a different place.

When, in my turn, I was given rooms in College, music in many ways enlarged my interests. In those days the only instrument in the beautiful chapel was a good harmonium. It was played by undergraduates, and undergraduates formed the choir. W. Warner, afterwards Student, *i.e.* Fellow of Christ Church, and M. E. G. Finch-Hatton, afterwards Earl of Winchelsea, were in charge when I entered. Finding out that I had some knowledge of Church music (for years I had

played in my father's church) they invited me to join them, and in due course I succeeded Finch-Hatton as 'Choragus.' It was an interesting office, one which brought me into close touch with every fellow-student who had a voice. To draw the choir to practices called for persuasiveness; I found it helpful to visit the 'choristers'' rooms on practice evenings, and make a personal appeal for attendance. Curiously enough, the office gave a seat on the 'College Committee,' where the other 'Ex Officios' were the leading athletes, such as the captains of the boat, cricket, and football clubs. Thus it happened that, at the end of my time, I found myself, as being the only member not seeking re-election, presiding over a general meeting of all the undergraduates of the College.

During my tenure the chapel was supplied, from the private purse of the Master, with an organ. This naturally led to the appointment of an organist, and not long after my time the office of 'Choragus' ceased to exist.

Another proof of the Master's interest in the chapel services was the compilation of a hymn-book. My first literary work was done in helping with the selection of the hymns.

The concerts for which Balliol became famous were not as yet founded; but the University Musical Club held delightful weekly meetings. There for the first time I learnt the joys of the string quartet.

I am afraid my piano must sometimes have tried my neighbours, for in permitted hours it was much heard. But it had its friends. One of my cherished posses-

sions is a handsome volume of Beethoven's Sonatas presented by W. Sichel, with a very pleasant inscription. What a figure Sichel was among his fellows in those far-off days! He seemed to bubble over with wit and *joie de vivre*. Once or twice since I have met him, and always with delight. He has become a voluminous and successful author.

Besides music, my chief recreation was the river and all it meant, sculling, canoeing, bathing. Because, to use the boating phrase, 'I sent out a good chest,' I was tried for the 'Torpids'; but my ambitions led rather in the direction of more individual liberty, and less severe training, and it was no disappointment not to be chosen. Long sculls on the beautiful reaches of the 'lower' river, and canoeing on the 'upper' gave both pleasure and health. Sometimes they gave adventure also. In the upper river were rapids and small falls. To drop over a fall of even a few feet in a canoe without capsizing is not quite an easy matter; so I discovered once at least to my cost. For scullers who are beginning the locks are a difficulty. The stability of your boat depends wholly on the sculls; when these have to be pulled in to about half their length in a narrow lock, stability lessens. If the lock is crowded, and the required shortening of the sculls excessive, stability disappears. So I found it when my boat capsized in Iffley Lock, and I went down and down underneath it and other craft, until it seemed as if there was no prospect of coming up again.

A great attraction to adventurous bathers was the Sandford 'Lasher.' There a tributary stream, on its

way to the ' lower ' river, falls some eight or ten feet into a basin whose shape produces a whirlpool. A monument close by to two members of the University who lost their lives in the ' Lasher ' shows that the bathing cannot always be described as safe. But the flavour of danger adds interest to the sport, and I cannot think there is any real risk for a vigorous swimmer. I always found the plunge and the short sharp struggle with the foaming whirl a most enjoyable experience.

One of our prominent Oxford professors in the seventies was Ruskin. He had a sovereign contempt for athletics, and considered ' perpetual slashing ' of the river as wasted time. As a more profitable form of exercise he originated road-making. Close to Oxford was a village or hamlet called Hinksey, whose roads when they existed at all were in a shocking condition. At the call of Ruskin and his lieutenants large bands of undergraduates enlisted to remedy the evil. What would have meant laborious work for a few presented no hardships to the many ; and it had the attraction of bringing us into contact with a famous man.

Breakfasting with Ruskin was a memorable event. He did most of the talking, discharging freely his idiosyncrasies. Railways he hated. At one breakfast he told us his experience on the Great Western. Describing Paddington Station he said ' I felt as though I were in hell.' More instructive were his opinions on art and literature. On one occasion he brought out a number of his water colours, and showed them with

illuminating remarks. On another he entertained us with some of the original manuscripts of Scott's 'Waverley Novels,' which he treasured in crimson morocco. The emendations and interlineations interested him, and he took pleasure in drawing attention to small lapses of any kind; but his general admiration for the great novelist was unbounded.

These Oxford memories will close presently with some account of the Union and its famous Presidents. But I may be pardoned if I give first a few reminiscences of the men who lived on my staircase, and one or two others.

Lord Lymington, afterwards Earl of Portsmouth, had rooms opposite mine. From Mrs. A. L. Smith's memoirs of her husband I gather that rather strenuous coaching had been necessary to raise him to the Balliol standard, but in the end he justified his admission. I was with my tutor, Evelyn Abbott, when Lymington for the first time met his eye; he was crossing the quadrangle in a brilliant orange suit, which was the more remarkable as his hair was a vigorous red. 'I suppose,' said Abbott, 'he thinks he may wear clothes like that because he is a lord.'

Lymington took himself seriously, and his pose as a 'constitootional Whig' gave rise to mirth; but he worked hard, got honours, and, what was more remarkable, attained to the position of President of the Union. I only saw him once afterwards. He was a member of an Educational Royal Commission before which I gave evidence in the House of Commons; the red on top was replaced by a shining baldness, but a red

beard had blossomed below. Someone suggested that the flames had run round his face and concentrated under the chin.

Above Lymington dwelt a wealthy Japanese marquis. The saying went that if you sneezed twice you came near his name—' Hachisuka.' He drove a magnificent carriage and pair, and was less seen in Balliol than in Christ Church, where stakes were high, and money could be easily lost or won.

Opposite was W. H. Myers, whose scholarship, acquired at Eton, brought him a first in ' Mods.' The owner of an estate in Hampshire, he was elected M.P. for Winchester in 1892, and held the seat until 1906, when he resigned, choosing the pleasures of a country life in preference to the excitements and distractions of Parliament and London. Our friendship has lasted through all the years. He visited me in Cork, when I was Diocesan Inspector, and accompanied me on one of my tours. Quite lately I had the pleasure of being with him and Mrs. Myers at Swanmore House. Our mutual love of gardens leads to many interesting exchanges.

In the two upper rooms were H. McN. Humphrey, a Winchester boy, and W. A. B. Musgrave. Humphrey has become a successful barrister. At a recent Gaudy I met him, looking ten years younger than his age. We used often to ' commonise ' together. Changing times have abolished this most social custom. Now all take every meal in Hall ; then we had every meal but dinner brought to our rooms, and friends used to invite one another to have a meal, generally breakfast,

in common. This meant that the guest, instead of breakfasting alone, ordered what he wanted to be sent to his host's room.

Musgrave had, I think, been educated in Australia, where his father was Governor of one of the States. His forte was the river ; not only was he stroke of the Balliol eight, but he had the proud distinction of bringing his crew to the head of the river in 1879. Our intimacy ripened when I nursed him in his rooms through mumps ; he paid me a short visit in my first curacy at Queenstown. This was the last time I saw him ; he died in 1904.

From the many other Balliol men of that time with whom I was more or less intimately acquainted, a few may be selected. Specially prominent then, and since, was W. H. Grenfell, whose rooms were near mine. As Lord Desborough his fame is world-wide. Perhaps his most dazzling feat was the swimming across Niagara, which he did twice ; but a glance at ' Who's Who ' will show that he is celebrated in many other ways. When he came up from Harrow he knew nothing about rowing. I remember his first crude efforts. But his splendid physique at once commanded attention, and as everyone knows he became President of the O.U.B.C. His taste for pictures showed itself by his lining the walls of his rooms with the products of an enterprising oleograph company. In view of the record price for a Raphael recently paid to Lady Desborough, it is not likely that any of these oleographs survive. Perhaps as an index of character, the following incident is worth preserving. From my window

I chanced to see him crossing the quadrangle just as a large worm had strayed into the path. Would he kill it, or pass it by unnoticed? He did neither; instead he gently picked it up, and returned it to the grass.

Equally prominent in a different way was Charles Gore. His was a massive personality. His great career we could not foresee—Bishop in succession of three sees, Worcester, Birmingham, and Oxford, writer of books which have meant help and strength for thousands, and protagonist in many of the movements which are making for the unity of Christendom—these things we could not predict, but we marked him as a coming power, and felt that his many gifts would always be used on the side of righteousness.

Another Balliol man of that time who has made full use of the ten years' start in life, which, according to Jowett, rank gave him, was W. St. J. F. Brodrick. At Oxford his chief distinction was the Presidentship of the Union. His athletics gave him a place in the Balliol Cricket Eleven. Entering Parliament early, he had various lesser offices until he crowned his career with two of the great Secretaryships, War, 1900–1903, and India, 1903–1905. He speaks feelingly of the severe wrench experienced when, on the death of his father, the eighth Viscount, he had to leave the House of Commons; but he has to some extent been consoled for this by becoming the first *Earl* of Midleton.

A somewhat plaintive figure was that of C. F. Oliphant. Son of Mrs. Oliphant, a novelist much read then but nearly forgotten now, he might be said to have lived upon his mother's labour. We used to see

her coming to visit her son. Like him she was singularly handsome, but on her face was a look of sadness. I wonder did she foresee how poorly his short life would repay her sacrifices.

Very different, except that his life was short, was R. P. Arnold, grandson of the great head master of Rugby, and son of Matthew Arnold, who often came to see him, and when he came made a point of attending the College chapel, where he set an example of reverent worship. R. P. Arnold was attractive in many ways ; I found him especially so as a fine pianist. He was the owner of many volumes of classical duets which we found time to play together.

My personal list is nearly exhausted, but it would be incomplete did I not mention T. H. Warren, kindest and most unpresuming of students, and yet winner of almost every available distinction as an undergraduate, and lately, as Sir T. H. Warren and President of Magdalen, possibly the most prominent figure in Oxford life. As Curator of the Botanic Gardens my ferns have come under his notice, and some of my wild ' finds ' have received welcome at his hands.

With J. F. Richards I worked in close fellowship for ' Greats,' where a First crowned his studies. We sat beside one another at the Gaudy of 1928, and he told me he still possessed books of mine we had used together, and which I had left with him.

There are only two more names I shall mention in this connexion, S. Falle, and J. J. Massingham, most lovable of men. Falle is now Dean of Jersey in succession to his father. I saw a great deal of him at

Balliol, and we sometimes correspond still. He was a man of fine physique, he rowed with distinction, both in the ' Torpids ' and the ' Eights.'

Massingham was wonderfully attractive. I have always felt it a privilege to have been one of his chief friends. Like myself, he was content to be classed second in ' Mods.' but he easily secured his First in ' Greats,' and soon after was elected to a Fellowship. It seemed as if the full world of his desire was opening before him ; but this was not to be. He was so lightly built that the rowing men early marked him as a promising coxswain, and he steered both in the ' Torpids ' and the ' Eights.' Whether his slight form was an indication of delicacy I do not know. Some there were who thought that he fell below par in his anxiety to draw as little as might be possible upon a widowed mother. If he was absent too often from the dining-hall for reasons such as this, a silence sealed his lips. Whatever the cause, soon after the news of his Fellowship came tidings of a serious illness, followed quickly by the sorrowful announcement of his death. It was as though another Arthur Hallam had gladdened and enriched the world by his presence, and left it the poorer by his loss. Often he and I spoke of the deep things of life and death. For a time the swift rush of Oxford thought clouded and undermined his faith, but gradually his difficulties cleared ; and his heartbroken mother, writing about him, was able to say that in her deep sorrow she was given the comfort of knowing that he had passed over with a trust as pure as that of a little child.

A few words on the Union, and its famous Presidents in my time, will fitly conclude these Balliol memories. The Union is an institution of which most Oxford men are proud ; in the seventies Balliol may be said to have made the Union its own. I have already mentioned two Balliol men who, after my time, rose to the rank of President, but the two who presided when I took part in the debates were men of world-wide fame, *viz.* H. H. Asquith and Alfred Milner.

Lord Oxford and Asquith's public life and great achievements are known to all. Here I touch on him only as he appeared to the world of undergraduates. I knew him in various ways in College, as President of the Union and as Fellow of Balliol when it became my duty to bring him Essays. I cannot say that at that time he was a popular personality ; his aloofness, and a certain austerity of manner repelled ; but no one questioned his capacity or his power. His many University distinctions spoke for themselves, yet they seemed the least part of the man—even then we used to speak of him as a future Prime Minister. Perhaps the best tribute that I can pay to him, and to the depth of the impression he made on us, is to quote a passage from one of his Union speeches, which remains fresh in my memory after more than fifty years. At that time the Liberals were strongly intrenched in office. There were, indeed, rumours of a Conservative reaction ; but few, if any, foresaw the long lease of power which awaited the Unionists under Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour. Certainly H. H. Asquith did not. This is how he treated it.

'We have heard lately of a singular bog in the west of Ireland. As a rule nothing is more uneventful, more motionless than a bog; the proper word for describing its usual condition would be *stagnant*. Not so with this bog. Suddenly and without warning it began to move; soon the movement was accelerated, the neighbourhood became alarmed. Presently some fields were invaded, and one or two houses were overwhelmed; panic began to spread far and wide. There was no occasion for fear; those who kept their heads perceived that the bog's unwonted energies were flagging. Day by day it moved more and more slowly, after a while it stopped—such, Sir, is the Conservative Reaction.' (Rapturous cheers.)

Alfred Milner was built in a different way. In his case it was rather his distinctions that counted. His list was even longer than those of his famous contemporaries, Lord Oxford and Sir Herbert Warren; everything he sought he won. Men liked and honoured him, yet I doubt if any could have foretold how great he was to become in the Nation's Councils, how invaluable a bulwark in times of difficulty and danger, such as the Boer War in Africa, and the Great War at home.

It was chiefly in connexion with the Union that I came to know Milner. The debates greatly interested me; from the beginning of my second term I took part in them. After 'Mods.' it became a question whether I should seek office at the Union, or concentrate on the schools. I consulted Milner. He praised my speaking, and said that if I continued any office

short of the Presidentship would be within my reach. He knew, however, that as the result of a recent term examination Jowett had sent for me, and foretold a First in ' Greats.' ' Was it worth while,' he said, ' to risk this distinction for anything the Union could give ? ' Guided by Milner, and inspired by Jowett, I abandoned everything in favour of the First. Unhappily the strain of reading too many hours in the day caused a nervous breakdown. For months I was unable to read even a novel. Thus it happened that nothing better than a ' pass ' came my way. In view of my long idleness, and the unstudied course, the ' pass ' without reading was a surprise. Plainly not much in the way of either brains or application is required for a B.A. !

CHAPTER III

THE DIOCESE OF CORK, CLOYNE, AND ROSS
THE BERKELEY MEMORIAL

Cloyne Choral Festivals—Sir R. U. Penrose-FitzGerald—Charles Kingsley's cartoons—Dangerous forts—Ordination—Dean Madden—Archdeacon Archdall—A defective examiner!—Dr. Quarry—Dr. Webster.

Queenstown in 1879—Dr. Cooke-Collis—Dr. Galway—Marriage.

Fermoy—Beginning of land agitation—The great frost—Contrast with Queenstown—The Blackwater—Salmon—The Duke of Richmond.

The Berkeley Memorial, Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, America—How to raise money—Dr. Pusey—Mr. Gladstone.

I

After Oxford I rested for a while at Midleton College, until my ordination early in 1879. During this period an interesting piece of Church work came my way. As honorary organist of Balliol, Church music was much in my thoughts, and it occurred to me that the parochial choirs of the Diocese of Cloyne might be much benefited by a diocesan choral festival. Such festivals are usual now, but then they were practically unknown. In Mrs. Penrose FitzGerald of Cork Beg I found a musician prepared to throw all her social influence into the movement. At Cloyne the Cathedral authorities were willing to co-operate, provided they were not asked to undertake the work of outside organisation. Thus, once the music was chosen with

the approval of the Cathedral organist, it fell to my lot to persuade the choirs to join, to visit them in turn, and to conduct parochial rehearsals.

When visiting the choirs at the south of the harbour I used to stay at Cork Beg. My host, R. U. Penrose FitzGerald, was a man of striking ability and most varied experience. When reading for his degree at Cambridge he ensured freedom from interruption by hiring the cabin of a canal boat. 'There,' he said, 'I used to work most of the day, taking exercise by running along the bank : the food was not varied, and not attractive, bacon and beans for dinner one day, and beans and bacon the next ; but the result was satisfactory ; I got the degree.' His halls, with their splendid cases of stuffed animals, bore testimony to the extent of his travels and the success of his sportsmanship. But he was much more than a sportsman ; he owned a massive silver cup presented in recognition of his services during a cholera epidemic in India, and his zeal as a Churchman was shown by the carved ends of the pews in his parish church ; they were his own work. He cherished with care and pride some vivid cartoons which Charles Kingsley, then on his way to the West Indies, had drawn with a charred stick on the wall of his smoking room ; he cherished also with care, but no pride, fragments of a badly aimed shell, which had fallen in his grounds, from a neighbouring fort. The gunners at first denied the possibility of such a miscarriage, but potent facts brought home the offence and drew an ample apology. Some years after our festival time Penrose FitzGerald was elected

member for Cambridge. He made his mark in the House of Commons, and was rewarded by a Baronetcy.

The festivals were not without some opposition. A judge of the High Courts, resident in the diocese, voiced the feelings of an extreme section in protest against devoting so much time and care to music. The burden of reply fell on me. Some lengthy letters passed. I do not claim to have converted the judge, but he allowed his batteries to be silenced, and the festivals were held to the satisfaction of all concerned, and I believe, to the general improvement of Church music in the diocese. They were the first held in the Southern Province, perhaps the first of the kind in Ireland.

On the second Sunday in Lent, 1879, I was ordained for the junior curacy of Queenstown or Clonmel, by Bishop Robert Gregg. On the death of his father in the previous year Dr. Gregg had been elected to Cork by large majorities. At the time he was Bishop of Ossory, to which see he had been appointed in 1875, at the early age of forty-one. But the exceptional capacity he had shown after the Disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869 made his recall inevitable. In all the difficult work of reconstruction the Rev. R. S. Gregg had acted as honorary secretary to the Cork Diocesan Synod and the Council. In particular, he was the leader in framing the new system of finance ; nor was his influence limited to his own diocese, it extended to the whole Church of Ireland, a fact which Trinity College, Dublin, recognised by conferring on him in 1873 the degrees of B.D. and D.D.

My personal tribute to the Bishop will come later, in connexion with the Diocesan Inspectorship. Here let me speak of the two prominent men who conducted the examination for Holy Orders.

At that date there were many men of ability in the diocese, but none who more justly deserved to be so described than S. O. Madden, Dean of Cork. Excellent both as a speaker and preacher, he was no less conspicuous for a charm of manner which won universal confidence and affection. His chairmanship at the clerical meetings in May was noteworthy. He showed the most inclusive knowledge, and in his summings up of the debates appeared to know as much about each subject as any of the writers or appointed speakers. In the long list of Deans of Cork which includes such men as Magee, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough and Archbishop of York, and R. S. Gregg, the name of Madden must always rank high.

The other examiner was Mervyn Archdall, then Archdeacon of Cork. The administrative ability which the Archdeacon had shown, in the years after Disestablishment, had given him an assured position in the diocese, so much so that the only question raised as to the successor of Robert Gregg used to be whether Madden or Archdall would be chosen. As things fell out neither succeeded, Madden's premature death took place before the vacancy occurred. Archdall became Bishop of Killaloe.

In connexion with our examination I recall two somewhat singular incidents. As a tribute to the Dean's magnanimity, I may mention, that, after

examining me in the Greek Testament, he so far stepped down from the pedestal of an examiner as to wish his knowledge of Greek equalled mine—his forte was mathematics. The Archdeacon's experience was even more singular. He examined *viva voce*, in Bishop O'Brien's 'Nature and Effects of Faith,' a somewhat elderly clergyman, who sought Priest's Orders. For some fifteen minutes questions which seemed to me wholly reasonable and fair were put; not a single correct answer was given. When the Archdeacon left the room I expected to see an unfortunate overwhelmed by the exposure of his incompetence. Imagine my astonishment when the examinee turned to me sad, not for himself, but for his examiner, and said, 'Well, did you ever hear anything like that? I have been preaching that book to my people for the last six months, and actually he was unable to ask a question I could answer.'

The diocese of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, to whose service the examination admitted me, occupied a very prominent position among the twelve United Dioceses of the Church of Ireland. In the ensuing years it was destined to suffer heavily, chiefly from the march of economic and political events, but in 1879 everything was full of promise.

The inspiring zeal of John Gregg and the calm administrative ability of his son, working in harmony, had quickened everything. Churches had been built and rebuilt, residences had been provided for the clergy, everywhere the parishioners had come forward in the most generous manner to ensure by their

contributions the permanence of the Church's ministrations ; the clergy were earnest and capable ; most of them had come down from the time before disestablishment ; they included a liberal proportion of the most prominent men in the Church. In addition to the two already mentioned, the names of Dr. Quarry, Dr. Webster, and Archdeacon Jellett were known throughout Ireland. Here let me speak briefly of the first two. Dr. Quarry, afterwards Archdeacon of Cork, combined in a beautiful way the simplicity of the child with the wisdom of the learned. I remember loving him in my childhood, when he was rector of Midleton, and when, as Inspector, I stayed with him at Donoughmore Rectory it was delightful to see him, in his old age, playing with his grandchildren. On one occasion they went wild with riotous joy over a ' leap-jack ' he made out of the bones of a fowl. Yet such was his learning and the fame of his books, especially his commentary on Genesis, that he was called from his remote country rectory to be select preacher at Cambridge, and in the General Synod when nearing ninety years of age, and suffering much from deafness, he stepped into the front ranks. There are still a few who can recall his tall Dr. Syntax figure and his flowing white locks as he stood, with hand to ear, close—perhaps embarrassingly close—to those who were addressing the House.

To compress into a paragraph or two the many-sided Dr. Webster is not easy. Vividly do I recall the first time I saw him. He turned suddenly into the street along which I was walking, and as we moved towards

one another I had full opportunity of noting his large and remarkable person. The costume was of his own devising, a low top hat, with extra wide brim, a loosely cut alpaca coat—it was summer—knee breeches, and buckled shoes. This dress fittingly set off the massive face whose piercing brown eyes seemed to look you through and through. The doctor's large bulk in itself was sufficient to ensure notice. He came to Cork as chaplain to Bishop FitzGerald, the immediate predecessor of Bishop John Gregg. Once when the Roman Catholic Bishop, who was himself as portly as Webster, thanked Dr. FitzGerald, a strikingly thin man, for his courtesy, the Bishop answered: 'Why should I not treat you as a brother. The only difference I see is that you carry your own fat, while I pay a chaplain to carry mine.'

In the pulpit Webster established a great reputation both in Cork and Dublin; you could not choose but listen to him; his clean cut, pointed expositions waked every subject he touched into a part of your own life. Men used to take pleasure in talking about his sermons, and the particular mannerisms by which he brought his lessons home.

But preaching was only one part of his life's work. At much personal sacrifice he re-endowed his parish, he collected large sums for the restoration of St. Nicholas's Church, he founded a fine Industrial School, and he erected a handsome hostel for Church of Ireland students at Queen's College, which he called Berkeley Hall. These were great achievements for a single man, but possibly the most far-reaching of his

acts was his placing St. Nicholas's Schools under the National Board. To the reader of to-day this will seem an astonishing statement. Those who have not tasted of it cannot imagine or understand the bitterness which kept apart the champions of the National Board and the Church Education Society. Webster was an uncompromising partisan of the Board. The lengths to which his feelings carried him may be gauged from his congratulation when I was appointed to Kildare Place, up to that time a Church Education stronghold. 'So you are going to the Training College! Well, I doubt if they could have got a more suitable man in Ireland, but (here a pause) it's the devil's work.'

Long since, every school in the diocese, which was eligible, has joined the National system, but St. Nicholas's was the first. To take this step in the sixties ensured much bitter obloquy, for National Schools were supposed to be godless. The care which Dr. Webster took in making full use of the facilities for religious teaching afforded by the Board did much to break the barriers down. The charge that the schools were godless became impossible before such an example.

In looking back on Dr. Webster's work it is sad to note how much of it has disappeared. A giant in toiling alone, he lacked the instinct of co-operation, and when he fell his chief creations fell with him. His Industrial School did not survive, and Berkeley Hall is now in the hands of Roman Catholics.

II.

Queenstown parish in 1879 was an exceptionally interesting and instructive field of labour. The rector, Dr. Cooke-Collis, then advanced in years, had been a leader in many ways; in particular, side by side with Robert Gregg he had acted as honorary secretary to the memorable committee which undertook for the United Diocese the work of reconstruction after disestablishment. Member of an old county family, of fine presence and most courteous manner, his help as a speaker was eagerly sought for at the great meetings of the religious societies in Dublin. Sometimes he would go as a deputation visitor to country parishes. He used humorously to recount some of his experiences. Once, in a remote place, he found himself in a crowded schoolroom where the only lights were the dip candles of the period, which required constant 'snuffing.' 'There was one before me, another before the rector, but no "snuffers" were visible. As the wicks began to call for attention, and burned more and more dimly, my misgivings as to happenings increased. Not so with the rector: liberally moistening his fingers, he made them into snuffers, and his candle was saved. Then he nodded to me a cheery invitation to do likewise. For a moment my embarrassment was intense, then an inspiration saved me. Rising from my seat I grasped the candlestick, and with a grave bow handed it over to the expert for treatment.'

Nothing could exceed the kindness of Dr. Cooke-

Collis as rector. At first he invited me to stay at the Rectory, and always he and his family made the house like a second home.

In the Great Island and Fota Island, most of which belonged to the parish, there were some 1,500 parishioners of all sorts and conditions. The headquarters of the navy in Ireland were there, and a new mansion was abuilding to emphasise the importance of the Admiral, and give fresh *éclat* to his entertainments. Most interesting and helpful parishioners the naval men were. There were also military, rather overshadowed by the navy. Scattered through the island were many beautiful demesnes, with a large number of resident gentry. Queenstown itself gave homes to many wealthy merchants. It was then the port of call for most of the Atlantic liners, and people of importance frequently came and went. To the great benefit of our Sunday collections the heads of some of the most important companies were often seen in church. Shipping of all kinds abounded in the magnificent harbour. A multitude of ships ensures great variety of employment, and workers of every grade. How changed all was in this, and many other respects, when I revisited it a quarter of a century later! The harbour, empty and lifeless, seemed as a ghost of its former self, and everything else was affected by the prevailing emptiness. The parish had its slums too. One strangely named the 'Holy Ground' was a difficult place for the clerical visitor. Once a woman, to whom I had been endeavouring to bring home a sense of her too obvious shortcomings, turned sharply on me, and

declared that 'her good deèds were such that God Almighty was heavily in her debt.' In another slum district I had a curious experience. Queenstown is built on the steep side of a hill. The main streets rise sharply in long zigzags. If you take a short cut it means something approaching a precipice. From my lodgings such a path ran downwards through a slum. As I descended one day I saw an urchin of perhaps ten spit horribly in the face of a nicely-dressed little girl. Instantly I 'toed' him. It was, I suppose, more the act of an undergraduate than a cleric. Anyhow, his yell brought a crowd of infuriated women. They seemed to spring, like Cadmus's dragon's teeth, hot-footed from the ground. Strong in my sense of justice I ejaculated 'he spat on that nice little girl,' but the defence was swamped by the indignant shout, 'and hadn't he every right to spit on his own sister.' It was a good while before I used that short cut again. The rector when he heard quoted reflectively the wisdom of some old retainer, 'Never wrestle with a sweep, for whether you fall up or down he'll dirty you.'

My fellow-curate was W. J. Galway, afterwards rector of the chief city parish in Cork—St. Luke's. A northerner, and with his full share of the brusquerie commonly associated with the North, it was astonishing what a position he held in that cosmopolitan parish, and afterwards in the diocese. His transparent earnestness and solid worth compensated for the absence of social gifts. The advantage to the young curate of being associated with such a senior was great. He was an untiring visitor. The parish was

divided into sixteen weekly districts. We started, so to speak, at opposite poles, and I was expected to keep always opposite, by moving at the same rate as he. In addition to the weekly round there was a good deal of special sick visiting and a hospital. Galway never thought of infection—a good example. Once Typhus was so rampant that even the hospital doctor succumbed ; we saw him daily. Sometimes a vein of humour developed in connexion with the visits. A Norwegian sailor had seized, and drunk, a hasty but deep draught from somebody else's black bottle ; it was carbolic acid ! For a time he lay at death's door. When he was sufficiently recovered, I sought to turn his thoughts in a serious direction ; little response came till I asked pointedly had his grave experience taught him no lesson. To this he replied, ' Yes, it has—always to smell my liquor before I drink it ! '

My work at Queenstown ended suddenly. In June 1880 I was married to Constance, daughter of John Turpin of Youngrove, a celebrated scholar who, while Head of Midleton College, had educated many notable men, including Bishops FitzGerald and Meade of Cork. We had known each other from childhood, and had been for five years betrothed. For forty-four years of happy wedlock my dear one was the joy and crown of my life. On our honeymoon a letter reached me saying that Bishop Robert Gregg wished me to become senior curate of Fermoy. I was devoted to Queenstown, and loath to leave my work there ; but to me as to most men in his diocese the Bishop's wishes were a rule of life. I brought my

bride for a short month to the affectionate welcome of Queenstown, and then bade good-bye.

I cannot close this short account of my first curacy without giving expression to the deep gratitude with which I look back upon the generous kindness extended to me on every hand. It was a time in which I learned much that has been invaluable ever since. In particular, I acknowledge my debt to Mrs., afterwards Lady Gibbons of Stanwell Place, Middlesex. Her religious earnestness and spiritual insight were an inspiration. To me she was as a dear elder sister; our friendship only terminated with her death in 1925.

Among the many return visits paid by my bride and me, one to Mr. Bagwell's beautiful residence, Eastgrove, happened to supply me with an interest which has had permanent results. Talking of Bishop Berkeley and the disgrace of having no memorial to him in his own Cathedral at Cloyne, Mr. Richard Bagwell—the historian—said: 'It is strange that no one has been found to remedy this defect.' With the impetuosity, not to say the audacity, of youth I promised to undertake this task.

III

In one of my walks at Queenstown, during the late autumn of 1879, my attention was arrested by the pitiable condition of a farmyard. A small hay rick, sodden with rain, first caught my eye; then I perceived that everything in the shape of fodder was in the same miserable condition. Water trickling, or in pools, formed the desolate foundation, out of which rose

whatever worthless heaps of corn, or hay, or roots, the unfortunate farmer had been able to collect. The sight brought home the terrible effects of the incessant rain which had paralysed the farmers that autumn; but the revolutionary political results which were to follow as yet lay unforeseen.

They were not long developing. Soon after moving in the following August to Fermoy, I noticed a portrait of Parnell in the place of honour in a Protestant farm-house. 'Why do you put him there?' 'Doesn't he deserve it, is he not getting us a reduction in our rents?' That was the keynote of the agitation already in full force—not exalted patriotism, but a desire for cheaper land. Before the year was over, we witnessed from our windows in Fermoy the crowds of a great political meeting. Their banners bore in varying forms the cry for what became known as *the three F's*, 'Fair Rents,' 'Fixity of Tenure,' 'Free Sale,' and passionate speakers voiced the dominant feeling in enforcing the demand. Symptoms so ominous as these set those with foresight fast athinking; but in general there was little evidence that the gravity of the situation was grasped.

Certainly in Fermoy life went on undisturbed. Just as in Queenstown the navy predominated, so in Fermoy the military were the pivot upon which everything turned. Two great barracks were filled with two regiments, who vied with each other in promoting their own gaiety and that of the neighbourhood. We seemed to live under the swagger of the bagpipes, for one of the regiments was Scotch. I wonder was it

their rivals who invented the mocking riddle, 'Why do the pipers always stride about when they play?' 'Because they can't stand their own music.' One set of entertainments given by the officers in the winter of 1880 historically is worth mentioning because it marked what has proved to be the last really hard frost in Ireland. For about a week the large ornamental lake in a neighbouring demesne was frozen so hard that even the lighting of great fires seemed to have no effect upon the stability of the ice. The opportunity was seized, for a brilliant outburst of festivities, luncheons, teas, and torchlight dances came in rapid succession, and much of the cooking was done by fires blazing on the frozen lake.

Very markedly did the parochial work differ from that of Queenstown. In Queenstown the Sunday duties were light, two or three services in one church and Sunday school, with three men to supply them. Fermoy also had three clergymen, but owing to the amalgamation of parishes there were three churches, a military chapel, and a workhouse, all of which called for services, and meant a busy Sunday. On the other hand, the lightness of the weekday work in Fermoy was in sharp contrast to the calls upon time in Queenstown, where they were so incessant that, when a local magnate asked me to coach his son for the Trinity College degree, I could only consent on condition of his coming to me at seven o'clock in the morning.

At Fermoy there were not many gentry, very few of the middle class, and still fewer poor. Visiting consequently took little time, though sometimes it had its

embarrassments, as when a stone-deaf lady hoisted her ear-trumpet, and requested me to preach into it my last Sunday's sermon. Perhaps our most important work lay with the military. The chapel services to the accompaniment of the regimental bands were earnest and impressive, the prisoners always appeared to welcome visits, and there were interesting families both among the officers and the soldiers.

For Fermoy the splendid River Blackwater took the place of Cork Harbour at Queenstown as the great natural feature. It divided the parish into north and south, and for some ten miles the three amalgamated parishes of Castlehyde, Fermoy, and Clondulane ran along its banks. The saying went that every year the river claimed three victims. It was my happiness to rescue one from its jaws. On going to bathe on a summer day at a place where the current was strong and the water deep, I saw a young priest plunge in and swim for the centre. Presently he got into trouble and roared for help in a most alarming way. I think it was a case of sudden cramp. To get free from my clothes was the work of a moment or two, I was soon beside him, and without serious difficulty was able to bring him into safety. But the Blackwater, if a danger to a few, was a source of livelihood, and even wealth, to many; its salmon were far-famed, large sums were paid for fishing rights; in particular, the celebrated Careysville reaches, which belonged to a parishioner, brought what seemed a fabulous price. The tenant for a month or six weeks in 1881 was the Duke of Richmond. It was often my duty to play the

harmonium and lead the singing, as well as take the service in the little church of Clondulane. There each Sunday the Duke and his party took seats in one of the high square pews which still existed. On week-days clerical visits were paid, and returned by the Duke's compliments, accompanied by gifts of salmon.

That salmon were plentiful in the Blackwater admitted of no doubt. I have seen them working their way *en masse* through the shallows under Fermoy Bridge. They stretched from one side of the river to the other, and lay so close together that they seemed to make a pavement of fish. The river was low and in many places the fish were half out of water; but for the bailiffs, who watched day and night, any passer might have captured as many as he could carry.

IV

Our first resting-place in Fermoy was in lodgings close to the river, where the gentle murmur of falling water monotonously lulled us to sleep. Soon we took a house, and moved a little farther away: a house implied furnishing. We bought what we could in Fermoy, and for the rest decided on a great London firm. The consequent journey I utilised for taking my M.A. degree at Oxford, and for a much more important purpose, the launching of the Berkeley Memorial Fund.

At the time my father was Precentor of Cloyne. He and Dean Howie worked in union, and readily authorised me to attempt the opening of the enterprise

at Oxford. The Bishop added his approval, and with these credentials I went to work.

Re-visiting Oxford has always been a pleasure, and it proved so in a high degree on this occasion. Being among friends, little difficulty was experienced in winning support. Jowett welcomed me and the Memorial, so did the two Balliol Professors, T. H. Green and ' Jupiter ' Smith. They became Patrons, and many Fellows promised to help. The President and Vice-President of Corpus, two of the Divinity Professors and the Professor of Latin were equally kind. In particular, I had the satisfaction of securing that ' splendid specimen of mellowed humanity ' Dean Liddell of Christ Church. How we undergraduates used to admire his towering figure when we saw him as Vice-Chancellor striding, with his apparitors through Oxford, as if the whole University belonged to him. His wife was an almost equally prominent personage. What she lacked in height she atoned for in breadth. An Oxford wit touched them off as follows :

> ' I am the Dean, this is my wife,
> She is " the Broad," I am " the High,"
> We are the University.'

Much encouraged by the fruits of three days in Oxford, I went with letters of introduction to Cambridge. There two difficulties interfered. I was a stranger, this disability my introductions might have overcome, but against the fact that most of those to whom I brought letters were not in residence little could be done. I did, however, succeed in securing the patronage of the Norrisian Professor of Divinity,

of H. Sidgwick, a power in Trinity, and of the Rev. G. F. Browne of St. Catherine's College.

When I reported the results it was considered that this beginning promised well for the success of the Memorial. Armed with the Oxford and Cambridge names, my father appealed to Trinity College, Dublin, and secured by correspondence Provost Jellett, and a representative list of Professors and Fellows among whom were Dr. Salmon and Archdeacon Lee. The list of influential patrons was completed by the names of Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, five of the Irish Bishops, the Duke of Devonshire, all the nobility of the diocese, and many others prominent in literature and public life. Especially deserving of mention are the American friends who joined the movement. The memory of Berkeley's love of America, and his devoted mission for the Bermudas, proved a touch-stone to many hearts. The President of Yale became a Patron, and the Bishop of Rhode Island, the Right Rev. Thomas M. Clarke, D.D., not only gave his patronage, but acted as one of the honorary secretaries. It was chiefly owing to R. Caulfield, LL.D., the well-known Cork antiquary, and one of the honorary secretaries, that the American help was obtained. From America came about one-third of the subscriptions.

The next step taken was to enlist the sympathy and support of the Press; the excellence of the project, together with the names of its supporters easily attracted the editorial eye. A welcome readiness to

insert paragraphs, letters, and articles was shown not only by Cork and Dublin papers, but also in England, where the *Athenaeum* and the *Church Times* published long accounts of the movement, and even *The Times* honoured us with a leading article.

With all this encouragement it seemed at first that little difficulty would be experienced in raising the required funds. Accordingly, an ambitious scheme was undertaken, and an appeal for £2,000 was issued, in order to remove an objectionable organ screen which had been erected since Berkeley's time, and to replace it with a screen of 'distinctly monumental character,' with a statue of the Bishop as its prominent feature.

We were soon disillusioned. Not a single subscription could be traced to the Press notices and articles. It was the same with advertisements, which were chiefly inserted in return for 'copy' sent. Before a year had passed it became plain that nothing but personal letters had any prospect of enlisting help. Nor was this all: personal appeals to the ordinary charitable public brought nothing, whence the conclusion was inevitable that it was waste of time and energy to write to any except the learned classes.

The experience thus acquired has wide application. Where money is needed, the way to get it is by personal effort. When a great catastrophe happens, or a man who has loomed large before the public dies, if an appeal is organised on the instant it can achieve success by circular and advertisement, though even in such cases personal appeal would make the success greater. But Berkeley had been dead for more than a century,

the ordinary public were ignorant even of his name, and those who knew his greatness felt entitled to ask why commemorate him *now*. It was therefore not strange that the task of collecting proved hard.

Of the letters received two are worth mentioning.

Dr. Pusey, who, according to Jowett, had ' become a myth in his lifetime ' refused to subscribe, but criticised the *form* of the Memorial. Mr. Gladstone sent a liberal subscription, and most kindly offered his help with the plans and designs.

Had it been possible to carry out the original proposal we should have esteemed it a great privilege to have the help of the veteran statesman for the organ screen. But in face of the very moderate response to all efforts—countless letters and no replies—it became necessary to modify our ambitions, and it was decided to aim only at an Altar Tomb with a recumbent figure of the Bishop. Even this object would have been hard to realise had we not been so happy as to find, in Mr. Bruce Joy, R.A., a great Irish sculptor who was prepared to meet us and to throw himself heartily into the undertaking.

The very beautiful monument which now forms the chief ornament of Cloyne Cathedral, and which has won unstinted admiration, affords permanent proof of the artistic success which has rewarded his generosity.

CHAPTER IV

A REIGN OF TERROR—WORK IN THE SCHOOLS

Diocesan Inspector—Factions fused by Bishop Gregg—Canon Jellett—Work for Archdeacons—The Bishop and his Inspector.

Land Agitation—Land League tyranny—Reign of Terror—Heroism—Archdeacon McCarthy—My driver.

An Inspector's experiences—The teachers—Much travel—Strange cure for Lumbago—A miserable animal—Official consideration—Clerical hospitality—Clerical stories.

I

As the Bishop had moved me to Fermoy after fifteen months at Queenstown, so after thirteen months at Fermoy he moved me to Cork, to undertake the work of Diocesan Inspector of Schools.

The office to which I was thus called had been created by Bishop Gregg, soon after his election to the see. Its very existence was a remarkable proof of his statesmanship. Allusion has been made, in the case of Dr. Webster,[1] to the violent feelings entertained towards the Church Education Society by those who supported the National Board. Equally strong were the feelings of their opponents. Soon after leaving Cork I returned the call of a venerable Archdeacon who had been prominent on the Church Education side. Thinking that possibly the march of events had

[1] *Supra*, p. 35.

modified his feelings, I turned the conversation into a talk about the National Board. Had he noticed the steady growth of the system? He was sorry to say he had. Was he conscious that the children of his Church attending National Schools far exceeded in number those at Church Education Schools? He was afraid this was so. Did he not recognise that it was the duty of the clergy to avail themselves of the privilege of giving religious instruction to their children in the National Schools? No, he considered that the clergy should keep entirely aloof from so iniquitous a system. Would he allow his children, if in a National School, to grow up heathens rather than set aside his feelings in their interest? Yes, he would prefer that every child in Ireland remained ignorant of the truths of religion, rather than that he should suffer the pollution of any contact with what was radically evil.

Happily neither the Church Education nor the National Board leaders in Cork, Dr. Webster being excepted, were afflicted by such extreme views. The Rev. W. Sherrard—well known as the author of an exceedingly able Catechism, which dealt with the errors of Rome on the one hand, and of the Nonconformists on the other—led the Church Education party. He and his fellows did not surrender their personal views, but they put the needs of the children first, and therefore were ready to treat.

Canon Henry Jellett, afterwards Archdeacon of Cloyne, and finally Dean of St. Patrick's, was prominent for the National Board. His brother, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was a Commissioner

of National Education, so that he possessed the fullest opportunities for realising that the Board's attitude instead of being hostile was entirely friendly to religion.

Canon Jellett was a very remarkable man. Had there been no Robert Gregg, he would certainly have been Bishop of Cork. As a preacher he had probably no superior in the Irish Church, after Archbishop Magee had left it. Dr. Webster was more arresting, but in depth of thought and logical force Dr. Jellett excelled. His sermon before the British Association in Dublin stands out as a model of brilliant thought and perspicacity.

It was no small proof of Bishop Gregg's personality and persuasive power, that he was able to induce parties who differed so widely to unite in sharing the expense of a Diocesan Inspector. The Bishop had grasped, as not many bishops do, the prime importance of keeping in touch with the teachers and the children. It is not easy for a bishop to pay more than an occasional visit to a school. Those *oculi episcopi*, the archdeacons, might be employed for the purpose, as a condition of their appointment. They could not be expected to be skilled inspectors ; but they could make regular visitations of the parishes, a valuable custom instituted by Archdeacon Colquhoun in Derry, and invite the teachers to meet them, with the other parochial officers. If, in addition to interrogating the teachers at a visitation, personal visits were paid to the schools by the archdeacons, much good would be done. They could be present, as visitors, at the time of religious instruction, and at other times could

inquire into the nature and scope of the religious teaching. It would not be advisable for them to catechise; good questioning is an art only acquired by skill and practice, it is the gift of the few; bad questioning would be useless if not injurious; further, in the case of most archdeacons there would be only a limited power of comparison (they would not know many schools) and consequently only a limited knowledge of what might be fairly expected. For catechising, comparison, and skilled direction the expert would remain a necessity. Even with the archdeacons helping, the religious educational needs of a diocese could not be properly supplied without a Diocesan Inspector. The value of such an official Bishop Gregg had thoroughly mastered. He kept in close touch with the Inspector and his work. Every Saturday it was my duty and privilege to visit him at the Palace with an account of the week in the schools. His interest in their progress was unflagging; he delighted to hear of the mental and spiritual welfare of those who, in due course, were to become the upholders of the diocese. Nor was he content with reports alone. That he might for himself see something of the children, he allowed me to organise public prize givings at stated centres. In this way he went right through his great diocese. What gala days those were! From all the country round the children, their teachers, and their parents, came, to listen to the Bishop's addresses, and witness his distribution of the prizes. Afterwards, in rural parishes, there were school feasts and amusements of many kinds. Conspicuous for its pleasure and

enthusiasm was a great fête held in Lord Bandon's fine demesne of Castle Bernard.

II

The three years 1881–1884, during which I held office in Cork, were full of trouble. The land agitation which had begun in 1880 was fierce in 1881, and it continued unabated until it reached a terrible culmination in the assassination of the Chief Secretary of Ireland, Lord Frederick Cavendish, in sight of the Viceregal Lodge.

Unlike later uprisings the movement was wholly agrarian; its object was to compel the landlord to reduce rents, and give better tenure to the tenants; it followed that the landlords were the primary objects of attack. But the trouble rapidly extended from landlords to any who dared to come to their rescue in any way, and finally it became in many districts a penal offence to refuse to countenance the Land League and subscribe to its funds. Let me give an instance, from the west of Co. Cork, which came under my own notice. A small farmer who disapproved of the methods of the agitators received the usual peremptory command to join the League. He refused, and from the day of his refusal his life was made a burden; no one was allowed to help him, local shops dare not supply his needs, local fairs were closed to his cattle; and when he still persisted in his refusal his assassination was decreed. Late one evening his enemies knocked at the door of his lonely homestead. Rushing past his wife, who told them he was not there, they

broke into every room and out-office, and then in disappointed rage spread like beaters all over the land. But the search was vain. That day the farmer had been endeavouring to do business at a distant fair. On his return journey, as he came within reach of home, fierce sounds and voices greeted him through the failing light. Instantly comprehending his danger he took safe refuge in a place the assassins did not reach, and so saved his life.

A terror so widespread could scarcely avoid sometimes including those who were innocent, even from the League's standpoint. There was, I believe, a genuine desire to avoid miscarriages of the kind; nevertheless, a feeling of nervous unrest was all-pervading. Landlords drove accompanied by armed guards of police; police protection huts—huts to protect the police, and to enable the police to protect—were common; fear of the stray bullet made night walks or drives highly undesirable. There was indeed every need for precaution. Thus, my predecessor, the Rev. J. R. Porte, had two startling experiences. In an agrarian riot at Skibbereen he only escaped being brained by its being discovered in time that he was only the 'ould Inspecthor'; and on a dark night, as he drove along the lonely road which skirts the north of Bantry Bay, the horse was suddenly stopped by armed men; next came the order 'get down' then a dark lantern of scrutiny was flashed in his face. A hurried consultation followed; to his intense relief it ended in permission to get up and go on—'You're not the man we want.'

As for myself I did not go wholly unnoticed. An important personage visited me one evening in Cork. He complained of the management of a small property in which, through my wife, I had a share. I explained that I knew nothing about the matter, and had no voice in the management. With some dark hints as to means for bringing people to a proper sense of their responsibilities he left. It was at the moment a little disquieting for one whose business compelled perpetual travel. However, I passed on the complaint to those who could remedy the wrong, if there was any, and dismissed the visit from my thoughts.

As a class the clergy remained unmolested; but there were exceptions. One of them—kindest and most benevolent of men—showed me a bullet hole in the portrait of an ancestor; it had been fired through the shutters, and would have passed through his head had he remained where he was sitting half an hour before. Another was fired at as he drove through a narrow ravine. With dexterous promptitude he put cover between himself and the gun, and escaped. His sole offence was continuing to deal at the shop of a parishioner who had been boycotted. About nine weeks later, as I drove through the same ravine, the driver pointed out the spot. Farther on he pointed out the house where the would-be assassin lived. Everyone knew him, he said, but nobody dare inform. The truth was that the forces of the law had ceased to act, witnesses were not protected, juries were so intimidated that the verdict of 'guilty' became unknown. Everywhere there had settled down upon the

land a feeling, almost a belief, that law and order had come to an end. It was not till Mr. Arthur Balfour became Chief Secretary that hopes of amendment revived.

Bad, however, as things had become, there were always instances of courage and devotion which relieved the gloom. The Rev. Justin McCarthy, rector of Castleventry, and afterwards Archdeacon of Ross, was a man of giant physique and great strength ; witness the following Alpine incident. A friend of McCarthy's on interviewing a Swiss guide, recommended for a mountain expedition, asked him for his testimonials. Among them was one signed ' Justin McCarthy.' ' What did you do for him ? ' ' In his case,' said the guide, ' it was what did he do for me ; he saved my life and his own.' This was the story : Roped together they were crossing a dangerous glacier, and came to a crevasse a few feet wide, but of abyssmal depth. To save a long détour the guide proposed to jump first, then make fast, and so be able to give McCarthy any help he might need. It was the reverse that happened. The guide jumped, slipped as he alighted, and fell into the abyss. In any ordinary case this would have meant certain death for both ; but, like a flash, McCarthy hurled himself on his face using the force of the fall to strike his strong alpenstock deep in the ice. Thus anchored, he sustained successfully the sudden strain as the rope tightened, and was able to hold fast, while the guide pulled himself up to safety.

But McCarthy was not only strong, he was also

fearless. Led by him, a small band of farmers, his parishioners, refused to join the Land League, and successfully resisted its emissaries. All went satisfactorily till harvest time, when no one could be induced to hire them a threshing machine. It looked as if the year's crops were doomed. But McCarthy was not to be baffled. At his own cost, he hired a machine in Cork, which was thirty miles distant, and himself escorted it down. Noisy and threatening crowds, bent upon preventing the threshing, awaited his arrival. But McCarthy was armed, and they knew his prowess. His farmers rallied to his call, and the corn was threshed.

One other instance of heroism, in a different station in life, well deserves mention. West of Skibbereen, in the long promontory which ends in Mizen Head, the surface is chiefly occupied by mountain, rocks, and stones, so much so that ground used to be let not by the acre, but by the ' feeding of a cow.' The wild scenery thus caused is of extreme beauty. Innumerable inlets small and large break up the coast-line, ' Corbery's hundred isles ' sea-smitten, give endless variety to the rolling and roaring waves ; over all towers Mount Gabriel, sharing with Hungry Hill near Bere, the guardianship of the West. Particularly lovely are the autumn effects where gorse and heather combine.

One peaceful autumn afternoon I was being driven westwards when suddenly there broke upon me a sight of quite extraordinary loveliness ; a pyramidal hill which rose steeply near the road stood in full sunlight, a gleaming wonder of purple and gold. The

heather and late gorse were in full splendour. 'Oh, is not that grand,' I exclaimed. My driver looked puzzled, but said nothing. Astonished, I thrust the exclamation at him again, only to extract the laconic reply, 'Bedad yes, it makes foine food for cattle.' 'But does it not *look* beautiful,' I said, thinking that it must be possible to elicit some admiration for a sight of such exceptional scenic loveliness. 'Och yes,' was the answer, 'it does look foine when it's crushed and ready for faydin'.'

On asking my host that evening about this driver I heard a remarkable tale. Indifferent to scenery he might be, it was characteristic of his class, but indifferent to his principles he was not. Indignant at the methods pursued by the Land League, he had refused to join, and nothing in the way of threats or hostile action had shaken his determination. He lived in a district where the League was all powerful; every week he saw the chief landlord drive out under strong police protection; threats spoken, and threats written, had doomed him to destruction. 'Let them do their worst,' he said, 'I'll not give in.' How he escaped was a marvel. They may have respected his courage, more likely they feared his strength. Matters were not pushed to extremities. He remained a living example of what a single brave man could do.

Another story not about, but told by a driver, is of some political interest. Then, as often since, Members of Parliament ransacked Ireland for party weapons. Sometimes, as in the case in point, they ran the risk of finding and using boomerangs. The victim in this

case was a prominent Liberal. He hired the jarvey from whom I had the story, and tried to draw him out. Somehow it was the politician who was drawn. As he enlarged at length upon the hardships and injustice of an eviction case, the jarvey awaited the peroration patiently. Then he astounded his hirer thus : 'And are ye agoin' to publish that story?' 'Yes, of course, why not?' 'Why thin av ye do I'll just write to *The Times* meself and expose ye. There's not wan word of thruth in the whole of it, except that the tenant was turned out ; and the pity av it is that he was not turned out long before. Everybody, from the landlord down, has been good to him, and he, the blackguard, has chated the landlord, has chated the shopkeepers, has chated iverybody that iver did a hand's turn for him. Be the powers, if thim's the kind av cases ye're collectin', the sooner ye throw them out av yer wallet and get back to London the betther.'

III

The work which I undertook as Diocesan Inspector was not light. In 1927 the Free State Government Committee, of which I was a member, recommended that schools doing well might be immune from anything more serious than visits for advice and help, for a year or even more. But things were different in 1881. Then the belief was—the more inspection the better. Before I left Cork, I had done something to modify this view ; but at first it was my duty to visit every school twice each year ; in the non-Government Schools, to examine every class, in every subject,

and to mark down the answers of every child ; in the Government, or National Schools, to examine in the same way in the religious programme. It was responsible work, for fees depended on the answering. As yet the many drawbacks of the ' results system ' were little understood, and the Diocesan Board paid small ' Results Fees ' to the teachers.

What a detailed examination meant in a large school may be gathered from a single instance. The school is in a remote spot some fifteen miles west of Skibbereen. The pupils have been warned to attend at 9 A.M. The Inspector arrives punctually, rather cold after a five-mile drive, and the examination begins at once. There are seventy pupils present, and everything has to be finished in one day. The senior classes are quickly given their mathematics ; the teacher dictates a selected passage to others ; the Inspector settles to oral work beginning with the infants. So the day moves on. At intervals copy-books are inspected and marked ; so with the mathematics as they are ready ; the classes come up one after another as occasion offers. Judgment is passed upon the proficiency of each scholar, and promotions are arranged in consultation with the teacher. There is no break for the Inspector, who eats a biscuit or two while he works—no thermos flasks in those days. As each class is finished the boys and girls leave quietly. By 4 or 4.30 the work of examining is over ; then there is the writing of the report, a few words of help and encouragement for the teacher, and at last the Inspector drives away tired, but happy, for all has gone well.

The schools whose size entailed such a long day happily were few. Many of the National Schools, where the examination was confined to Religious Knowledge, were larger, but the non-Government Schools on the average would have only twenty or twenty-five pupils present. These divided, from infants up, into five or six, sometimes seven classes, gave plenty of occupation, and there were not many holidays for the Inspector. But the work was full of deep and inexhaustible interest. I never entered a school without a sense of pleasurable anticipation; and the process of inspection supplied endless variety. The clever pupils were a delight to question; those with average intelligence offered valuable proofs of what the teacher could accomplish, and those who were backward, or nervous, furnished problems for the examiner which gave special satisfaction when they could be solved.

The teachers as a whole were a zealous and successful body of men and women. Like every other class they varied, and there were a few whom it was not easy to command. On my first trip one venerable impostor 'God-blessed' the new Inspector on his arrival; but his piety, and his welcome, were proved skin deep, when later he was detected prompting and helping his classes. Another teacher chose to assume that, because the Inspector's own handwriting was defective, he must therefore be disqualified from passing judgment on the caligraphy of others. He had to be very sharply brought to a more accommodating frame of mind. These two elderly men were, however,

quite exceptional, and I cannot remember any further instances of a similar kind. As a rule I found the teaching staff, both men and women, most agreeable fellow-workers. They were anxious, perhaps even over-anxious, to fall in with my wishes and hints. Thus—to give a minor example—it soon became known that I was fond of flowers. As a result, on my inspection tours, there was scarcely a schoolroom without flowers on the table, and on my last tour I was astonished, and somewhat embarrassed, to find one room as elaborately decorated from end to end as if it had been got ready for a Church festival.

Out of the large number of earnest and friendly faces which I recall, as I look back over forty-five years, there is a risk of seeming invidious if I specially mention any. I venture, however, to select a few, rather for the purpose of honouring, as a whole, the many whom I remember with affectionate regard than with the view of claiming for those named merits which the others did not possess.

Mr. Crawford of St. Luke's, Cork, was an outstanding personality among the National teachers; he was prominent both as a teacher and a churchman. Miss Good of St. Annes, Shandon, first as a non-Government, and then as a National teacher, was true to her name in every way. Among non-Government masters I recall with regard Heber Coghlan, of Lislea. He brought poetry into his work, and used to say with pleasant persiflage, that he hoped his verses would win him 'an imperishable niche in the temple of fame.' Among non-Government mistresses, Miss M. J.

Coates of Killeagh, whose brother was a Fellow in one of the Cambridge Colleges, and Miss Kate Edgell of Inniscara were especially conspicuous for their zeal and success in imparting religious knowledge. Assuredly the Church teachers of fifty years ago deserve remembrance for the conscientious work they did ; their impress survives indelible in many of the churchmen of to-day.

IV

Much travelling was involved in visiting the Cork, Cloyne, and Ross Schools twice a year. To my comfort, both managers and teachers had been well drilled by my predecessor. J. R. Porte was a vigorous personality, of whom men used to say ' he would be quite admirable if you could cut the eye (I) out of him.' He certainly caused everyone to feel that, once he fixed a date for an inspection, on that date and no other the inspection must be held. This was essential in view of the many schools to be visited, and the distances to be covered. Take an illustration : I was due at Ardgroom ten miles beyond Bere by about 1 on a Tuesday. It was a small school, and from two to three hours would suffice for the inspection. On Monday evening the junior clergy met at my house, and it was past midnight before I was free. After a couple of hours' sleep without undressing, I caught the night mail for Bantry, where we arrived on a frosty winter's morning about 6 A.M. Before 8 I was enrugged on an outside car, en route for Bere, a six hours' journey over snowy roads. In summer weather it is as fine

a drive as the heart could wish, the scenery is magnificent. But in winter with the thermometer below zero, and on a rough car !——

That I arrived at Bere perished with cold, and half frozen, was to be expected; and no one is likely to be surprised that professional zeal for inspection was unable to quench a thrill of relief when Canon Halahan, the genial and hospitable rector, met me with the news that a sudden epidemic had closed Ardgroom, and cancelled for me the extra ten miles.

Ardgroom shared with Three Castle Head School, near the Mizen, the distinction of being the most remote educational outpost in the diocese. The schoolhouse stood in a scene of romantic beauty. Froude, the historian, who rented the Marquis of Lansdowne's neighbouring estate of Derreen considered that the Ardgroom view over Kenmare Bay to the picturesque peaks of the Kerry Mountains, had scarcely a rival in Europe.

Another night journey made necessary by the crowding of fixtures produced a cure for lumbago which I shall present with all necessary deference to my medical friends. During my three years as Inspector I had little or nothing to lament on the score of health. Train journeys which caused fatigue were few. Most of the schools meant drives through fine scenery, and I enjoyed and still enjoy the belief that the Irish outside car is the finest horse vehicle yet invented. It happened, however, that once I was hit by a rather sharp attack of lumbago. As is generally known, lumbago is an evil which in some cases may be bullied. I

determined to bully mine. I was Diocesan Curate, as well as Diocesan Inspector. This was Bishop Gregg's plan for securing an adequate salary. Very gratefully do I remember his kindness in giving me as little Sunday duty as possible. Any clergyman could take a service, but inspection was for an Inspector only. In the middle of the lumbago, however, I had to do duty in a country church. It was a painful process. When the sermon came, I crawled up five or six wooden steps into the pulpit, and sought relief by sitting on the flat head of a substantial stick. At first this answered well. But presently the astonished congregation were startled by a reverberating noise—it was the great stick bounding down the steps. As I warmed to the subject, I had risen to my feet, and away went my seat. The behaviour of ' the pew ' was admirable, no one moved, I did not detect even a smile. The stick remained where it fell till the service was over. But it is time I came to the cure, and showed its connexion with the pulpit and the stick. The Sunday engagement made a night journey necessary in order to reach a number of schools at the opposite side of the county. The train brought me to a station beyond Bandon. Then, carrying my lumbago with me, I had to face a drive of some four hours on a Bianconi long car. With the help of my big stick I hobbled out of the station, and struggled into a seat, wondering how the lumbago would take it. The night was cold, but a full moon shining through frosty air made it beautiful. I thoroughly enjoyed the going—small wonder, when the destination was reached all

difficulty about movement was over, the night drive in the frost had cured me !

I have never since suffered from lumbago.

These travel incidents may end with a jarvey's quaint defence of a miserable animal ; and two perhaps equally quaint illustrations of the some time courtesy of railway officials.

' What do you mean,' I said to a jehu, who had almost forced me to mount his car for a five-mile drive, ' by daring to drive such a skeleton of a horse ' ? ' Ach yer riverence,' he replied, ' she do be thin I know, but ivery ounce on her is av the best—she gets the best av feedin' ! '

As the train was leaving Mallow Station on one of my journeys, I put my head out of the window, and a jerk knocked off my hat. I thought it was all over with the hat. But no, to my astonishment the train was stopped, and the hat, unhurt, was recovered from between the wheels and the platform.

The second illustration shows that it is not only for the clergy that kindness baffles red tape. At a small station time was up, but just as the whistle blew for the start, a country girl was seen rounding a corner in full quest of the train. ' Why don't you start,' roared the stationmaster. ' Ah give the gurl a chance,' roared back the guard—the chance was given.

V

In my notes of Cork travel I find frequent reference to the kindness of the clergy. Their hospitality was indeed amazing. For one called to be perpetually on

the move this meant much. The Diocesan Board paid travelling, but not hotel expenses: I do not think that in three years my hotel bills reached £5.

As a rule the clergy were comfortably housed, some of them had luxurious establishments. But indifferent dwellings made no difference in the desire to be hospitable. One western rector, who lived with his wife in what seemed a two-roomed cottage, was overpowering in the dinners he insisted on his guests consuming. And how solicitous he was for his guest's comfort and safety. Advisedly, I say, 'safety,' for the district was one of the most dangerous in the country. The village which centred his parish was rough and uncouth, with a 'hotel' nothing better than a public house. He begged me to leave my purse in his keeping, and insisted on escorting me to the door. I had a strange bedroom; it was immediately over the bar, the boards in the floor did not meet, a rash move of the bed sent a leg down through a crevasse; the sounds and savours of the saloon arose unhandicapped —there was no ceiling to restrain them. Notwithstanding the discomfort I managed to sleep, and nothing dangerous occurred. Nevertheless, in future journeys I so planned my goings that I occupied those quarters no more.

In 1881–4 there were two other rectors with open hearts but restricted homes. I am happy to say that the defective houses have been replaced by comfortable rectories, and now all the houses of the clergy in the diocese are good.

As a principal reason for these reminiscences is the

recalling of names which deserve to be remembered, no apology will be asked if I conclude this Cork chapter with brief sketches of a few of my many kind hosts, and attempt to reproduce some of their stories.

The Rev. W. Spottswood Green, C.B., rector of Carrigaline, was notable in many ways. His taste for exploration developed early. In the grounds of Midleton College a stream breaks from a cave, forms a pond, and then buries itself in another cave. Green improvised a raft of his own making, and explored the hidden recesses. It was a daring feat, attempted by no other schoolboy before or since. Of course the caves were strictly ' out of bounds,' but I believe my father, when informed, was so struck with the boy's courage, and so thankful for his safety, that he omitted punishment. Years after, when Green's nautical and other qualities had earned him from Government a Commissionership of Fisheries, he answered my father's letter of congratulation by ascribing to the ' Cave Field ' his first stimulus towards adventure.

Always delicate, Green had sought health in Switzerland where his climbs made him a distinguished member of the Alpine Club. But his most famous achievement was the ascent of Mount Cook. This great New Zealand Peak had often been attempted but never previously with success. After a most laborious and dangerous climb Green reached the summit late in the afternoon. Mount Cook was conquered, but could the conqueror survive his victory ? To descend that evening was impossible ; all that could be done was to move off the summit and seek shelter.

What shelter was found can be gauged from the fact that Green and his guides spent the night *standing* on a ledge so narrow that any other position was impossible. Happily their strength was equal to their nerve, and when at last day dawned they were able to work their way to safety.

But it was not only as an explorer that Green was notable ; he was a good amateur artist. I greatly value two of his paintings which I possess—one is Mount Cook ; further, he excelled as a writer and a lecturer. His book on his New Zealand adventure makes fascinating reading ; and as a lecturer he was much in request. Those present are not likely to forget his lecture before the British Association at the Dublin meeting. The subject was his favourite theme, the West and South Coasts of Ireland. The lecture teemed with good things ; as when he described the whale industry on the island of Iniskea, the predominant feature of which seems to have been a ' shmell ' on which you could stand, or dug from State Papers the history of the Pirates of Leamcon, astounding his audience by telling how the Lord-Lieutenant of the day, instead of facing the awkward task of dislodging the pirates from their formidable nest, preferred the simpler rôle of becoming a customer for the novel spices which the ships of the buccaneers wrested from the Indies.[1]

The Rev. Canon Macnamara, rector of Ballymoney, was a good scholar, and an attractive host. In the city of Cork he had earned a reputation as a preacher,

[1] For all that is known of the pirates of Leamcon I may refer to my article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, November 1912.

but Ballymoney was endowed with an excellent Glebe and £250 a year, more than the equivalent of the present standard, £400 and a house. In the early days of disestablishment it was natural to shrink from the uncertain task of raising an annual sustentation fund. Macnamara, therefore, was glad to settle down to the security which Ballymoney offered. As a young man he had acted as a deputation secretary, and he used to tell with rueful face his experiences as a pioneer of tobacco. To produce a pipe in the daytime would have been ruinous ; only when quite sure that all had gone to bed did he venture to light and smoke—up the chimney. It was from him I heard how Dr. Fleury of the Molyneux, Dublin, was manoeuvred out of his weekly pipe by the facetious cruelty of a jarvey. Fleury dare not smoke unless beyond the reach of his congregation ; therefore, once a week he took a hired car far into the country and in company with his driver enjoyed a pipe. On one occasion the driver being strange, he felt somewhat shy about broaching his weakness, until at last he hit upon the expedient of asking the jarvey if *he* would not like to smoke. It was a fatal opening, making way for the quick retort, ' Ah doctor, I'm a great blackguard, but I've not got that far yet.'

Things are altered to-day ; so much so that a retiring Inspector indoctrinating his successor on the subject of smoking etiquette, spoke as follows : ' Rectories fall into three classes for the smoker. There are still some where you must not smoke ; in most you may smoke or not, as you please ; in a few you *must* smoke.'

North-east and south-west of Ballymoney lie the parishes of Kinneigh, now united to Ballymoney, and Castleventry. When I was Inspector their rectors were vigorous and extremely popular bachelors known as 'John Haines' and 'Justin McCarthy,' of Alpine and Land League fame (see p. 56). Both were possessed of good private fortunes, and they were the souls of hospitality. Their houses were always open to the Inspector, and they placed their fine horses at his disposal for visiting their own or any neighbouring schools. At 'Justin's' one felt rather as if being taken in charge by an all watchful and most tender nurse. The home was a miracle of neatness and order inside and out. I have often wondered how those architectural flower beds were fashioned. 'John' was equally liberal in his provision for the comfort of his guests. His way was to place all at their disposal and expect them to use it. But woe betide the visitor who outstepped the bounds. A luckless deputation secretary came, as was freely permitted, in the host's absence. He had fallen in love with horse radish sauce in the house he had left, and he called for horse radish sauce at Kinneigh. The housekeeper met the request with a polite smile, but understood her master too well to comply. Haines' wrath when told what had happened was volcanic—that secretary saw the inside of Kinneigh Rectory no more.

None the less 'John' was the soul of chivalry and kindness. Witness the following: The Bishop was preaching in a neighbouring church, and the clergy met him in numbers. Of course Canon Haines was

there. After the service, the rector, an easygoing personality, emptied the collection upon the Holy Table, and proceeded to count it there. To the surprise of everyone Haines, who in his own realms was a model of order and propriety, went up and helped. 'What in the world did you do that for?' said a friend, 'I didn't like it a little bit,' said Haines, 'but I thought it might lessen the blame if it was shared.'

No two men in the diocese were more divergent in their theological views than 'John' and 'Justin.' The Canon was considered 'High'; the Archdeacon was indubitably the lowest of the 'Low.' At clerical meetings each maintained his views with the accustomed vigour of his strong nature. On a long-remembered occasion an English clergyman was a mute spectator, at one of these conflicts; the struggle, not to say the strife, was titanic. At the height of the battle—words flying like brickbats, faces kindled with what seemed insatiable fury—time was up. The company melted into the pleasant grounds of the rectory, and to his amazement the English visitor saw 'Justin' and 'John' disappearing down a shrubbery walk linked arm-in-arm. 'Why,' he gasped, when he had recovered from his astonishment, 'I thought they were longing to cut one another's throats; and instead there they go, enjoying one another like a pair of affectionate brothers.'

Upon the coast, in the neighbourhood of Kinsale, lies the parish of Rathclarin, whose rector was the Rev. Canon W. H. Powell, D.D. Both the Powells, William and Dacre, were prominent in the diocese. Dacre, as rector of St. Mary's, Shandon, occupied

a central position. Every important office came his way, Canon of St. Fin Bar's, representative Canon of St. Patrick's, Archdeacon of Cork ; and I believe that, had he survived, he would have been bishop. Under his care his fine church continually grew in beauty ; his rectory was a centre of hospitality ; in all diocesan matters he took the keenest and most intelligent interest. Writing as one that was then young, I can say that he was particularly helpful to young men. He understood their aspirations, and his wise guidance was ever at their service.

William's life was spent in rural parishes. I think he preferred the country. His only longing seems to have been for more parishioners and more work. He told me that he had desired to exchange into one of the poorest parishes of the West, where his large congregation would have consisted solely of peasants and small farmers. He would have gone but for the impossibility of finding a residence. He was a kind and warm-hearted host. Once his hospitality met with curious misconstruction. A neighbouring magnate, aged about eighty years, quarrelled with his son aged forty, and literally turned him out upon the road. Powell at once received him into the rectory ; whereupon the father wrote him an infuriated letter, scornfully asking how he could ever again expect him to attend the ministry of a man so wilfully blind to the teaching of the fifth commandment.

The entrance to Bantry Bay is guarded by the island of Bere, one of the three fortified posts still in the hands

of the British Government. The parish of Berehaven is enormous—as large as the Isle of Man. Four churches had to be served, each of them ten miles from its neighbour. Here the Rev. John Halahan spent the whole of his ministry, over fifty years, as Curate, Rector, Canon, and finally Dean of Ross. His splendid physique made nothing of the distances; he rejoiced in his wild and beautiful territory, and everyone rejoiced in him. Family prayers as conducted by him will not easily be forgotten by any who had the privilege of entering into their atmosphere of spiritual devotion.

At the head of the Bay, looking out upon a view of sea and mountain which is justly considered 'magnificent,' stands Bantry Rectory. Canon W. W. O'Grady, the rector, had much of the humour of his race. The raising of the Sustentation Fund was a complicated task in his district. 'The rich,' he said, 'promise and don't pay, the poor don't pay, but are liberal with criticism.' Of an adjacent parish, where he had been curate, this was his account. To get over the sustentation difficulty, some of the more zealous spirits grouped themselves together and paid domiciliary visits. Calling on a farmer who had cut down from £1 to 10*s*., they urged the insufficiency of his 10*s*., and vigorously demanded the balance. No progress! Times were hard, said the farmer, he considered 10*s*. enough for him. Their direct methods having failed, another style of attack developed. The farmer was anxious to marry off his three daughters, and in those circles marriage depended on dowry. The deputation

dexterously manipulated the situation thus: 'Well, I'm sure we're very sorry for you, and (after a pause) for your daughters; and so will be the neighbours when they hear how you've come down.'

Without further parley the wanted 10*s*. was produced!

Another story of O'Grady's recalls the days when 'vales' were so oppressive that a rich host, on inviting a friend of moderate means, would with the invitation forward a guinea, to serve as protective armour. A relative of some previous generation had dined at a great house, where men servants abounded: as he left, flunkey No. 1 brought his coat and received a douceur; flunkey No. 2 produced his hat, so too with him; flunkey No. 3 came with his umbrella, he also was remembered; finally, flunkey No. 4 appeared bearing a much worn pair of gloves. Sadly the guest looked at his ancient friends as one loath to bid them a long farewell; then with a grave bow of resignation he said, 'No, thank you—they're not worth it.'

In one of the most remote and lonely parts of the diocese the enterprising traveller may find a parish with the musical name of Inchigeelagh. There the River Lee rises in the lake of Gouganebarra, rich in legendary fame; and thence the wild and romantic pass of Keimaneigh breaks into the bounds of Kerry. The Church children in Inchigeelagh were too few, and too widely scattered, to admit of a school. But Canon Jellett had obtained, through the Provost, a list of all Roman Catholic schools where Church children

attended, and I was intent upon encouraging the teaching of these children by visiting the few parishes without schools, and inspecting the work of Sunday schools and weekday classes. When I volunteered a visit to Inchigeelagh the offer was readily accepted, and the answering of the young people who gathered at the rectory was in itself sufficient reward. The rector was the Rev. Patrick O'Rourke, M.A., a man of different calibre from those already mentioned, seldom seen outside his own wild precincts of which he seemed to form a natural part, but abounding in hospitality, and full of quaint stories. From him I heard of the 'ticklesome family.' Wights of such sensitive skin that no tailor could clothe them because of the 'tickles.' From him, too, of the ingenuity of an Irish vendor in commending the wonders of the sewing machine to the local tailor: 'The way av it is, it carries the eye in the head, instead of in the tail an' it goes that speedy that you'd make a suit of clothes for a naked man afore he'd have time to catch could,' and from him also that offending Roman Catholics of the parish had been threatened by their priest with the punishment of being immovably fastened to the ground. 'Did you really say that,' he inquired of the priest, with whom he was on friendly terms. 'To be sure I did,' was the unhesitating reply, 'it's the only way to keep ignorant blockheads in order.'

In those days credulity was prevalent, whether more or less than in other lands in similar circumstances I do not pretend to say. No rumour was too wild for belief. I remember that one evening, on starting for

the Skibbereen district, I was met by the rumour that all the West had risen, and that travel would be either impossible or most dangerous. My informant believed the rumour, I did not ; I found nothing to justify it on my tour. Another militant rumour regaled itself on the power of the priest over the soldiers. They were in full march from Bantry, so it was said, to help in carrying out an eviction, when the priest met them. 'Halt,' he commanded. They marched on. The next moment their caps, torn from their heads, were flung into the field at one side of the road, and their rifles, swept out of their hands by unseen power, came crashing down on the other. 'March on another step and ye'll all be dead men,' was the next hint given ; they took the hint and marched back to Bantry.

Another host whom gratitude makes it pleasant to mention is the Ven. T. C. Abbott, Archdeacon of Cloyne. He, and my school and lifelong friend the Very Rev. W. J. Wilson, Dean of Cloyne, the Rev. Canon Arthur Wilson, and the Rev. Canon A. Irwin, who received Priest's Orders the same day as I, are the only survivors of the men I knew in Cork who are still at work in the diocese. In those days Abbott was rector of Schull, and already known as a rising young man. When Bishop Meade died he received many votes at the election of his successor. In my time Schull Rectory was still in the hands of the daughters of Abbott's predecessor and I never saw it. I have since come to know it well, as the present rector is my brother-in-law, the Rev. Canon G. B. Fairbrother. Abbott lived in the Grove House, which has since

expanded into the Grove Hotel. There he always extended to me the kindest of welcomes, and there was no district where the Inspector stood in greater need of a haven. The peninsula on which Schull stands was then a poverty-stricken tract. The roads were the worst possible, and there was no railway west of Skibbereen ; it followed that the unfortunate people had no means of disposing of their produce. Chickens could be had for sixpence apiece, and eggs for sixpence a dozen. The houses, not to say hovels, were pitiable ; a nurse told me lately that her mother, also a nurse, when visiting a case would often find only a bundle of furze where the door should be, and could see the stars shining through most of what pretended to be a roof. These things are altered now ; communication is good, and comfortable two-storied houses are to be seen everywhere, but when I had to visit the schools of the peninsula all was desolate and forbidding. It is true that the very wildness of the scenery, and the rich colour of the gorse and heather gave it attraction in summer and early autumn, but at other times it appeared as a treeless waste, where you saw little but rocks and savage waters, and felt nothing but the piercing winds and blinding rain. The rector's kindness was the more remarkable because we differed sharply enough, on many points. On one occasion when the Bishop and I were both staying in the house, the *Cork Constitution* appeared on the breakfast table with a letter from Abbott, criticising vigorously some parts of my educational policy. These differences, however, made no breach in our personal relations. We

fought them out afterwards in a debate at the Diocesan Synod. The vote went in my favour. Immediately after the announcement of the result, as we passed into the lobby, Abbott gave me a cordial handshake.

I have put off to the last perhaps the most remarkable of my series, the Ven. E. R. Emerson, D.D., partly because he is a fit figure for a conclusion, partly, too, from a shrinking from attempting to portray him. I doubt if anybody could convey to paper a personality so original; I certainly have no hope of accomplishing the feat. Emerson was amazing as a humorous talker. Groups of men in his house have been known to sit spell-bound, right through the night into the early morning, seeing the artificial lights go out, and the sunrise breaking in, lured into waiting for morning trains instead of getting home the evening before. A man with such power may justly be described as unique.

I first knew him as rector of St. Edmund's, a parish of many charms. The scenery is formed by a romantic combination of mountain, wood, and water, and so happy were the tenants, under their landlord, Colonel Shuldham, D.L., that the Land League was unable to affect them. Even when the Land Act set up machinery for fixing ' Fair Rents ' the farmers of St. Edmund's, instead of going into Court, asked ' the Colonel ' to fix their rents, and abode by his decision. To get to bed at St. Edmund's Rectory was almost impossible. There came no break in Emerson's flow. It was natural enough for him, as there was nothing to prevent him adding hours to bed-time in the

morning; but I had his excellent school to visit, and a long day's work ahead. Unhappily Emerson's stories cannot be reproduced, owing to the inimitable way in which they were told, the twinkle of the eye, the stores of inexhaustible humour, the rich, racy accent, the splendid reverberating voice. None of these traits lend themselves to cold print. Like most people whose tones proclaim their locality, Emerson was unconscious of his brogue, and one of the most delightful entertainments afforded by him was when he enlarged on his efforts to amend the still more advanced vernacular of the pupils in his schools.

One story of those St. Edmund days I attempt. Emerson was paying a first visit at a farm-house. He was shown in while they were at dinner. 'I spoke to the man of the house—no answer! I spoke again and again, no use! Had I offended in any way? Had I better retire and await a more promising time? No, I would sit through the meal, and try again at the end. When the end came, came also the end of the silence. "Why wouldn't you speak to me before?" I inquired. Straight came the rejoinder: "Does ye think I'd be losin' a sop and a bit by wastin' time in spaking to ye?"'

Dr. Emerson enjoyed many honours. When the important parish of Ballymodan, Bandon, became vacant, the Bandon family were glad to secure him, both for his personal prominence and as the representative of a family which had been settled in the town for three hundred years. All the usual diocesan offices came his way, ending in his being appointed Arch-

deacon of Cork. Outside the diocese his fame as a preacher was recognised by his being made Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant and Select Preacher in the University of Dublin.

A year before his death, at the advanced age of nearly ninety, I had the pleasure of officiating at the wedding of a nephew in Bandon. The reception was given by the Archdeacon. He was as full of stories as ever. Here is one about an English bishop, which will bear telling in an English way. The bishop came from London to visit at Castle Bernard. It was before the era of trains and steamers. Utterly worn out by the voyage, and a twenty-mile drive over rough roads, his lordship on arrival went straight to bed. Those were the days of warming-pans. At bedtime a maid went round the rooms inserting in each bed a pan, made blazing hot by its fiery contents. In she came, into the subdued light of the bishop's room, unaware that it was occupied. One swift movement lifted the clothes, another dropped the burning pan on the bishop's middle! An agonised roar sent the torturer flying from the room, leaving the unfortunate victim to extricate his wounded person as best he could!

It was days before the bishop was able to appear downstairs.

CHAPTER V

AT THE CENTRE—LORD PLUNKET'S EIRENICON

Changing times, and Kildare Place.
A Government College offered—Lord Plunket's statesmanship—Founding of the Church of Ireland Training College—The Recorder's visit to Cork—Lord Plunket and my appointment.

I

To help our Cork work I wrote a small tractate telling what we were doing for the children. It had an immediate effect in increasing the Board's income ; for instance, a rector told me that one of his parishioners, on hearing extracts read, had improved his contribution from £1 to £10, but the ultimate results for me were, as will be seen later, more far-reaching, amounting to an alteration in the whole tenor of my life.

It was a time when rapid and important reforms were maturing in connexion with the training of teachers. The Kildare Place Society, early in the nineteenth century, had founded the second training school—they called it a model school—in the British Isles. When their Government grants were withdrawn in 1831, the training of National teachers was undertaken at Marlborough Street by the newly founded National Board. At Kildare Place, first the old society, and then the Church Education Society continued the work of training, but only for Church schools. For some forty years they were eminently

successful. As I went from school to school in Cork, I learned to appreciate highly the fine tone which characterised the Kildare Place teacher. Gradually, however, the funds of the Church Education Society declined. As has already been hinted, this was rather a sign of victory than of defeat. The attitude of the National Board towards religious teaching had been so modified that it was justly described by one of its chief exponents, Sir Patrick Keenan, as a ' Denominational System with a Conscience Clause.' In consequence, the necessity for maintaining separate schools disappeared. Parish after parish placed its schools under the National Board, and the operations of the Church Education Society became more and more restricted. At last, owing to the consequent shrinkage of income, no course was open to them but to announce that they were no longer able to bear the expense of training teachers. It was a grave crisis in the history of the Church of Ireland. The General Synod recognised it as such, and authorised its Board of Education to undertake the management of the Kildare Place College, adding the cautious proviso ' provided that the requisite funds can be obtained.'

' The requisite funds.' *There* lies the trouble which has haunted and still haunts education in connexion with the Church in Ireland. Education is bad ' copy ' an editor will tell you, and generally it is a bad ' draw ' for money. The *flair* for education which has produced millions for schools and colleges in America is unknown in Ireland ; even the gentler liberality which helps the educational work of the Church of

England is seldom in operation here. There is not a Diocesan Board of Education in any Irish diocese which is not starved for lack of income. Probably a main cause for this backwardness is to be found in the lack of zeal and directness shown in the written appeals which are issued. A stronger lead is wanted. Certain it is that when a great call has been made to ring its message loudly, a generous response has not been lacking. So was it when the Church Education Society raised a voluntary income of £45,000. So was it in 1878–79 with the special appeal for the Church of Ireland Training College. I remember the enthusiasm with which the appeal was received in Cork. Little did I think when, as a junior curate, I gave to the College my first educational subscription, that most of my life was to be dedicated to its service.

It was in connexion with this appeal that Lord Plunket, then Bishop of Meath, first identified himself with Kildare Place. He acted as chairman of the committee, and to him chiefly was due the success of the appeal, and the continuance of the work of the College. All, however, was still on the old lines, and excellent though these were in themselves, it daily became more and more manifest that they were incapable of keeping pace with the developments of the times. Men were realising that, if the Church was to exercise influence over her children as a whole, she must be able to reach the teachers as a whole. No longer was it possible to be satisfied with a college which trained only for non-Government schools, and left out of account schools more numerous and more

important, namely the Government schools under the National Board.

Voicing this feeling, the Recorder of Dublin, the Hon. F. R. Falkiner, afterwards the Right Hon. Sir F. R. Falkiner, moved, in the General Synod of 1882, for a committee empowered to negotiate with the Government for a boarding-house under Church management where teachers in training at the Government's Undenominational Training College in Marlborough Street might reside, and receive religious instruction. The spirit of the time shows itself in the prolonged debates, spread over four days, which ensued. Many amendments were moved, many divisions were taken; the old Church Education party were aghast at the thought of such direct contact with the systems which they still suspected, and in many cases, as the result of long-standing prejudice, abhorred. In the end, however, the Recorder's Committee was appointed. They lost no time in opening up negotiations, and were able to report to the Synod in 1883 that the Government had consented to recognise the Kildare Place premises as a boarding-house for male teachers. The Synod sanctioned the proposal, no opposition was offered by the Training College Committee, and in the autumn of 1883 Lord Plunket, as chairman of the College Committee, welcomed eighteen masters to Kildare Place.

II

So well did the new system succeed that, early in 1884, the Government were requested to extend it by

sanctioning a boarding house for mistresses, on similar conditions. It happened, however, that in the previous year at the instance of the Viceroy, Earl Spencer, the English system of Denominational Colleges had been offered to Ireland, and accepted by the Roman Catholic Church. It therefore followed naturally that the Government refused to extend the boarding-house system, but instead offered a denominational college.

Thereupon arose a situation of acute difficulty—in fact, one of those turning-points where mistakes may inflict injuries from which it is impossible to recover, but where a policy of wisdom and courage ushers in a period of new and permanent prosperity.

Happily a leader was at hand who was able not only to find a solution of the difficulties, but whose influence was sufficient to induce the rival parties to unite for its accomplishment. Facing the crisis, as he asked others to do, in a 'large and unprejudiced spirit,' Lord Plunket set himself earnestly to find, as he put it in a letter written early in 1884, 'a means of uniting reasonable men.' He hoped that after long discord a path of peace might be possible, and he chose for himself the troublesome and laborious task of peace-maker.

The most formidable of the difficulties to be overcome centred round the necessity for placing the old Kildare Place Model School under the National Board. To accept a denominational college from Government meant the acceptance of this condition. In plain words, the stronghold of the Church Education Society must strike its flag, and from henceforth the

College must have its walls branded, not in a metaphorical, but in a literal sense, with the detested label, ' Kildare Place National Schools.'

The solution which Lord Plunket devised did honour to his talents as a statesman, and to his character as a Christian gentleman. He began by making use of the results achieved by the boarding-house system. There is no sounder maxim in educational work than ' proceed from the known to the unknown.' No one had ventured to suggest that harm had resulted from this intermingling of Marlborough Street and Kildare Place students. Would not the outcome be equally, if not more, satisfactory, if the experiment were adventured on a more comprehensive scale ? The thought was bold, it proved to be most felicitous. This was the way the Bishop worked it out. He proposed that in the future college there should be two departments, one non-Government, to train for non-Government schools as before, the other Government, to train for the National or Government schools. In financial matters they would be distinct ; the Church would bear the expense of the non-Government students, the State grants would be used exclusively for the teachers intended for National schools. But there would be *no other distinction* ; for all the training would be side by side and on identical lines, and the hallowing influence of religion, so inseparably associated with Kildare Place, would be shared alike by the teachers for every class of school.

Brilliant as the plan was it is doubtful whether anyone but Lord Plunket could have carried it through.

For men brought up in such hostile camps as the supporters of the rival systems, it was intensely difficult to forecast and to foresee the final success which was to be achieved. The plan was indeed a plan of peace, one by which opposing parties were destined to be united. This is abundantly manifest to-day, so much so that, as has been noted, it requires an effort to recall the fact that controversy ever existed ; but the atmosphere of 1884 was different, and labours of the most strenuous kind were needed before conviction came to ' reasonable men.'

III

In all that followed, Lord Plunket led. As chairman of the committee his tact and charm, and inexhaustible patience smoothed difficulty after difficulty. This, however, was only a fraction of what he undertook. He went personally to work among those who were likely to obstruct or to oppose. So untiring was he in his self-imposed labours, that one of his admirers said that, in order to reach everyone, ' he walked the streets of Dublin like a common process-server ' ; so irresistible did he prove in pleading what he felt to be the cause of religion and unity that a Presbyterian friend declared ' he would win a bird off a bush.' In all these efforts two staunch friends were constant in their support. The Recorder and Mr. W. G. Brooke shared his enthusiasms and worked wholeheartedly at his side. Of Mr. Brooke one of his sisters said to me, ' he never sees a difficulty ' ; this quality made him invaluable where difficulties

might have deterred others. He it was who undertook to be manager of the Kildare Place Schools, when placed under the National Board, and to him was entrusted the responsible task of moving, in the General Synod of 1884, for the acceptance of the Government's offer of a denominational college. The motion was seconded by Mr. Richard Bagwell of Marlfield, whose works on Irish history have become standard authorities, and who, as one of the Governors, always proved to be a wise and most liberal supporter of the Church of Ireland Training College.

The debate on Mr. Brooke's motion, as had been anticipated, was keen and prolonged ; there are always some who are impregnable to change ; but in the end Lord Plunket had the intense happiness of seeing the Synod accept the College without a division.

Though the events in connexion with the training of teachers thus far recalled lie outside my personal reminiscences, I have recorded them, partly because there seems some danger of Lord Plunket's predominant share in them being forgotten. A recent writer, in a published sketch of the Archbishop, makes no mention of his connexion with the College, and even expresses ignorance as to whether he possessed statesmanlike qualities. But besides this the event itself was of outstanding importance. With the possible exception of the remarkable special Synod of 1920, which raised the standard income of the clergy to a minimum of £400 a year and a house, the founding of the Church of Ireland Training College, on its present comprehensive basis, is the most important

event in the history of the Irish Church since Disestablishment. To bring the teachers of all the primary schools under the influence of definite religious training, and in so doing to ensure peace after fifty years of strife, was a great constructive achievement, one such as has fallen to the lot of no other Irish bishop in modern times. Lord Plunket himself entertained no doubt as to its importance.

'When his election to the Archbishopric of Dublin was pending in the balance,' writes a close personal friend, 'I said to him, "Well, at all events, whatever happens, to you will always be attributed the founding of the Church of Ireland Training College." He rose out of his chair, stood up and said, "If I were given my choice which I would prefer, to be Archbishop of Dublin, or founder of the College, I would choose to found the College."'[1]

IV

Before concluding this chapter it is necessary to move for a time from the centre to the circumference. Throughout the Church, the acceptance by the Synod of the Government offer of a denominational college under Church management attracted attention and aroused interest. Engaged as I was in the cause of religious education, it was delightful to look forward to having all teachers trained side by side under religious influence, but it never occurred to me that the College would enter my life in any way, except as the source of excellent teachers for the schools in my charge.

[1] Quoted in F. D. Howe's *Memoir*, p. 180.

A visit of the Recorder to Cork first brought me into personal touch with the active preparations afoot. The Bishop asked me to organise a meeting on behalf of the College, and the Recorder's eloquent address made its scope and its needs plain. Afterwards at the Palace came my first meeting with the Recorder. He spoke to me about applying for the post of Principal. I said that I was doubtful as to my fitness for such a post, and not willing to leave my Cork work. But to my surprise he pressed the point, and got me so far as to say I would consider it. On my next call at the Palace the Bishop opened the subject. He did not want to lose my services, if I remained the best posts in the diocese would be likely to come my way. He did, however, think that I was suitable for the Principalship. This struck me, but still I hesitated. I loved Cork and my Cork duties. Dublin and Kildare Place were the great unknown. Not until pressure came from various other influential quarters did I feel that it would not be right to refuse to move. Almost too late I sent in a quiet application, thinking little about it and not expecting any results.

But it was ordered that to Kildare Place I should go. In a few days I was summoned as one of four, selected out of forty-four candidates, and, after an interview with the committee, the appointment fell to me.

V

As I look back upon that day my emotions may be summed up in *Lord Plunket*. It was my first meeting with him. He captured me once for all. Few will

wonder at this when I tell what happened. The Bishop, of course, was in the chair. His questions were at once more penetrating and on a higher level than those usually brought into action on such occasions. But it was the way he put them that captivated. Not only was it not difficult, it was actually a pleasure to respond. No one who ever met Lord Plunket failed to feel his charm. I felt it then for the first time, I felt it always afterwards, I feel it still.

As I was leaving the room I was asked my town address. Having no expectation of being chosen I attached no significance to the inquiry, and, after dinner with my friends, went with some of them for a walk. Only as we returned, and when in the late light of a long summer evening (it was the 18th of July), I saw a brougham at the door, did my election break on me. I felt that the carriage was Lord Plunket's and that he was there. Not satisfied with a long, difficult day's work, he had snatched a hasty dinner, and driven out to be himself the announcer of the result, and to talk over the future with me. My temporary absence made no difference, he would wait, and wait he did not only till I came back, but till an hour had been spent in unfolding his aspirations and hope for the College, and in explaining to me my duties.

At his earnest request I fixed the following Monday for the commencement of work. In Cork my holiday month had just begun and my leaving would cause no inconvenience.

At a later date I learned the secret of my most unexpected election. Someone, perhaps Bishop Gregg,

sent Lord Plunket my 'What we are doing for the Children.' Having read it himself, he went in the evening—the Bishop's working-day seemed never to close—to the house of Mr. W. G. Brooke. 'We have got our man,' was his opening remark, and there and then he read aloud the tractate.

CHAPTER VI

THE MAKING OF A COLLEGE—THE MAKERS

Lord Plunket	Archbishop Trench
W. G. Brooke	Sir F. R. Falkiner
Lord Justice FitzGibbon	Sir Patrick Keenan
J. C. Taylor	W. R. Molloy.

The Opening.

Given physical vigour, with a love of work and responsibility, the making of a College becomes an enterprise of absorbing interest.

So I found it, when under the leadership of Lord Plunket, the Recorder, and Mr. W. G. Brooke, I undertook the task as Principal.

In a sense the College we were making was not new, it was old. The training of teachers had commenced under the Kildare Place Society, whose foundation date was 1811 ; it had been continuous all through the century. Our College is the oldest but one in Great Britain and Ireland, it is the oldest which remains on its original site.

But while this was so, in 1884 our work really amounted to making all things new. Indeed, the task of raising up a new College in old buildings encrusted, so to speak, with old traditions, was harder than if the start had been wholly fresh. The inherent difficulties, moreover, were immeasurably increased by the time

limit. The Government required us to open in September. We had barely seven weeks.

'To organise any large institution in a limited time is a heavy task; the labour is made heavier when undertaken by those whose time is already fully occupied. This, moreover, was no piece of straightforward construction. Upon an old foundation a new institution had to be raised. On the one hand it must form a continuation of the past—heedful of past workers, sympathetic with past work; on the other it must present an appearance wholly new, and must have at command everything which the progress and development of education could suggest. An enterprise fraught with such difficulties as these was certain to make large demands upon the resources and capacities of those by whom it was undertaken.' [1]

In order to be close at hand Lord Plunket came up from Meath and took up his quarters in Maples Hotel, which then stood in Kildare Place. His personal requirements were never exacting. At another hotel where he made a considerable stay, a peppery Major complained fiercely to the manager of the bad service and the bad food. 'What pleases the Most Rev. Lord Plunket ought, sir, to please you,' was the natural retort. But the Major was not to be worsted. 'You forget that Lord Plunket is a distinguished Churchman, and believes in the mortification of the flesh.'

How thoroughly in earnest the Bishop and his friends were, can be gauged from the fact that he and the

[1] Quoted from the *Centenary Book of the Church of Ireland Training College*, p. 39.

Recorder had paid visits of inquiry and inspection to the chief English Training Colleges. In this laborious but practical way they had acquired stores of information which were now invaluable.

The amount of work which the Bishop did is almost incredible. He toiled early and late, insensible apparently to the fierce heat of that intolerably hot summer. The different committees met daily, sometimes there were two or three in the day. He presided at all. Between times he gave personal attention to the immense correspondence. He planned and piloted a great appeal for funds to supply immediate needs and current expenses. Experience again was to prove that when the case is good, plainly put, and properly worked, money can be raised—even for education. The Bishop possessed the genius which consists in 'an infinite capacity for taking pains.' No detail was too small for his attention. He even held that good results often came from his addressing envelopes in his own writing. His was the wording of every circular issued, his hand corrected the proofs, and sometimes he went so far as to visit the printers himself to ensure promptitude, and the exact carrying out of his wishes. The result repaid his labour. In all nearly £3,500 was received from voluntary sources, sufficient to execute the extensive repairs which were immediately necessary, and to provide the funds required for the working expenses of the first year.

With such an example before me, hard work on my part followed naturally. At first, the state of my dear wife's health prevented her being moved to Dublin.

Accordingly, I arranged to sleep in an attic at Kildare Place—all the ordinary bedrooms were in workmen's hands, and I got my meals as I could. Work in great variety went on all day, and at times till late at night; its novelty, the interest of new faces, the kindnesses of new friends, defied fatigue. Very early the Bishop took me to the Palace, and introduced me to Archbishop Trench, saying, 'He will not be the less interesting to you because he is an Oxford man.' I was invited to lunch, and sat beside the Archbishop. It was a privilege to be with a celebrity whose fame as a writer was in all the Churches and whose books I had long known. With instinctive courtesy Lord Plunket, who was to be Manager, had invited the Archbishop—even though his retirement was at hand, to be Visitor of the College. This recognition evidently had pleased Dr. Trench. In addition to inquiries about Oxford and Balliol, he talked much about the College and its prospects, and showed practical interest in the importance of its successful maintenance.

About the same time I was introduced by the Recorder to Lord Justice FitzGibbon, certainly one of the greatest and, in my opinion, with the doubtful exception of Mr. A. J. Balfour, afterwards Earl of Balfour, the ablest man I ever met. In a later chapter I shall try to give some account of his wonderful power as an orator. Here I record gratefully the readiness he always showed to help in connexion with the many legal and political issues which arose from time to time in the working of the College; it never seemed a trouble to him to be called upon before he went to

court, and helpful light was always thrown upon our problems by his swift acumen and comprehensive grasp.

At the end of some of the weeks came brief periods of relaxation. For one of them Lord Plunket invited me to stay at Ardbraccan, the stately Palace of the Premier Bishops, since sold on account of the expense of upkeep. An engagement for Sunday in Cork deprived me of this pleasure; but the change to what was still my home was refreshing, and it included an interesting visit to Dr. Barter's celebrated hydropathic establishment at Blarney, where I took an afternoon service, and had an opportunity of speaking to the guests about Kildare Place.

On another Saturday Lord Plunket and I went to Killiney to stay with the Recorder. Dublin citizens know and appreciate the wonderful view of sea and mountain which opens suddenly as the train breaks from the Dalkey tunnel. To me, it was a revelation. After a week's close work, this swift unfolding of one of the fairest scenes in Ireland made all life seem aglow. As we were walking through the grounds that afternoon the Bishop began talking about some rare and extremely lovely conifers which he had purchased. I noticed a twinkle in the Recorder's eye as he dilated on his treasures. Presently, breaking into one of his characteristically whimsical smiles, he startled Lord Plunket by saying, 'Yes, yes, they are truly beautiful, and I, too, own one.' 'But where is it?' asked the Bishop, looking round in a puzzled way to find if it was indeed true that anybody else shared the distinction of owning

such a rarity. 'Oh, you don't see it here at present,' said the Recorder, 'the fact is up till now my tree has been growing at a place called Old Connaught.' The Bishop was delighted to be reminded that he had promised one of the conifers. That evening we drove over to see Old Connaught, and orders were given for the immediate removal of one of the young trees to Inveruisk.

The 'Recorder's tree' at Old Connaught reminds me of the story of another tree, in connexion with which humour and shrewdness proved fruitful. On the road from Wicklow to Ashford, not far from the celebrated garden of Mount Usher, a noble tree stands on the road side of the pathway. Two adjacent properties meet at the spot. Many years ago when the tree first attracted attention, the two landlords began to wonder and then to dispute as to which of them *owned the tree*. The dispute, of course, was sentimental, the value of the tree consisted only in its beauty and its position. But commonly enough quarrels which are wholly unreasonable become exceedingly bitter. While the issue was in suspense, the then Duke of Richmond came to visit one of the families, and the rival owner was invited to meet him. After dinner conversation somehow turned to the tree. Each side mustered its arguments, at first quietly, then with increasing warmth. The Duke listened, till he thought it time to interfere, and then he said, 'Plainly, gentlemen, the case is one for arbitration, will you accept me as arbiter?' 'Yes, gladly,' both replied, 'you shall settle it to-morrow morning.' All three were punctually on

the ground next day. The Duke surveyed the tree admiringly, heard what each had to say, and then said : ' Is it understood, gentlemen, that you will accept my award as final.' ' Certainly,' both replied. ' Then,' said the Duke, assuming a look of judicial solemnity, ' I decree that the tree is mine.' Both the rivals burst into laughter, the quarrel ended once for all, and the tree was henceforth known as ' *The Duke's Tree.*'

But to return to the making of our College : Every portion of the great pile of buildings demanded repair and redecoration, and a good deal of structural work was needed for providing baths and lavatories. Here the Recorder and Mr. Brooke were prominent, superintending and directing everywhere. A certain artistic green in which Brooke delighted was for years after considered the orthodox colour for Kildare Place doors.

The committees took charge of the appointments. The initial staff consisted of fourteen for the College, and seven for the schools ; some were selected from those who had done such faithful work already. For those who could not be included provision was made. The new members had to be most carefully selected from vast numbers of applicants.

To my lot fell the getting together of a class of eighty-eight students who could pass the entrance examination of the National Board. It would have been impossible but for the exceptional facilities afforded by the National Board, and the helpful courtesy of their officials. I should like gratefully to mention one or two of these officials.

The Resident Commissioner at the time was Sir

Patrick Keenan. As is stated in the inscription on his bust in the hall of the Education Office, he had risen from post to post in the service of the Commissioners until he reached the highest, and was made K.C.M.G. Sir Patrick, as has been mentioned, is credited with being the first to describe the developed constitution of the National Board as 'a denominational system with a Conscience Clause.' He was wholehearted in his support of it as thus seen, and it was probably for this reason that my work in Cork had attracted his attention. At our first meeting it surprised me to find that he was fully aware of what I had done there to promote separate schools for Church children. Of this policy he approved, and it led to his welcoming me very kindly as the Principal of a denominational college. Failing health prevented Sir Patrick from taking an active part in the new developments, but none could question his intelligent interest in all that was done.

Mr. J. C. Taylor, the financial secretary, ought to be remembered as a skilled and most untiring worker. His devotion to the Office may best be described by saying, paradoxically of course, that he never left it. Certain it is that he outstayed all others. Whether he ever took vacation I do not know ; but Bank Holidays he scouted, working long hours alone, just as he would have done on ordinary days.

With the finances of the College, which were then very complicated, he was always ready to help. I think, however, that he was surprised, and not exactly enthusiastic, when I managed unassisted to extract from the

tangle two guiding principles which proved valuable so long as the initial system lasted: (1) During the first four years of the life of a college spend every available penny that can be got in grants. (2) After the first four years save, and get placed to your credit, all that can be spared.

I shall not, at this date, attempt to explain the intricacies which made these principles sound; let it suffice to say that they worked, and that No. 1 enabled us to equip our College well.

With especial pleasure I recall the remarkable personality of W. R. Molloy. From the nature of his office—he was Chief of Inspection—I often had to consult him. Tall, well-built, always ceremoniously dressed in frock-coat and becoming necktie, he received you with a courtesy which seemed from the outset to make everything easy—and everything remained easy when reasonable proposals were made. Once the Chief was clear as to the end, preliminary difficulties had a way of vanishing. You took him a problem, perhaps the admission of a student, or the sanctioning of a member of staff, where there might, perhaps, be a doubt as to rule-of-thumb qualifications, but none as to general excellence: I can see him in the great Board Room of Tyrone House as he tackled the question. He is moving here and there—such was his custom. A clerk is summoned: 'Mr. Barry, bring me the ruling in cases of this kind.' The clerk disappears and reappears. 'What is it?' 'I am afraid, sir, it is unfavourable.' 'Oh, come now, let me see.' He takes the file and with a long pencil, his character-

istic tool, taps it as he reads, 'Yes, yes, a point there, a core of difficulty if you like, but see here and here, look all round it, consider it as a whole and I think we shall manage to swamp the difficulty. Thank you.' The file is handed back, and your problem is soon satisfactorily solved. It was indeed wonderful the way knots unravelled at his touch. For W. R. Molloy red tape had no existence. He was, he continues to be, my beau-ideal of an official.

With so many earnest workers, and such readily given help the making of the College moved forward swiftly, and all was ready for the opening day, September 9. It was a memorable occasion. The great room where the assembly met had been the scene of many ceremonials. There, in the time of the old Kildare Place Society, O'Connell, till then a member, had thundered his denunciation of their rule as to the reading of Holy Scripture, and gone forth to found his own Education Society, and in so doing to lay the foundation of his fame as agitator. There, in the halcyon days of the Church Education Society, orator after orator had fulminated against the National Board, as if prepared to destroy it or perish. There in 1884 were met supporters of both the hostile systems, united at last in the common desire to promote the good of the children of the Church. It was a great assembly, one which represented all that was best among the nobility, the clergy, and the laity of the Church of Ireland.

The ceremonial itself was simple but deeply impressive. As the hour approached Lord Plunket drew aside some of those who had borne the chief part in

the preparations. Together they knelt while he offered up prayer and thanksgiving. Then they went to the quadrangle to receive Archbishop Trench. Lord Plunket stood bareheaded to do him honour. After a short service the College was declared open by the Archbishop, its Visitor, in words of benediction and commendation. Speeches worthy of the occasion and the speakers followed. Lord Plunket's was specially remarkable for the way in which it expounded his policy of conciliation and set forward the refoundation of the College as a pledge of peace.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAKING OF A COLLEGE (*continued*)
AN ALL IRELAND CAMPAIGN

The Staff.

Visit to English colleges and schools—Dean Howson—An episcopal election quashed—Bishop Reichel.

Our new hall—A critical decision—The Interdiocesan Bazaar.

Our revenue—Meeting in Armagh, Primate Knox—In Clonmel, Marlfield—In Londonderry, The Poet Preacher—In Cork—The Palace, Armagh, Portraits of Royalties and Primates—In Belfast, An archiepiscopal deputation.

THUS auspiciously the College was started on its way. Not the least remarkable proof of the thoroughness with which the Organising Committee had accomplished their work was the excellence of the staff they had gathered together.

Canon Leeper, who had been chaplain under the Church Education Society retained that office till his death. As Canon of St. Patrick's he had published a useful handbook to the Cathedral. He was also rector of the parish of St. Audoen's. As my office of Principal was new, I do not think he considered himself as being supplanted. If he did, he certainly never let me know it, and I must always remember with gratitude the courteous kindness with which he made me feel at home, from the day my work began.

To Miss J. Lewis and Miss M. J. Smith had fallen

the chief share in sustaining the educational work of the old College. It would be difficult to imagine two more devoted women. Their lives were spent at Kildare Place, and they gave themselves whole-heartedly to its service. To them largely was due the spirit of devotional earnestness which I had always noted in the teachers they trained.

Miss Lewis was made Vice-Principal of the women's department, an office which ceased at her death. The Lewis Memorial Gold and Silver Medals, for excellence in teaching Holy Scripture, commemorate her life's work ; and her portrait hangs in the dining-hall.

Miss Smith became head governess, and as such seemed to have thought only for the advancement and good of the students in her care. Possibly the subject in which she took most personal pleasure was Singing. She was an expert in the Tonic Sol-fa system. The songs of the infants in a ' Ragged School ' in Cork had instantaneously swept away any prejudice I might have had against ' Tonic Sol-fa.' They had been taught by one of Miss Smith's pupils. In our first years it was the custom to have occasional social evenings at the College. Lord Plunket often came, as did many others. Miss Smith's choir was always pleasantly and successfully in evidence. On one of these evenings, when both the Recorder and Mr. Brooke were there, the Recorder, at the end of a graceful speech of congratulation said, ' I think both Mr. Brooke and I must take lessons from Miss Smith.' Here Brooke whispered, *sotto voce*, ' Leave me alone.' The next moment the Recorder had us all convulsed by an

irresistible flash of humour, ' Mr. Brooke says he would like to have his lessons alone.'

Quite suddenly Miss Smith died at her post. In her memory we founded two prizes for Singing, a gold brooch, and a gold pendant, adaptations of old Celtic designs.

Another member of the original staff who has passed away was Mr. J. Henley ; for nearly forty years he acted as Professor of the Art of Teaching. In the short space at my disposal I can do but scanty justice to a very remarkable man. In all matters connected both with the history and the working of primary education in Ireland, he was proficient. In connexion with the teachers' organisation he had held every important office. He was a voluminous and skilful writer in the teachers' press. The Government recognised his rare knowledge and ability by appointing him a member of Lord Kilannin's Commission. I record with gratitude the willing help which I received at his hands, both at Kildare Place and in connexion with the many wider problems which soon began to come my way. Not only was he a mine of information, but, what was even more valuable, he always showed a penetrating insight as to the march of events, and the ways in which they might best be influenced. As a disciplinarian he was supreme. At first, as well as Professor of Method, he was principal teacher of the boys' school. The previous master had left it in a deplorable condition. At the beginning of Henley's rule I was horrified at the incessant use of the cane. ' Give me a month or two,' he said, when

I expostulated, 'and the cane may be buried.' I trusted him, and very soon the cane became unnecessary. Underneath his firm and somewhat stern exterior, he carried a tender heart. On some of the very rare occasions, when he had to bring a serious complaint under my notice, I have seen tears in his eyes.

It is pleasant to remember that when, on December 31, 1927, my time for retirement came, two of the professors who began with me in 1884 still remained active and vigorous. Of my dear friends, L. E. Steele and John Cooke, I may only write an affectionate word of gratitude and appreciation. They are still at Kildare Place for all to know. Professor Steele is recognised far and wide as a much sought for lecturer. Professor Cooke is the author of various educational works, and enjoys the distinction of being the first Lecturer in Geography appointed by Trinity College, Dublin. His knowledge of the subject and zeal for its study induced the University to elect him on their staff.

At first, naturally, there was anxiety on the part of those who had toiled so hard at organising as to how all would work. 'The initial stages of so large an undertaking were watched with much anxiety,' say the Standing Committee in reporting to the General Synod of 1885. No wonder: the staff were nearly all untried, and novices at training teachers. But as the session passed on, and different tests by different outside authorities were applied—Inspection of College, Inspection of Schools, Examinations in Religious and Secular Knowledge—the reports were so uniformly good that Lord Plunket, when the final results of the

year's work were announced, lifted up his hands with a fervent 'Laus Deo,' and the Standing Committee after describing their initial anxiety, as quoted above, were able to add, 'happily it quickly became evident that there was in those thus associated (*i.e.* the staff) an element of earnestness and unity which enabled all to move forward regularly and vigorously from the very first.' [1]

II

Taught by the valuable information gained by Lord Plunket and the Recorder, the committee believed that the future shaping of the College, in all its aspects, would be benefited if I paid visits to some of the leading English training colleges. There was too much to be done at Kildare Place to allow of absence at first, but early in 1885 I undertook what proved to be a most profitable and interesting mission. From that journey I date the inspiration and the aspirations which have issued in the complete transformations of the Church of Ireland Training College. At the outset the kernel—committee, staff, students—was excellent. But the husk! As I passed from college to college in England the beauty of the buildings and the completeness of the arrangements and fittings moved me alike to admiration and shame; admiration for what I saw, shame for what I had left behind. Some years later, when building work was being undertaken in earnest at Kildare Place, a cynical friend, looking across the quadrangle, asked me what we were

[1] Report to General Synod, 1885, p. 128 of *Journal*.

doing over there. 'Putting up a new front,' I said. 'Sad news,' he replied, 'it was the ugliest thing in Dublin, and I'm sorry to lose it.' He was right about the ugliness. The Kildare Place Society in 1818 had visited all the prominent primary schools in England, and had aimed at reproducing the best. Splendid materials they used, and fine rooms they built, but a desire for architectural beauty did not enter their thoughts. The English colleges which came into existence much later reflected a totally different era of taste.

In order to make my inquiries as fruitful as possible, I embodied the experience of our preliminary months in something like 100 written questions, dealing with every conceivable aspect of training college work. These questions were discharged relentlessly at the Principals and Vice-Principals who so kindly and unreservedly opened to me their doors and their brains. That the scope of my inquiries excited admiration I was told; I was not told of the feelings of the victims in connexion with an examination which sometimes lasted as long as three hours. Certain it is that the almost unlimited friendliness of those I met enabled me to accumulate a mine of information which rapidly yielded rich results.

Among the many able men who helped, Canon Daniels, Principal of Battersea, an Irishman, stands out conspicuously still. He seemed the embodiment of all the qualities which go to the making of an ideal Principal. His wise words of personal advice were as a guiding beacon ever after.

Quite out of the common, too, was the trouble taken on my behalf by the Government authorities. The Chief Inspector of Training Colleges came all the way from Winchester to give me an interview at the Athenaeum Club. One of the highest officials spent the greater part of a morning showing me a specially excellent board school.

In such a tour there were, of course, some things seen and heard which did not suggest imitation. Two Principals warned me gravely against the danger of allowing women students to walk out except in procession, with a governess at the tail. This seemed odd training for mistresses, most of whom must lead independent, and often isolated lives. Another eulogised a system of study which put a governess in charge, with orders to make sure that every student studied the same subject at the same time, all giving the same number of minutes to each part of the curriculum. I wondered had she come to believe not only that her staff could gauge the capacities of every student, but also that they could rush them all into a common mould. But while it was possible to discover what seemed a few weak spots, the general impression was one of admiration and gratitude for guidance of inestimable value which in no other way could have been obtained.

One personal experience I may mention as an introduction to a brief account of a very exceptional man. At Chester, after visiting the College, and wondering at the art treasures with which it had been enriched by the Duke of Westminster, I called on Dean Howson,

who, some twenty years before, had been a friend of my father's in Liverpool. It proved a very pleasant visit. The Dean showed great interest not only in my mission, but generally in the affairs of the Irish Church. In particular he inquired after Dean Reichel, for whom he professed the warmest admiration, describing him as a 'constellation of genius.' What did I think of his prospects of succeeding to the bishopric of Meath then vacant? The question was difficult. The election had been held, Canon Bell had received most votes, but not enough to make him bishop. The Dean came next. Both names had been sent for final selection to the Bishops. The proceedings had reached this stage when Dean Howson asked me what would be the final result. Soon after there came a surprise. On the ground of a technical flaw the election was challenged, and declared null and void by the Court of the General Synod—the only case of the kind since disestablishment. Another election resulted in sending the same two names to the Bishops. They chose Dean Reichel. Canon Bell in great disappointment accepted the post of secretary to the Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and left the diocese. Soon after his elevation I met the new bishop at the Sackville Street Club. The election had been described by one wit as a contest between 'ability and affability,' by another as a fight between 'Bel and the Dragon.' My diary note of our meeting is 'no trace of the dragon,' and so I might describe all our subsequent meetings. Of the diocese of Meath it has been pithily said that 'the centre lies outside the circumference.' Such is the

railway system that those who travel from west to east, or *vice versa*, must pass through Dublin. Consequently the Synod and other important meetings are held in Dublin ; and Dublin or its neighbourhood has seemed a fit place for the residence of Bishops of Meath since Ardbraccan Palace was sold, on account of its expense. Dundrum Castle was chosen for his home by Dr. Reichel, and this brought me often into his company. I can quite understand why the clergy gave the majority of their votes to the gentler Canon Bell. In the Bishop there was a force and power which it was useless to resist. I have seen even a man of the magnitude of Dr. Salmon wilt before him, like a blasted leaf. He did not find it easy to ' suffer fools gladly.' I recall a Hospital Sunday in Dundrum : the sidesmen were in the act of counting the proceeds in the vestry. Suddenly the door opened, the Bishop strode in and cast a five pound note upon the table, ' Your stupid collector omitted to hand me the plate.' I recall also an occasion when, at a meeting of the Training College Board, his temper broke loose, without justification, so far as I could see. When he left the Recorder suggested ' a squeeze of lemon on our proceedings, my Lord.' ' A squeeze of lemon, do you say ? ' replied Lord Plunket, ' I call it a dose of vitriol.' It was the only really severe thing I ever heard from him. No alienation resulted. Lord Plunket genuinely admired the great gifts of the Bishop. Dr. Reichel expressed to me the warmest appreciation of the Archbishop's untiring zeal and political capacity.

But while there were some flaws, occasioned largely

by indifferent health, the Bishop was unquestionably a great, large-hearted man. Bishop Patton has given a striking illustration of his splendid physical courage in troublous times.[1] Perhaps his courage of another kind is even more worthy of mention. He suffered from an inherent dread of infection. Never, however, did he allow it to interfere with duty. He visited all kinds of contagious illness, and this, notwithstanding the fact that when he entered a house where there was infection, always as he himself has told me 'he felt his heart sink.' Which kind of courage is the more admirable? A general at Waterloo, when someone pointed to the heedless bravery of the troops, thus commented, 'Yes, there is no question about their courage, in fact they do not know what fear means. I, on the other hand, am most terribly afraid, none the less I am doing my duty; I think I am even braver than they!'

Perhaps the most valuable feature of the Bishop's life was his convincing testimony to revealed religion. Knowing German at least as well as English, and versed in the writings of all the great continental theologians, his sermons and his words carried conviction. He would talk in private about the critical schools then forging their way to notice. As to the ultimate verdict on their opinions, he was content to suspend judgment; but, whatever the result might be, he apprehended no danger to the essentials of Christianity.

Clearly do I remember an address of his to a Dublin clerical meeting. His subject was the essentials of

[1] *Fifty Years of Disestablishment*, pp. 140–145.

belief. He was willing to allow the possibility of modifications ; advancing knowledge might necessitate changes of view ; but there was a great central truth or fact which never could change. The corporeal resurrection of the Saviour stood unshaken and unshakable. He bade his hearers beware of the subjective theories which were being developed owing to unstable faith ; they must hold fast the evidence of the vanished body, and the empty tomb.

On my return from England it was interesting to work into the Kildare Place system all that was best in what I had seen in the sister colleges ; it was pleasant also, for I met with nothing but the heartiest co-operation from our staff. The results can be estimated by anyone who investigates the long series of reports issued by the Government Inspectors of the College. Here it may suffice to quote what was written by Prebendary Reynolds, the Archbishops of Canterbury's and York's Inspector of Training Colleges. Bearing a message from the Archbishops he came in 1905, and after inspecting the College and examining in Religious Knowledge thus recorded his opinion :

' It was a great pleasure to visit this excellent College from which we in England have much to learn.'

In 1909, after his second inspection Prebendary Reynolds wrote :

' Dublin is quite amongst the excellent Colleges. It stands most decidedly in the Colleges which I put first. The reality of the work and the high aim were most marked.

'It is abundantly evident that the College is doing spiritual and helpful work of an effective and excellent character.'

III

A College which secures an efficient staff and develops good methods, is on the right road; but for permanent success there are two more essentials for which provision must be made: the equipment must be in keeping with the work, and the finances must be sufficient and stable.

In the making of our College these needs now occupied much time.

When Archbishop Trench retired Lord Plunket became Archbishop of Dublin, and, if it were possible, his interest in Kildare Place increased.

That part of equipment which Thring of Uppingham used to term the 'Almighty Wall' demanded immediate attention. During our first session we were shockingly crowded. Nearly all the Government students had entered for a two years' course. What was to be done for those who would come in beside them in the next session? The most pressing necessity was a dining-hall for the women students. Undaunted, as always, by the fear of expense, the Archbishop lost no time in moving. Dublin at that time was happy in possessing Sir T. N. Deane, an architect of outstanding merit. Often, as I walked through 'The Parks' at Oxford, I had admired the beauty of the building for which his plans had been selected after a keen competition. It promised much for the future of our buildings when Sir Thomas was

invited to submit a rough sketch of our hall. When his sketch came everyone admired it, but Lord Plunket objected on the ground that it would be wholly out of keeping with its monotonous and commonplace surroundings; he must submit another sketch. I think Sir Thomas was encouraged, with a purpose, to make ugliness the characteristic of sketch No. 2. Certainly he succeeded, and when the sub-committee of four who were in charge met, there seemed no possibility of a doubt as to the decision. To our dismay Lord Plunket insisted on having the barn-like alternative. He did not affect admiration, but it was commodious, and could not mock at its neighbours. When he left us we turned to one another in despair. To erect that hall meant to bid good-bye for ever to the hope of beauty at Kildare Place. Suddenly the Recorder turned to me: 'Principal, come down and dine at Inveruisk; afterwards let us venture to Old Connaught, and do our best with the noble owner?' We went, and surprised the Archbishop in his after-dinner calm. When we left his vote had gone in favour of the beautiful hall—by many considered to be Sir T. N. Deane's masterpiece—which ever since has been an ornament to Dublin. The future of our buildings was secured, all further additions must be in keeping with the hall.

To defray the cost of the hall it was decided to organise a bazaar. At that time bazaars were a popular feature in Dublin life. The Masonic Order had raised no less than £10,000 by a great venture of this kind. It seemed reasonable to hope that our

effort might give us the hall free of debt. The plans laid were comprehensive ; the bazaar was to be ' inter-diocesan ' ; help was to be sought from the whole Church. Great enthusiasm was aroused. Our architect designed the stalls, which took the form of educational cloisters ; his equally distinguished son himself painted on shields to mark the stalls the arms of the twelve dioceses—there was no separate Clogher then. After the bazaar these handsome shields were hung in the hall, silent evidence for the students that our work was for the *whole* Church of Ireland. Working parties got busy everywhere. In particular, Inveruisk proved a hive of industry. Among many other gifts the Recorder and his family designed and worked a set of hanging armorial banners, which ever since have figured in all our great functions.

In the spring of 1886 the hall, with its kitchen and other offices, was complete. It was opened with all due formality by the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Aberdeen. Soon after came the ' Great Bazaar.' Lord Aberdeen again attended in state, and performed the opening ceremony. No diocese had failed to undertake a stall. In most cases the Bishops' wives presided. Lady Plunket took charge for Dublin. Bishop and Mrs. Knox represented Down. That week the Bishop was elected Primate of all Ireland. Undisturbed by his new honours, when the bazaar was over, he came and personally superintended the packing of his stall. Some of the attractions were of exceptional interest. A large and richly stocked Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition was organised by leading Dublin experts,

among whom was Arthur Vicars, afterwards Sir Arthur and Ulster King-of-Arms. It was his misfortune to be in office when the Crown Jewels were mysteriously stolen. Professor George Francis FitzGerald, F.T.C.D., whose early death saddened the world of science, planned what he termed ' The Wizard's Den,' and drew crowds to marvel at his wonders. A great concert in aid, by the choirs of St. Patrick's and Christ Church under Sir Robert Stewart, filled the Ancient Concert Rooms to overflowing. As an instance of salesmanship General Gordon's ' success ' may be mentioned. Among our visitors were Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Princess. The Recorder at once engaged her, ' What can we do for the Prince ? ' ' Oh, he is interested only in military things ! ' ' Well, what about a bust of General Gordon.' Here I beckoned for the bust. ' Ah ! ' said the Princess, ' but Gordon was not successful ! ' Meanwhile the bust had come, and the Prince purchased it. ' This time at any rate,' said the Recorder, ' you will allow, Princess, that Gordon *was* successful ! ' Other specialities which everybody bought, while the stock lasted, were two large consignments of Goss china, some bearing the arms of T.C.D., thus done for the first time, and others the new badge of the Training College, an open Bible on a Celtic Cross, which one of Lord Plunket's sisters had designed. As the days flowed on, ever increasing crowds flowed in, until when the hour for closing came, we lifted our hearts in thanksgiving, knowing that the ' Great Bazaar ' had freed our hall from debt.

IV

There remained the question of a stable annual income. We had still to meet the whole cost of the non-Government Department, and the existing financial rules required us to provide also a considerable proportion of the cost of the Government side. We estimated that £2,000 a year was needed in voluntary subscriptions.

To bring the need home to the Church it was decided to hold public meetings in the chief dioceses; indeed, the Archbishop expressed his readiness to visit if necessary every prominent town in Ireland.

Encouraged by the bazaar we were hopeful as to results.

The first invitation came from the Primate. Early in February 1887 he called at Kildare Place to arrange for a meeting in Armagh. It was a long and very interesting visit. He showed much acuteness in mastering all the points, educational and financial; and, when business was completed, chatted about the 'Drawing Room' which he and the Archbishop had attended on the previous evening. He was pleased that precedence had been given to him and Lord Plunket, but was not impressed by the merit of the arrangements as a whole.

On March 7 the Archbishop, the Recorder, and I started for the meeting. The day before a violent toothache had kept me in bed, but the pain had been exchanged for a swelled face. For the temporary distortion I consoled myself much as a great artist

has done in his published memoirs—I should be behind the face, and should not have to look at it.

In the train were Sir Edward Harland, the great shipbuilder, and Lady Harland. There was much good talk. Lord Plunket and the Recorder were in buoyant spirits. When we were alone the Archbishop sang some verses of a topical song ; and the Recorder, not to be outdone, recited one or two clever topical verses of his own.

Our reception at Armagh was in keeping with the dignities of the primacy and its splendid mansion. The Palace is a finely-proportioned house of cut stone, four stories high. It was built, in the middle of the eighteenth century, by the prelate to whose munificence Armagh owes the greater part of its buildings and endowments, Primate Robinson.

The demesne consists of some four hundred acres of good land. Of these Primate D'Arcy keeps one hundred in his own hands, with satisfactory results.

The timber in the demesne proper is primeval—huge forest trees, chiefly oak and beech, spread their great limbs as if the storms of centuries were of no account. In the pleasure-grounds, which lie behind the house, the planting is of more recent date. Most of it was carried out during the long reign of the two Beresfords, 1822–1886, when the income of the see was £20,000. Here conifers are the chief features. When I visited Primate D'Arcy in 1929 he pointed to Wellingtonias over 100 feet high, as fine, certainly, as any in the great collection at Powerscourt. Especially perfect in growth and symmetry are the cypresses.

The Thujas also are strikingly beautiful. A tall golden Thuja, perfectly placed in view of the drawing-room windows, is one of the most exquisite trees it is possible to imagine. With regard to the kitchen garden the Primate has made the scholarly discovery that it covers the same area as Priam's Troy ; and the stables are on a similar scale. They were planned for primates who went everywhere in coaches-and-four, and have stalls for twenty horses.

Before continuing the account of our 1887 visit, I should like to speak about the chapel whose preservation in a condition of beauty should always be associated with Primates Crozier and D'Arcy. Built in the graceful proportions of an Ionic temple, it stands a short way from the house. This may explain why Primate Knox said. 'Its chief use is for lying in state.'

The interior is fitted throughout with oak. The carving, while simple in design, is perfect in execution and finish. Altogether the impression produced is one of great solemnity and dignity.

Primate Crozier repaired the roof, and redecorated the interior ; but when Primate D'Arcy came all the woodwork was in danger of destruction ; in many places the permanent oak fittings had been dangerously invaded by the worm. Happily, no incurable injury was done. Very wisely the advice of leading experts was sought and carefully followed ; it involved time and trouble, but in the end the worm was conquered, and the chapel, now in constant use, preserves its oak as one of the chief treasures of the Palace.

But it is time to return to 1887. On the evening of

arrival I met in the Rev. F. G. Le Poer McClintock, afterwards Dean of Armagh, one who was to become a life-long personal friend, and a most successful collector for the College in the diocese of Armagh, where his social influence enabled him to raise for us a large sum annually. Music made a tie between us ; he was a noted pianist, and it was a delight when, in duets, he allowed me to supply an imperfect bass to his brilliant treble.

The meeting next day testified to the care and influence of the Primate. The clergy from all parts of the diocese responded in numbers to his call. So effective were the speeches of Lord Plunket and the Recorder that from that day the support of Armagh for the College was assured. After the meeting, Dean Chadwick invited me to see the Cathedral and the library. The Dean, who became Bishop of Derry when Dr. Alexander was elected Primate, was distinguished both as a writer and an orator. His commentaries on Exodus and St. Mark in the Expositor's Bible are of outstanding merit, and his polished eloquence was a feature in any assembly. For the Congresses of the English Church he was much in request, and his speeches were always among the best of the week.

In the Cathedral he drew attention to many interesting features, especially to the fine recumbent monuments of the Beresfords, who lie in dignified repose on opposite sides of the nave, and to what is generally considered one of Roubiliac's masterpieces, the statue of Sir T. Molyneux. He also drily pointed out a

mural tablet erected by a daughter to her father. The father had a crockery shop in Armagh, where the daughter for a time assisted. She was, however, a beauty, and a military doctor fell in love, and married her. He made his fortune in India by the way he set his colonel's broken leg. When he died he left a well endowed and lovely widow, who was soon married a second time. The second husband also died, and the widow was married once more—this time to the Marquis of Headfort.

When I saw the Cathedral again in 1929, guided by Dean Tichborne, in addition to other improvements, two fine oak chairs, one Primate Bramhall's, the other believed to be Primate Margetson's, had been acquired by Primate D'Arcy, and placed in the chancel. For the Margetson chair a sum of £350 was asked. This being impossible, the Primate drew a bow at a venture and offered £40 through Dean Hamilton. The offer was refused as being wholly inadequate ; but when the owner realised that it came from the Cathedral, he generously presented the chair as a gift.

It was sad, on this occasion, to note how many of those I had known had passed on. I saw the monuments of my friend McClintock, and other deans ; also of Archdeacon King Irwin, by whose successful exertions in raising the many thousands needed the Palace was retained as the residence of the primates. A touching tablet records the fact that Archbishop Benson, of whose visit I hope to speak in another chapter, preached his last sermon in Armagh. To Primate Alexander a statue, showing him from the

waist up, has been placed upon a pedestal. He is represented as preaching. The pedestal seemed to me to mar, what, if better placed, would be a very striking memorial.

Both Dean Chadwick, and Dean Tichborne showed me also the library which bears the stimulating inscription, believed to have been gathered from ancient Egypt by Diodorus Siculus τὸ της ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον. The library is another of Primate Robinson's princely gifts. No wonder that within its walls he is still par excellence : ' *The Primate*.' Not content with erecting the building and supplying a splendid collection of books, he included a spacious house for the librarian, and richly endowed the whole. The conditions of working are on a very liberal scale. Not only are the public generally admitted, but they may borrow all but the most rare and valuable books. An amusing story is told of a Nonconformist minister who, in the exercise of this privilege, came to exploit the library. Asking, with a trace of condescension, if anything suited to his requirements could be lent, he was told the library contained Calvin's Opera. To this offer he loftily replied : ' Sir, you grievously mistake—that godly man never wrote an opera.'

After enjoying with Dean Chadwick the Cathedral and the library I made my way back to the Palace, which that evening was *en fête*. It was Assize time ; the Judges were invited to dinner, the Bar came afterwards, and a concert was given by the Cathedral choir under Dr. Marks. An interesting feature of the evening was the precedence given to the Judges as

representing the Queen when on circuit. I can still see the deprecating way in which Lord Justice FitzGibbon, at the Primate's bidding, walked before the Archbishop.

Our next meeting was at Clonmel, whither the Recorder and I went in May. Bishop Maurice Day, who had the distinction of being the first bishop elected by the Irish Church after its disestablishment, presided. All his life he had opposed the National Board, but Lord Plunket's conciliatory policy had made him a friend of the College. The meeting was remarkable, both for the geniality of the welcome extended to us at the time, and for its results. The Recorder, inspired by the atmosphere of his native country, was most effective, even more so than at Armagh, and Mr. Bagwell gave a pointed and very fruitful address.

We were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bagwell at Marlfield, and greatly enjoyed the beauty of our surroundings.

The Ghent Azaleas, and the Rhododendrons were magnificent, and every known kind of Clematis seemed to have been collected to climb on trellises up the house.

On seeing a man and pony cutting the grass with a large mowing machine, we asked how long it took him. 'Well,' said Mr. Bagwell, 'he begins on Monday morning, goes all the week, finishes on Saturday, and commences again on Monday.' This gave an instructive glance into what the upkeep of such a place implied.

Inside the house were treasures of many kinds gathered through successive generations. What impressed us most was, I think, the library. In the

case of a historian like Richard Bagwell, a good library was to be expected, but we were not prepared for such an exhaustive range of authors, or for so interesting a collection of old and very scarce books. How sad to think that all those treasures perished, when the house was maliciously burned by the Irregulars !

Two stories told by the Recorder at dinner may be recalled.

When the Prince of Wales visited Dublin in 1885, a city magnate, with more brass than brains, was presented at a ball. ' Glad to meet your Royal Highness, what do you think of the Roosians ? ' After a pause the Prince said, ' They want a good beating.' ' And what do you think of ould Gladstone ? ' Here the Prince frowned, then he smiled, and then without a word he turned on his heel, and moved off. ' Wasn't that grand ? ' boasted the unabashed magnate to his astonished friends.

The other was a story of Lord Ashbourne at Court. After general handkissing, General Ponsonby asked if he had yet kissed hands as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. ' I don't know,' was the reply, ' but an Irishman can't kiss too much.' On hearing his ready reply, the Queen showed her appreciation by sending for him again.

Londonderry was the scene of the next meeting. Again the College was represented by the Recorder and myself. We were the guests of the Bishop, afterwards Primate, Alexander. Once before I had met the Bishop in pleasant circumstances, but it was an especial pleasure to visit the house of the man who was known throughout the English-speaking world as the

'poet preacher,' and to meet Mrs. Alexander, whose hymns, such as 'There is a green hill far away,' hold a deathless place in the affection of churchmen.

Of Dr. Alexander Primate D'Arcy has finely said,[1] 'He was a true Chrysostom. There have been many great orators, many whose eloquence could sway great assemblies, but very few Chrysostoms, very few by whose utterance the common language of men turns by some magic gift of spiritual alchemy into the finest gold of speech.'

The Derry meeting had been arranged for the evening of the day on which the Diocesan Synod met—a most felicitous fixture. After the opening sermon in the Cathedral which, under Dean Smyly, had benefited by a full and wise restoration, we were introduced to the Synod as 'two distinguished churchmen.' The Recorder certainly deserved the epithet, and some of his glory was reflected in me. It was the custom of the Bishop to entertain the Synod at lunch, and a great company assembled. I found myself placed beside the Duke of Abercorn, whose interesting talk made the meal most enjoyable. I could not help contrasting him mentally with another Duke, whose taciturnity laid on me the necessity of doing nearly all the talking when I was his guest. The Palace is a large town mansion which rises straight from the street, with pleasure grounds behind. The chief rooms are spacious and handsome, well suited for such an occasion as that Synod lunch. Everywhere the floral decorations struck me as particularly beautiful. The

[1] Sermon in Armagh Cathedral, February 1929.

library seemed to have overflowed everywhere. The works of the poets were especially numerous and attractive—small wonder! were there not *two* poets in the house?

The meeting in the evening was very well attended. The Recorder, as always, was eloquent. Some diagrams I had devised to show, in contrast, what we were doing for the diocese, and what the diocese for the College, seemed to please and convince the Bishop; he acknowledged that the support given hitherto had been inadequate, and quoted Horace as to the value of making facts appeal *to the eye*.

The next day Dean Smyly took us over the Cathedral, where I noted, with interest, a head of Berkeley forming one of the corbels. He had been Dean of Derry before embarking on his mission to the Bermudas. The Recorder read with emotion and learned by heart, some lines of the Bishop's on the monument of a clergyman whose devotion in a severe epidemic had cost him his life. These are the lines:

> Down through our crowded lanes and closer air
> O friend! How beautiful thy footsteps were.
> When through the fever's wave of fire they trod
> A form was with thee like the Son of God.
> T'was but one step for those victorious feet
> From their day's walk unto the golden street,
> And they who saw that walk so bright and brief
> Have marked this marble with their hope and grief.

Our visit ended next day with the opening ceremony of an art exhibition, where we again met the Duke of Abercorn, by whom the ceremony was performed.

As we drove away, the Recorder said of the Bishop:

'He has entertained us like a lord, and like a bishop.' My greatest pleasure, I think, was derived from the testimony borne to the teachers we were sending to the diocese. Sir F. Heygate and several of the clergy congratulated me warmly on their high tone and general excellence.

Two more meetings, or sets of meetings, remain, the great meeting in Belfast in 1888, and various meetings in Cork in 1880 and 1890.

The Cork meetings were valuable in their results, and most enjoyable; but most of the personalities connected with them have already appeared in these pages so that I may be pardoned if I omit the details.

On a beautiful day in May we started for what was in more respects than one the greatest of our meetings. At the Armagh meeting we had the two Archbishops, one occupying the chair. But for Belfast there were the two Archbishops supported by the Recorder, and the Bishop of Down in the chair. I know of no other instance where the cause was advocated by a deputation headed by the Primate and the Archbishop of Dublin.

The first evening was spent at Armagh quietly, and I had full opportunity for studying the great series of royal and archiepiscopal portraits for which the Palace is famous. A brief account of them may be attempted here. I shall speak of them as they hang to-day. No less than five primates, including Dr. D'Arcy, have been added since that evening in 1888.

Miss Alexander is credited with their admirable arrangement.

The royalties, twelve in number, showing all from William and Mary down to George III and Queen Charlotte, are in the dining-room. They include that Elector from whom our present dynasty has come, with his fascinating and clever Stuart wife. Charles I, her unhappy brother, is there too, looking out sadly from a canvas which Van Dyck is said to have painted. The only subject admitted into this royal company is Marshal Schomberg, whose talents helped in the making of some of the sovereigns with whom he is here associated.

Most of the portraits are very large, presenting their subjects life-size, magnificent in full robes of State. But large as they are the Palace dining-room accommodates them so well that it might have been planned expressly for the purpose. I think I am correct in saying there is not a poor portrait in the collection; royalties naturally have at their disposal the best talent of their time. Sir Godfrey Kneller is responsible for two, one of them is Queen Mary ; her dignified pose, and signally beautiful robes, make her a splendid figure over the mantelpiece. Possibly the most interesting and valuable paintings in the collection are two which hung for ten years in the Royal Palace, and were then presented by the King to Primate Robinson in recognition of his munificence to Armagh, and for the adornment of his new Palace. The portraits are by Allan Ramsay, a painter whose reputation grows with the years. They represent George III and

Queen Charlotte in their young days. The frames alone, which are surmounted by the Royal Arms, are thought to be worth £300 each.

The spacious hall, always a characteristic of fine Georgian mansions, contains the portraits of the primates. From Adam Loftus, the first Reformation Archbishop of Armagh, down to Dr. D'Arcy, who rules there to-day, the series is nearly complete. For the most part the pictures hang in double tiers, one above the other. Almost the whole available space is filled ; indeed one portrait, that of Primate Crozier, on account of its size, has already invaded the staircase hall, where Cecil Frances Alexander, the one lady so commemorated, bears him company.

What differing stories those varying faces tell. Glancing at a few, as we pass round the walls, we note first, near the fire, Boulter. The face is not attractive, more of the statesman than the bishop there ; yet he has given the Church reason for gratitude in the Boulter Fund, which perpetuates his interest in her welfare and his thought for the needs of his clergy. Close by we are arrested by a singularly handsome face, that of Stone, known as ' the beauty of holiness.' In general, the reputation of Stone stands low. But Dr. D'Arcy has found some original records which make him think Stone has been slandered. I am glad of it because I have been told the Kingsmills are akin to Stone ! Narcissus Marsh looks gravely at us, as though he were sorry to be separated from the celebrated library which he founded in the face of much

unjustifiable opposition. His fame is connected less with Armagh than Dublin where a great monument in St. Patrick's commemorates his many excellences, and where his library stands close to the Cathedral. Both grace and charm are combined in the presentation of Primate Stewart; rightly, if we may take his last words as a key to himself. Like the wife of Tyndall of atomic fame, his wife suffered the appalling misfortune of giving him poison instead of medicine. As he was swiftly perishing in torture, he snatched a pen and was just able to write 'I could not have lived long, dear love, at any rate.' Appropriately has the sculptor Chantrey, in his touching monument, shown the Archbishop in his Cathedral—at prayer. Stateliness is, I think, the attribute most commonly associated with the two Beresfords; accordingly, the artist pictures them rich in robes and decorations, though scarcely as successfully as has been done in other well-known portraits.

Two stories of Primate Marcus Beresford are worth remembering. He was the first to preside at the General Synod, and an able chairman he proved. Once when a prominent professor asked how long the Synod would sit, his reply was, 'Geese generally sit four weeks.' To which the professor rejoined, 'Not when they have an old fox among them.'

To a deputation of Nonconformists who came to suggest that with Disestablishment the title 'Church of Ireland' should cease, he replied, 'I have heard of a certain man who fell among thieves. They robbed him of all his possessions but they made no attempt to take away his name.'

Next we come to Bramhall, one of the greatest prelates in the long line. He was Bishop of Derry when the monarchy fell, and lived, he scarce knew how or where, till called to the primacy at the Restoration. Here as in the portrait in Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, the face is long with thin, drooping nose ; it suggests the life of an ascetic, the spirit of one who could endure and triumph over trouble.

In the topmost central place hangs Usher, James Usher (two Ushers were primates), in his Elizabethan ruff. He will always rank as one of the foremost scholars of all time. Strange that he should have been the friend, the honoured friend of Charles I and Cromwell ; and this without suspicion of the time-serving complaisance common in those days, but through sheer force of character and holiness. He was buried by Cromwell in Westminster Abbey, the cost being paid by the Protector, out of his private purse.

Under Usher we find Robinson. He occupies the place of honour—fitly. Is not his portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was he not the builder of the great house which he adorns ? It is not possible to say of the primates, what is true of the royalties, that there is no poor picture in the series ; but to this masterpiece of Sir Joshua all will do homage. He shows us a kindly, almost I had said, in the good sense of the word, a simple gentleman. In that quiet study of blacks and whites and greys, without even the touch of a scarlet hood to stir its calm, there is little to advertise the great Archbishop, who was the friend of kings,

and whose devotion to his see won him, as in the case of Archbishop Davidson of to-day, a peerage, under the title of Baron Rokeby. The Primate sits sideways, but he has turned his face a little towards us, as if to say that many and important as are his preoccupations he can have thought, too, for the children of his flock.

And now we reach contemporaries, and I find myself with those primates whom I have known. Two of the five have fared badly at the hands of the artist. In Dr. Crozier we miss the bonhomie and social charm which made him attractive ; the painter has struggled for it and missed. Also a failure is Dr. R. S. Gregg. The kindness and tenderness of his nature appear, but not the massive power and firmness, which inevitably moved a diocese to do his will. To look at Dr. Alexander is a delight. He is, as it were, about to open those eloquent lips, and the light in his eyes prepares us for a flow of finely-cut, inimitable phrases which can pour enchantment on any assembly. He hangs on one side of Primate Robinson, and on the other is Dr. D'Arcy, of whose portrait this at least I may say, that, with this likeness, and another in Belfast, a photograph of which I saw, future generations will have writ plain for them the man whose works have already won European fame.

From over the fireplace smiles down a large seated figure of Primate Knox, our host on that memorable evening ; it gives him as he was, the vivacity, the kindliness, the keen-eyed intelligence, which made him such an unrivalled chairman, are all there. He was

the life of our party, so much so that after we assembled for dinner, I wonder I was able to notice anything but him. I did, however, see and admire the decoration by Miss Knox. As it was May a great crab-apple was in full flower. Pink satin had been spread in wavelets down the centre of the long table, and upon the ripples had descended showers of the exquisite white blossoms. The drawing-room, too, showed an unusual and most attractive colour scheme. Against walls of rich, dark blue were set great vases of deep yellow, and the pictures were framed in vermilion.

In a *tête-à-tête* chat with the Primate he astonished me by pointing to Lord Plunket, and saying, ' I am a stronger man than he.' Considering that the Archbishop was his junior by some twenty years, this was startling ; yet, as I looked wistfully across the room at the tall, graceful, but delicate figure, I could not help feeling that Dr. Knox might be right.

The journey to Belfast next day was something like a triumphal progress for the Primate. I have never seen anything to equal his overflowing geniality. At every station, large or small, he stood at the window greeting all. He seemed to know everyone, and he insisted on speaking to everyone from peers to railway porters.

That day I met, for the first time, Bishop Reeves. When Primate Beresford died, he had been elected Bishop by the Armagh Synod, and had gone automatically to Down, when the Bishop of Down was chosen by the House of Bishops for the primacy. Dr. Reeves's face struck me as handsome and clever, but

emaciated like that of a recluse and scholar. I believe he left his beloved Armagh with regret. His heart was in the library, where his clear handwriting is to be seen in numerous catalogues and manuscripts. When he was able to steal a day or two from his great diocese and revisit Armagh, he used to say that 'the books leaped on their shelves in welcome.' As an antiquarian and scholar his fame is assured. Did he not out of a modest rector's income venture a large sum to secure for Ireland the Book of Armagh, now one of the chief treasures of the library of Trinity College, Dublin? Did he not so edit Adamnan's Life of St. Columba as to make it improbable his work will ever be superseded? For a man so constituted the labours of the episcopate must have been heavy; but he faced them bravely, and discharged them well.

The meeting on the evening of our arrival was in many ways the greatest of the series. The calibre of the deputation drew an enormous audience. The large hall in which it met was crowded. The Bishop's introductory remarks as chairman showed how carefully he had studied details of which he probably knew nothing before he invited us to Belfast. Really great speeches were delivered by the Primate, Lord Plunket, and the Recorder. The number and enthusiasm of their hearers seemed to inspire their eloquence. Belfast was a magnificent success.

Thus culminated a succession of meetings which had the rare felicity of fully accomplishing their aim.

Wherever we went, influential collectors were enrolled and liberal promises of support were received, with the result that the College's income henceforward was secure. Not till nearly thirty years after, when, in the privations of the Great War, prices had soared beyond reach, was it necessary to make a further special appeal.

CHAPTER VIII

PERSONS AND POLITICS

The Dean of the Chapel Royal.

Earl Spencer—The Earl of Aberdeen—The Prince and Princess of Wales—Prince Albert Victor and Prince George—The Marquis of Zetland.

The Church's new educational policy—Mr. Balfour—In London for Church schools—David Plunket—D. H. Madden—Mr. Balfour's Promise—' Lobbying '—Mr. Jackson—Mr. Balfour keeps his promise.

I

FEW men were brought into closer personal contact with those who governed Ireland than the Very Rev. Hercules H. Dickinson, D.D., Dean of the Chapel Royal. ' I welcome each Lord-Lieutenant,' he used to say, ' with this sample of my experience. " Every Chief Governor," I tell him, " arrives confident that he can settle the Irish question ; at the end of his first year he begins to fear that successful settlement is not for him ; at the end of his second year he concludes that the question is insoluble." '

Many have wished for a collection of the Dean's witticisms and clever sayings. I may hope, therefore, that a few which came my way will be welcome.

Everyone knows the story of how he handled a certain Mr. Brush in Synod ; a similar victory was won at the expense of the Rev. Nathaniel Carr. Carr was a good debater, but an uncertain ally. To Dickinson's

surprise he attacked, when he might have been expected to help. With one of his swift flashes the Dean jumped to his feet declaring, ' the worst of Mr. Carr is you never can tell whether he's an " outside " or an " inside " Carr.'

Most of those who remember the Dean know that he nicknamed the Synod Refreshment Room as the place ' where the wild asses quench their thirst.' A quotation from the Psalms, perhaps more felicitous, broke from him when a lady's scent bottle fell from the Synod Hall Gallery and struck his shoulder: ' Let not their precious balms break my head.'

The Dean was never better than before business began at a committee ; all sorts of good things came tumbling out. He and an African bishop had been speakers at a temperance meeting in the Duke of Westminster's London house. As we waited for a quorum he gave an inimitable description of the unfortunate bishop's grovelling awe of the Duke. At this time the Dean was a member of the Royal Commission on the drink question. He used to travel to and from London at night, quite heedless of weather conditions. I never saw him in a topcoat. He was allowed first-class fare ; but, like Mr. Gladstone, when he visited Ireland, he generally preferred the experiences of human nature which a third-class gave him. One of his stories was about a pedlar, thus met, who explained that fish was eaten on Fridays because St. Peter was a fisherman ; and who gravely informed the Dean that St. Paul was struck blind on his way to Rome—whither he was going to kill the Pope.

In connexion with that Liquor Commission the Dean achieved the feat of signing the reports both of the majority and the minority. He explained his action by declaring that he was bent on getting *something*: if he could not get the best, well, he would accept the good. Probably his ruling passion was advocacy of the temperance cause. As permanent chairman of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society, he did much valuable work. In opposing unnecessary licences he was fearless and very successful. His quick rejoinders were formidable weapons. In such contests the trained lawyer naturally has an advantage, and uses it for the confusion of his opponent. It was dangerous to attempt this with the Dean. Thus, when he appeared to oppose a public bar at a well-known place of entertainment, Counsel suggested 'your objection, Mr. Dean, seems to be against the sanction of a *special* place for the sale of drink?' 'Yes.' 'Then may I take it you would raise no objection to the provision of drink, as refreshment, quietly, in various parts of the house?' 'You may not.' 'May I ask why?' 'Because then there would be *no bar to drinking*.'

Of course, opposition of this kind provoked hostility Someone threatened to punch his head and was met by, 'It is to punch *in* the head that I object.' When an anonymous letter brought him a coffin, he held it up at his next temperance meeting, and asked if the draughtsman would not be benefited by a few lessons on drawing.

But if he had enemies he had also many friends, and these sometimes in unexpected places. A poor woman

in Liffey Street sent her husband to beg him to come to her. When he came she was profuse in her thanks for 'what he was doin' on the publicans,' and she begged him to accept a brass kettle with her blessing.

As can easily be imagined, his ready answers helped in emergencies of all sorts. When appointed Dean of the Chapel it was expected he would reside in the usual quarters at the Castle. 'What objections do you raise?' asked the official, 'The house is a very good house to live in.' 'My objection is,' was the sharp rejoinder, 'that the house is a very good house to die in.' There had been deaths in it from typhoid fever.

Once, at the Standing Committee of the General Synod, he was in a minority of one in opposing a popular motion. 'You want, I see,' said Provost Salmon, 'to join the noble army of martyrs.' 'By no means,' interjected the Dean. 'I much prefer the profits of the goodly fellowship.'

Dickinson was a friend and admirer of J. C. Coghlan, whose brilliant preaching caused him to be moved from a quiet Cork parish to the publicity of St. Peter's, Vere Street, London.

Coghlan was eccentric as well as clever, so much so that his Cork brethren excluded him from their clerical meetings. 'I thought,' said a layman, 'that clerical meetings were intended to rub off corners.' 'Yes,' said the Dean, 'Coghlan was a corner, and they rubbed him off.'

In memory of his friend the Dean edited a volume of his sermons to which he prefixed a memoir. Describing how he wrote it he said, 'I got up one summer's

morning about four, and most of it was finished by breakfast time.'

When calling upon a great lady who resided in his parish but did not attend his church, he was asked if he considered her a parishioner, 'I fear not, madam—perhaps parish-shunner would be more correct.'

As a lecturer the Dean was interesting. I remember him delighting us at Kildare Place by a lecture on St. Anne's Parish. It was full of quaint reminiscences such as the following. The wife of an alderman having died, the husband sought permission to deposit her in St. Anne's vaults until he could remove her to his country place. The vaults were fashionable in those days, and the fees were high; but of course there was no thought of refusing temporary accommodation in the case of a parishioner. Next, the husband ordered his carpenter in the country to make the coffin, and he directed his gardener to fill it with vegetables. The coffin made an admirable packing case. The vegetables were duly taken out and used; the wife was duly fitted in and laid in the vaults. 'To this day,' concluded the Dean, 'the widower has omitted either to remove the body, or to pay the fee.'

It needs no chronicler to tell that Court functions and Church assemblies were the duller when the Dean's light failed. As a centre of brilliancy he has had no successor.

II

Mention has been made of Lord Aberdeen's visits to open our hall, and to open the Interdiocesan

Bazaar; but the first Lord Lieutenant who came to Kildare Place was Lord Spencer. As a member of the Cabinet he was Governor General in fact as well as in name, and he wished to see for himself how his policy with reference to training colleges was working.

The times were dangerous, and Lord Spencer was thought to be in daily peril of assassination. He, however, left fear to his attendants and moved everywhere as usual. As Lord Plunket was absent his reception devolved on me. It had been suggested by the educational authorities that the Earl should be received without demonstration. I attempt no explanation of this hint, but I did not lay it on my conscience to enforce literal obedience.

Our visitor came on horseback, with a small escort. He addressed the students in the big schoolroom and listened to their singing. As he stepped into the quadrangle, at the close, he found it filled with the pupils of the practising schools. They stood, with military precision, on both sides of his passage, and a mighty cheer uprose when he appeared. He at any rate was not displeased. He thanked me, and expressed his satisfaction at what he had seen.

Early in 1885 the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Dublin. I witnessed with delight the enthusiasm of the crowds at their public entry. On behalf of the Queen, the Prince held a levee at the Castle. When my party arrived the large entrance hall was crowded. Things became worse as we pressed up the broad stairs, but when we turned to

scale the staircase where it is reduced to half width the struggle was desperate. Once, as a schoolboy, I attended in Bromsgrove an anti-schoolboard meeting. There we were packed so tightly, shoulder to shoulder, that when my hat left my head, neither I, nor anyone near, could extricate a hand for rescue; it moved slowly away on top of the crowd. The Castle stairs reminded me of that experience. My gown was nearly torn from my shoulders; 'Your bellyband's loose,' shouted a horsey but unhelpful aide-de-camp to an old clergyman near me; his cincture was threatening to go as my hat did, only underneath instead of on top.

Next day, in quieter surroundings, I presented to the Prince an address from the College. The scene in St. Patrick's Hall was at once brilliant and amusing. The company was brilliant, made up of our two Dukes, a large gathering of the nobility, and the representatives of the most important public bodies. The amusement came from the untutored efforts of many in the deputations to walk backwards, after presenting their addresses. On both occasions it was impossible not to be charmed by that courtesy which afterwards was to win for King Edward the hearts of his people. At the levee no trace of boredom stole over his face, and in St. Patrick's Hall he shook hands with the head of each deputation as warmly as if he were greeting an old friend.

After the Jubilee celebrations in June 1887, when it was my privilege to have a seat in the Abbey, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George visited Dublin.

They moved about quite informally. I can see Prince Albert, tall and lithe, wearing a remarkably high stand up collar, as he and his brother walk wholly unattended, along St. Stephen's Green. He seemed nearly a head taller than Prince George.

It is strange that, as the Bishop told me, his father introduced Prince Albert to the Bishop of Cork as 'the last King of England.' The Prince's early death could not be foreseen, and apparently in those times it was equally difficult to anticipate the devotion to the Crown which developed in King Edward's reign.

Our next viceregal visitor was the Earl, afterwards Marquis, of Zetland. Lord Zetland's private fortune enabled him to exercise his office in a style which became the despair of his successors. To Kildare Place he came in magnificent state to open the new building just erected for the better accommodation of the men students. Lady Zetland and three other countesses came with him. One of them as she looked at the pupils of the schools, marshalled in the quadrangle, said, 'How I should like to hear a good cheer.' At a signal she was immediately and fully gratified. This was the occasion when Lord Plunket made what was afterwards known as his 'Beauty and the Beast speech.' The buildings just completed were 'Beauty.' Would not some enchanter, bearing the golden means come forth to charm the unsightly pile beside them from 'the Beast' into a 'Prince.'

The day after the visit the Archbishop had a letter

from Lord Zetland in which he expressed the great pleasure he had derived from the proceedings; he enclosed a liberal donation.

III

But we must turn from the more spectacular side to take part in some of the legislative work of the politicians.

An immediate result of Lord Plunket's concordat was a new phase in the education policy of the Church. Friendliness to the National Board took the place of hostility, and all efforts were directed towards obtaining the maximum of benefit from its funds.

The chief obstacle was the small size of our schools. At that time Government capitation grants were not given to schools with an average attendance of less than fifteen. It was recognised that very great benefits would result if the average for grants could be reduced to ten. As an account of the many forces brought into action to secure the desired reduction would be tedious, a very brief outline must suffice. First, resolutions and deputations were brought to bear on the Commissioners of National Education, and statistics as to the number of schools affected were compiled. Not much progress was made in that direction. The National Board was not unfriendly, but its doings were controlled by the leash of the Treasury, and the funds required were not forthcoming.

Next we approached the Government itself. Happily

Mr. A. J. Balfour was Chief Secretary, and he, through his uncle, Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, could talk to the Treasury in a way that ensured attention.

After a preliminary opening up of the case, a large and influential deputation waited on Mr. Balfour at the Castle in January 1890. There were to be three speakers. Lord Plunket and Bishop Gregg were chosen at once, but who was to be the third? 'Choose Moore,' said Richard Bagwell, 'he knows all about it.' Everyone agreed, and I made my first appearance as an educational politician. Then, and always afterwards, Mr. Balfour seemed to me infinitely attractive. When a little later I stood among the crowd that gathered round his portrait at the Royal Academy, everyone was complimentary as to his graceful and conciliatory attitude. 'He certainly does not look coercion,' said one, and another, 'There are no traces of "Bloody Balfour"'—his sobriquet from the Irish party. Keenness and kindness were the qualities I always found in him. On that occasion at the Castle he showed himself master of the intricacies of the case. With him was his secretary, G. Wyndham, conspicuous alike for the beauty of his person—'the handsomest man in Europe'—and for his talents. He became Chief Secretary himself later, but his career was sad and fateful.

As after events were to prove, our deputation made a deep impression. At first, however, there were no results; all remained as before, until suddenly, in May, a Bill providing some £80,000 a year for primary education in Ireland was introduced. The machinery

of the Bill was disappointing ; no provision was made for small schools, and the general principle, which proposed a flat capitation grant, could be of little use where numbers were small.

A few mornings later W. G. Brooke startled me by 'The Bill will be in Committee to-morrow.' I saw Lord Justice FitzGibbon. You should go to London to-night,' was his opinion. We drafted a telegram to Balfour asking an interview. This I took to the Archbishop ; he sent it in his own name. 'Call here on your way to the boat, I shall have letters of introduction ready.' I wrote a leading article for *The Express*, got the Archbishop's letter, and was off.

Early on the following morning I saw the Archbishop's brother, David Plunket, afterwards Lord Rathmore. He was First Commissioner of Works, and as an orator had no rival in the House for stately and polished eloquence. He gave me a note to D. H. Madden, then Attorney-General, and celebrated afterwards not only as a High Court judge, but for research and literary skill. This brought me to the Irish Office, a dingy house it seemed, in a back street. I apologised for my obscurity in contrast with the brilliant deputation which had gone to the Castle—a young man of thirty-six, with no political experience, attempting to influence the shaping of an Act of Parliament. 'Rest easy as to that,' said Madden, kindly, 'an individual who knows his case has in some ways the advantage over a deputation.' He gave immediate proof. 'When the Chief Secretary got the Archbishop's telegram he thought a deputation was coming and he replied

regretting his inability to receive it—but I think he will give you a short interview, if you wait.'

In the waiting-room was a dignified High Sheriff, who was outspoken as to the shabbiness of the place. Presently a secretary politely asked him to call back. No notice was taken of me—for my good, as it happened. Another wait, and I was brought into the ante-room by one door, while the Chief, with a secretary, entered by another. 'I can give you five minutes,' said Mr. Balfour. I do not think I got so much. It seemed but an instant before another secretary came, and the Chief rose with apologies, 'I have fifteen questions to answer in the House in the next fifteen minutes.'

Short as the talk was, to me it was golden. As with a flash of revelation the Minister's mind was shown, and I caught his attitude towards the Bill—it was not ours.

In a whirl of bewildering thoughts, and oppressed by responsibility, I walked out into the May beauty of St. James's Park. Was the Minister right? He had urged that his policy would do more for us than we were asking for ourselves. It was a momentous question. Gradually, however, the position took shape; I grasped the calculations which had to be made in order to set out clearly both policies; when they were made, I saw the Minister's fallacy. The figures I sent for checking to the Archbishop, together with suggested resolutions for a special meeting of the Standing Committee to be held next day.

In the evening I saw Madden again at the House,

and discussed the position in detail, with him and R. U. Penrose FitzGerald. I told them of my interview with the Chief Secretary, and of the amendments to the Church's policy which I had suggested in order to get nearer to his standpoint. In particular I dwelt upon the hope that, if payments must be made by capitation grants, the grants per head might be larger in the case of the smaller schools. 'Something might be made of that,' said Madden.

On Friday, after putting our amended policy into a memorandum for parliamentary use, I took it to Madden at the Irish Office, where quite a crowd of visitors were in waiting. He approved it, and succeeded in getting me an appointment with the Chief Secretary at the House for 5 P.M. In the interval I kept away from my hotel and spent the time in the Abbey. If the Standing Committee refused my change of policy, and telegrams to that effect reached me before I saw the Minister, the interview would be fruitless.

At the House one of the private secretaries received me, and talked over my memorandum—a hopeful sign; plainly, the interests of the minority were being weighed. Then through labyrinthine passages he led me to a really splendid room. Soon after Mr. Balfour came. With the utmost kindness he allowed me to explain where he had gone wrong in thinking his scheme would help us more than ours, and he listened carefully as I broached the alternative idea of a capitation scheme, graduated in favour of small schools. At the end he said—I quote the exact words: 'I am as anxious to help

the minority as you are, but I foresee grave parliamentary difficulties; still, if you send me your scheme I will give it most careful consideration, and help you if I can.'

My next step was to get the memorandum typed for the campaign of lobbying which now lay before me. For the sake of the uninitiated I may explain that lobbying consists in asking any members you hope to influence to come into the lobby of the House and listen to your case. It is a tedious process. You send in your card, and any introductions likely to influence the particular member you want. Then you wait, for the most part standing. Comforts for lobbyites have escaped the attention of the House. The wait may be long or short. If your member is willing to see you, and disengaged, he comes quickly; if he is unwilling, though disengaged, he takes his time; but if you are patient he generally comes in the end. One Right Honourable Liberal kept me waiting one and a half hours. He was a Methodist, and I sought him with an introduction from the most influential of his clergy, Hugh Price Hughes. My hope was that he would sympathise with his scattered Methodist brethren in the south and west. I was wholly mistaken; when at last he came, it was very quickly plain that the fate of Methodists in Ireland was a matter of no account with him—I turned from him in disgust. This was my one unpleasant experience.

But to return: at 10 P.M. my brother-in-law, now Sir Henry Lunn, came to introduce me at the House to his cousin Mr. Jackson, afterwards Lord Allerton.

Jackson was Financial Secretary to the Treasury and therefore important. But oh, how cold this English Conservative chief was, and how unfavourably I contrasted him with Mr. Balfour, whose presence kindled instead of chilling. Courteously and patiently Jackson listened to me without a word ; then most courteously he said good-bye. After events went to prove that the interview had not been as barren as it seemed at the time. When Balfour became First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House, Jackson succeeded him as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and in that office he showed a real interest in our educational plans.

With Saturday morning came the kindest of letters from the Archbishop, and the reassuring news that the Standing Committee had approved my policy and adopted the consequent resolutions. This support immediately strengthened the final draft of the Memorandum.[1] I sent Mr. Balfour his copy, with a grateful letter of thanks, and superintended the typing of enough additional copies to supply the House. It is not necessary to dwell upon the further details of my 'lobbying' or upon the steps taken to ascertain the members who seemed likely to help. I conclude this, to me, intensely interesting campaign with the encouragement Mr. David Plunket gave me at our final interview. He attached great importance to what Mr. Balfour had said and believed he would help. Whatever happened, he added, we might rest satisfied

[1] The Memorandum is entered in full in the Minutes of the Standing Committee.

that our case had been put forward in the best possible way.

Mr. Plunket was right. The Chief Secretary was true to his word. The parliamentary difficulties which he foresaw prevented the incorporation in the Bill of the policy of the Memorandum, but Mr. Balfour did better. In July he wrote to me thus :

4 Carlton Gardens, S.W.

Private. *26th July*, 1890.

Dear Mr. Kingsmill Moore,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and its enclosed resolution.

For reasons of which I think you are aware I do not find myself in a position to comply with that request.

. . . . .

Let me add that I hope to do something specific to meet the wishes of the General Synod in respect of small schools which they expressed to me on the occasion of their deputation last winter.

Yours very truly,

Arthur James Balfour.

Rev. H. Kingsmill Moore.

The ' something specific ' foreshadowed in the above private letter took public form in a letter to the Archbishop in November. In it Mr. Balfour announced officially that the average for capitation grants had been reduced from fifteen to ten.

This announcement marked the successful culmination of the Church's policy for small schools.

I was asked to draft a letter to the clergy explaining the advantages gained, and urging the duty of utilising them fully. This letter was signed by the Primate and Lord Plunket, and sent to all the clergy of the Church of Ireland.

CHAPTER IX

MR. BALFOUR AND EDUCATION IN IRELAND

Good news for the colleges—Mr. Balfour's success—Lord Plunket's parliamentary campaign—Mr. Balfour's triumph.

The Education Bill—Amendments—Advantages of the Irish system—The public meeting—Success of amendments—Mr. Jackson's speech.

English colleges again—Work for registration of teachers.

I

As became a minister who was responsible for the government of Ireland as a whole, the Chief Secretary's plans for education did not end with what he did on behalf of small schools. He purposed introducing an Education Bill in 1891, and by the end of 1890 he had matured a series of new rules for the more liberal treatment of the training colleges. His Bill, and the successful efforts of the Irish Church to amend it, will occupy our attention presently. It will be convenient to deal first with the training college proposals, and their vicissitudes.

Avoiding details which would have little interest for the general reader, it will be enough to say that these proposals fell under two main headings :

(1) A new and generous system of finance whereby the former complicated regulations were abolished, and an income sufficient for the needs of the colleges was made secure.

(2) The grant to each college of a 'Free Home.' The existing buildings which had been supplied from private sources were to be valued, and the colleges were to receive, in capital sums, the estimated value of their premises.

Of these proposals those under the first heading came into force at once, but an Act of Parliament was necessary for the 'Free Home' grants.

As can readily be imagined, such proposals were received with enthusiasm on all sides. At Kildare Place we were busy with plans for the further improvement of our buildings, and the Archbishop, as was his custom, was taking the lead in raising the necessary funds. There were those who said at once, 'No need now to go on collecting, the sum we are to get from Parliament will do all we require.' Happily, more cautious counsels prevailed. Difficulties, which turned out to be only too real, were foreseen in connexion with the Bill, and it was determined to rely as much as possible on our own resources.

At this time Mr. Balfour was at the height of his success in Ireland; he had re-established law and order, and had at his command a united and loyal band of officials who would gladly, as Sir Henry Robinson tells us,[1] have 'walked on their heads' for him. With their help he was busy carrying through his many projects for the benefit of the poorer districts in the West.

The scene, when he was presented by Trinity College with an Honorary Degree in February 1891,

[1] *Memories Wise and Otherwise*, chap. x.

defies description. While the public orator was exhausting the resources of the Latin language in eulogy, up piped a small but penetrating voice: 'Do you understand it, Mr. Balfour?' Everyone shook with a laughter in which the Minister heartily joined. At the close he was escorted with storms of cheering to the gates. There the attempts to unharness the horses were with difficulty resisted; but a mob of admirers rushed up Dame Street, and into the Castle Yard. As he got out of the carriage the newly-made doctor was at once surrounded. Students seized his hands, his wrists, his arms, they clapped him on the back, they shouted till it seemed their throats must burst.

Mr. Balfour seemed to enjoy it all; as he passed in he turned, smiled, and lifted his hat.

The ways of Parliament cannot be foretold. The most influential of Ministers may promise, and be unable to fulfil. Months dragged on and the Bill for the 'Free Home' was not introduced. At last, late in the session it appeared; but difficulties quickly arose, and to my great concern I was informed by Sir P. Keenan, in the middle of July, that it looked as if no grant would be forthcoming for the Kildare Place buildings, and that the whole Bill was in danger. I went at once to the Castle, where I heard that Balfour would like to see the Archbishop. Thence I brought the tidings to the Palace. Lord Plunket was greatly stirred. Into the struggle his full weight would be thrown, all current engagements would be cancelled, he and I must cross to London without delay; if for

any reason Kildare Place interests were neglected in the Bill, he would make it his business to block it in the Lords.

The interview with the Chief Secretary took place in Mr. W. H. Smith's room in the House of Commons. We were four, at a small square table ; Mr. Balfour was at the head with Lord Plunket on his right and Mr. Jackson on his left ; I sat opposite. There is nothing to equal an interview for reaching the cause of difficulties. Soon it was apparent that, because the greater part of our buildings had been financed by a Government grant in the second decade of the century, there was a hesitation about allowing us to share in the ' Free Home ' grant. We talked about our new hall, and the new men's building. The case for them was allowed to be strong. Then I asked would it not be possible to treat the whole as one single interest. ' Surely, Mr. Moore,' said the Minister, ' you don't expect Government to pay twice for the same thing ? ' ' Certainly not,' I replied, ' but it is for a different thing we ask payment. Nearly eighty years have passed since that old grant was made, and if you calculate the large sums spent since then in repairs, alterations, renovations, and additions, it will not be easy to find traces of the original grant.'

I think Mr. Balfour was glad to be supplied with an argument of this kind. At any rate it settled the question with him, and henceforth Kildare Place stood side by side with the other colleges in the provisions of the Bill.

This, however, was only the beginning of the struggle.

The Bill as a whole was being bitterly opposed by a section of the House, and it was plain that the advanced stage of the session made its fate precarious. It would be hard to convey any adequate idea of the unflagging energy which Lord Plunket threw into the struggle on behalf of the Bill once our interests were made secure. For more than a week he toiled night and day. In the necessary ' lobbying ' he was tireless, so, too, in the drafting of parliamentary papers for the information of members. Forced to leave before the end, he left with me an elaborate memorandum. Acting on Mr. David Plunket's advice I got permission by telegram to throw this document into the form of a letter to the press, and took it to seven of the leading papers. They all published it.

In the end the Chief Secretary outwitted his opponents. He did not pass his Bill ; but he substituted as he was entitled to do, a series of thirty-five annual payments for the capital sums which had been promised, and so succeeded in giving the colleges a fair equivalent for their buildings. His amended plan worked better for Kildare Place than what he originally proposed. It is true that we were not able at once to proceed with the plans for the whole of our buildings ; but the fund we had prudently continued to raise, and the annual grants, which began at once, enabled us to put in hand an important section. As opportunity offered we supplemented the ' Free Home ' grant by voluntary gifts ; and finally we not only possessed a college whose architectural beauty has been ranked with the best that Dublin owns, but also we had been

able to set aside a good proportion of the grants to form a permanent endowment.

II

Concurrently with the special efforts on behalf of the College, the Church was engaged in endeavouring to influence and reshape the Education Bill.

The cry for *free* primary education had forced its way to immediate notice. When the Conservatives took office it formed no part of their programme, but in 1891 they made education free in England, and the main purpose of Mr. Balfour's Bill was to do the same for Ireland.

When the general provisions of the Bill began to be canvassed, as they did in May, it was plain once more that the English draftsmen had insufficiently considered the special circumstances of Ireland.

Helped by Lord Justice FitzGibbon, I drafted and carried a series of resolutions at the Standing Committee, suggesting the policy which seemed to us advisable. The Under-Secretary, Sir J. West Ridgeway, was interviewed, articles were written for the press, Mr. Balfour was asked to receive a deputation in London, and Lord Plunket and I were deputed to represent the views of the Committee.

The task which lay before us was not simple, for our views ran counter to those which held the field. I had the advantage of hearing Sir W. Hart Dyke introduce the English Bill in the House of Commons. Its plan was to replace school fees, which the parents paid, by

capitation fees paid by the State, a proposal which, if crude, had the advantage of simplicity.

At the Irish Office we gathered that, while nothing was finally settled with regard to Ireland, payments per head were likely to be the feature of the Irish Bill. Manifestly English statesmen, unwilling to weigh the differences between England and Ireland as to primary education, were counting on the ease of a rule of thumb distribution. Here the criticism which Sir W. Hart Dyke had to face came to our aid. He was making, said the Opposition, a gigantic gift to the schools, and not accompanying it with any conditions for educational improvement. The answer to this criticism given by Mr. Chamberlain sounded strange in Irish ears. He frankly admitted that it passed the wit of the Government to devise conditions for increasing efficiency in connexion with the *English* system.

We knew that in Ireland no similar difficulty existed. State aid to Irish primary schools had begun under the Kildare Place Society, which was founded in 1811. In England State aid only began in 1880. Taught by the experience of nearly three-quarters of a century, a system had been evolved in Ireland which presented no obstacle to seeking greater efficiency in return for the £200,000 which was to be our share of the new grants. The proposals of the Standing Committee had for their main object the efficiency which payments per head neglected. We felt that we should be untrue to the interests of every section of the community if we shrank from pressing our views with all the vigour we could command.

For the deputation we enlisted all the members of the House of Commons who were also members of the General Synod. Mr. Penrose FitzGerald introduced us. We could see plainly from what was said that flat capitation payments would have been our lot had no steps been taken ; but Mr. Balfour, as always, gave his full attention to the case we had to make ; previous preparation enabled me to furnish him at once with any information which his critical questions sought ; and we left well satisfied with the result. The Chief Secretary undertook that no final draft of the Bill would be made until all interests had been given time to express their views. As a consequence the Bill was postponed to 1892.

Soon after, Mr. Balfour was succeeded by Mr. Jackson. My previous experience of the new Chief Secretary was not encouraging, but Mr. Jackson in office for Ireland, became a different person from the cold Treasury official. Perhaps he recalled the case made against featureless capitation in connexion with the Local Taxation Bill ; perhaps Mr. Balfour indoctrinated him with our case in connexion with the coming of £200,000 ; certain it is that he grasped and profited by what had been done.

During the summer months no further public action was taken. Statesmen were enjoying a rest. But when October came the Attorney-General, Mr. Madden, whose help before had been so valuable, recommended movement, and it was decided to organise a great public meeting. To a preliminary conference at the Palace, Lord Plunket invited the

leaders of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. There the proposals of the Standing Committee were discussed in detail, and met with unanimous approval. A committee, representing all Protestant denominations, was appointed, and careful preparations to ensure the success of the meeting began.

Perhaps the best commentary on these preparations is to say that when the meeting was held in December we succeeded—for an educational discussion!—in filling the great hall of what was then known as the 'Ancient Concert Rooms' from end to end. Our platform was particularly imposing. We used numbered seats, and so worked the tickets as to ensure that every chair held a representative citizen.

The resolutions which were carried with enthusiasm were in effect those of the Standing Committee. They were supported by speakers from all three Churches; specially forcible were the speeches of the Archbishop, the Recorder, and Mr. J. Ross, Q.C., afterwards Sir John Ross, Bart., and Ireland's last Lord Chancellor.

The first symptom of the effect of our meeting in Government circles came in an invitation from the Attorney-General to call at the Castle with reference to the Bill. Mr. Madden was very complimentary as to what had been done, and said it would bear fruit.

We had not long to wait for proof that he was right. The Bill as introduced in February was newly drafted in the direction for which we had contended, and Mr. Jackson in his opening speech gave us and our meeting

credit for the changes. In reporting to the Synod the Committee were able to say :

'The most cursory study of the Chief Secretary's speech is sufficient to show the marked effect which the Standing Committee's policy has had. Two of the Committee's proposals have been practically embodied in the Bill. The position of small schools is to be improved and the assistants are to have their salaries increased. The value of the Committee's work, with reference to Class Salaries, is seen in the large sum which had been set apart for Class Salary purposes.' [1]

III

While I was in London for the Education Bill campaign, two other interests claimed their share of attention. I paid a second visit to English training colleges ; and I was engaged in helping the efforts of the Teachers' Guild on behalf of the registration of teachers. Both were interesting occupations, but they meant heavy work and long hours. One night I did not leave the House of Commons till 2.30 A.M. One of my days totalled twenty working hours.

With reference to the visits to training colleges it will suffice to say that the six years of progress at Kildare Place since my last visits had in many cases reversed our relative positions, and nowhere did I feel that we were behind. All the same the visits had their uses, and their pleasures. Many hints of a specialised

[1] Journal of the General Synod, 1892, p. 190.

kind came my way, and everywhere, as before, there was kindly welcome.

My direct interest in the Teachers' Guild arose from the fact that I was chairman of the Dublin Branch of the Guild, and as such had consistently advocated registration. Furthermore, helped by George Francis FitzGerald, whose opinions carried weight everywhere, the Branch had approached both Trinity College and the Royal University with proposals which laid the foundations for a diploma in education in both Universities.

In consequence, side by side with Professor Laurie for Scotland, I was summoned by the Parliamentary Commission to give evidence for Ireland as to the advisability and possibility of registering secondary teachers.

My examination took place in one of the committee rooms of the House of Commons. About a dozen members, with Sir R. Temple as chairman, formed the Commission; Mr. Acland, who had visited Kildare Place some time before, was my chief examiner. The interview lasted one and a half hours. When it was over I felt that it was a rare privilege to have had so influential an opportunity of taking part in the early stages of this important movement. I strongly advocated both the registration and the training of all secondary teachers. For various reasons training still lags behind, but registration has become universal.

CHAPTER X

SOME PROMINENT CHURCHMEN—PLANS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

J. W. Tristram—The Educational Association—Stories of Archbishop Whately and his time—F. C. Hayes—Archdeacon Lindsay—Archdeacon Hemphill—Archdeacon Colquhoun—Bishop Elliott—Bishop Keene—Bishop Maurice Day—Alfred Purser—J. W. Leahy—Dean Robinson—Dean Finlay.

In the year 1886, a number of Irish churchmen, most of whom became prominent, joined the newly-founded Educational Association.

Brief accounts of some of them will be in keeping with the plan of this book.

Among these friends a foremost place was occupied by the Rev. J. W. Tristram, then Diocesan Inspector of Schools. We were the joint founders of the Association. Immediately after my appointment to the Training College, he called: 'I,' he said, 'was one of the candidates for the post which has been given to you. I come to offer you my cordial support and friendship, if you will accept them.' Thus began a friendship which lasted unbroken until his death more than forty years after. While working in Cork I had admired his annual reports to the Board, and I welcomed the opportunity of being associated with a personality so interesting and virile.

Our main object in founding the Educational Association was to promote a uniform course of religious teaching in the Church of Ireland. A calendar for Sunday schools was already in use in Dublin. It formed a suitable nucleus for development and extension. In 1930 no one in Ireland denies the advantage of a calendar for Sunday schools and a course for day schools which, like the Prayer Book and the Hymnal, can be used by the whole Church. That this is so is due to the efforts of the Educational Association. At first we had up-hill work. The idea was new, many other courses held the field ; dioceses, not to say parishes, have an unenviable tendency to work in water-tight compartments ; venerable seniors looked askance at what they thought to be uncalled-for innovations.

Gradually, however, the meetings of the Association and its opinions began to attract general attention. We enrolled members clerical and lay from every diocese. Distinguished men accepted the annual office of President, and read papers which were published in our reports. Among them were the Bishop of Cork, Dr. R. S. Gregg, Lord Powerscourt, the Recorder, Lord Justice FitzGibbon, and Judge Madden. The Archbishop attended and spoke at our meetings as did some of the Fellows of T.C.D., such as Dr. Traill, afterwards Provost, George Francis FitzGerald, whom Primate D'Arcy has recently ranked with Berkeley and Burke among the half-dozen greatest sons of Trinity, and J. H. Bernard in succession Dean of St. Patrick's, Bishop of Ossory, Archbishop

of Dublin, and Provost. There were papers and discussions on a great variety of educational subjects, but all through our chief efforts were devoted to the uniform courses. Many were the battles which had to be fought at the different Boards whose consent was essential ; but steady progress was made ; a set of calendars to suit a five-years' course was drawn up ; the Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge was induced to become publishers ; the courses and calendars came into general use in the majority of dioceses ; finally, we were able to arrange for lesson notes, securing for the first year a man whose name is now known in all the Churches, Archdeacon Paterson Smyth, then rector of Christ Church, Kingstown.

J. W. Tristram's career was varied and remarkable. He was rector of three parishes and Inspector for two Boards. He became a Doctor of Divinity—the fees being presented to him—and a Canon of St. Patrick's ; on many an English political platform he was welcomed as an eloquent opponent of Home Rule. His last appointment was at the Royal Hospital, where he acted as chaplain and won the friendship of the Duke of Connaught, who invited him to be his guest in England.

When I visited him at Santry Rectory he told me stories worth repeating about the Domvilles, the squires of the parish. One of them invited the Lord-Lieutenant of the day to a ball, and on receiving his acceptance requested him to wear a particular uniform. His Excellency naturally declined to have his dress dictated, and cancelled the acceptance. Whereupon

the Baronet, in rage, took to his bed. The other guests might come or not as they pleased, he would not get up. At last as a compromise he suffered his bed to be carried to the hall, and so received.

Another Domville story told how an heir, a gambler and a drunkard, having been kept outside the house during his father's lifetime, declared when his father died that *he* should be kept inside. In the end the coffin had to be taken through a hole in the wall, and burial was refused not only in the family vault, but even in consecrated ground. Only at the last was Archbishop Whately permitted to consecrate the grave.

The name Whately recalls some tales of his time. They are of interest in themselves, and they throw side lights on a vanished period.

There came to the Archbishop a deputation complaining of the number of times their rector preached the same sermon. 'A serious charge,' said Dr. Whately, 'it calls for investigation,' and then he inquired as to the nature of the sermon, the text, the heads, the general subject. But not an answer could be given. At last he gravely dismissed the deputation saying that so far from censuring the rector he must ask him to preach the sermon once more.

This brings to memory an experience of early boyhood which dates from a time nearly as remote. An elderly clergyman was preaching in a country church. His hearers were certainly not dullards. Among them was a member of the Government and his family. But to the preacher they did not seem attentive,

Accordingly, he said gravely at the close, 'I perceive that the attention given to the sermon has not been sufficient. I shall therefore afford you the opportunity of hearing it better.' Whereupon he preached the whole sermon over again.

I add two stories of archdeacons in Whately's diocese. One was celebrated for his dinner parties, and in particular for a supremely delicious soup, the recipe for which he guarded jealously. Having ascertained the hour when the soup was made, an inquisitive friend called with the evident intention of keeping his host under observation. Alive to the ruse, the archdeacon proposed a walk in his walled kitchen garden. When they got back to the entrance somehow the host slipped out first and turned the key in the lock. The soup was quickly prepared, and then the prisoner was released, the archdeacon saying dreamily, 'I fear I must have locked you in.'

Another archdeacon was a noted boxer. At his home there called one day a blacksmith who also was celebrated as a pugilist. The servant came up to ask if his reverence would oblige the visitor with a friendly bout. 'Most certainly,' was the reply. They met in front of the house and before many rounds were over the blacksmith lay a dishevelled heap upon the gravel. The archdeacon threw him a guinea, and thanked him for the sport.

I should like to mention here some of the many friends who worked with us in the Association. F. C. Hayes was an honorary secretary. With T. S.

Lindsay he is one of the very few who survive out of the long list of forty years ago. Both are prominent garden lovers. Hayes's 'Handy Book on Horticulture,' published by John Murray, is an excellent companion, and Lindsay has written for the Sheldon Press a valuable book—'Plant Names.' It was always a delight to visit their beautiful gardens. Under Archbishop Bernard, Lindsay became Archdeacon of Dublin. He has written on many subjects, always in a charming and interesting style.

'Sam Hemphill,' as his friends always called him, for years took a leading part in Church affairs. A keen scholar, he was for a while Professor of Biblical Greek in the University of Dublin and he published a work on the 'Diatessaron of Tatian,' which was a pioneer upon the subject. When I came to Dublin he was curate of Rathmines and we saw much of each other. One Easter we walked some thirty miles, the goal was the top of Kippure, which even at that date had not doffed its cap of snow. I greatly admired Hemphill's preaching. From Dublin he went to Westport, then to Birr, where he rapidly rose to a foremost position in the diocese, so much so that when the see became vacant he was generally expected to become bishop. As it was he was nearly elected by the diocese, but the choice of the Bishops fell upon another. Men said that Hemphill had made the mistake of being exceedingly frank. He certainly was a man who held his opinions strongly and never hesitated about expressing them. He finally became Archdeacon of Down.

Another of our members who, as honorary secretary

of the General Synod for twenty years, became known throughout the Church, was W. Colquhoun. He, too, was expected to reach the Bench, and would almost certainly have done so had there been an election in his diocese. As Archdeacon of Derry he exercised an influence in diocesan matters as valuable as it was wide. It was my pleasure to see him often at our house where he used to stay when attending the meetings of the Representative Body.

In addition to J. H. Bernard eight more of our members did reach the Bench. J. B. Crozier was Bishop of Ossory, Bishop of Down, and finally Primate. All these great posts he filled with an ability which needs no testimony from me. T. S. Berry, who wrote one of our sets of Notes of Lessons, and who is still with us in retirement, was Bishop of Killaloe for over ten years. The Archdeacon of Cork, as already mentioned (p. 31), became Bishop of Killaloe. T. J. Welland became Bishop of Down, A. G. Elliott became Bishop of Kilmore, J. B. Keene became Bishop of Meath. Maurice Day became Bishop of Clogher, H. Vere White became Bishop of Limerick, where he still rules.

A. G. Elliott, or Canon Elliott which he became when Kilmore gave him the diocesan stall in St. Patrick's, has left a memory which will live. In the teaching of religion to the child he took the deepest interest; his contributions to our proceedings were marked by thoroughness and originality; as bishop he was active in editing and writing for the young the 'Bedell Tracts,' which had a large circulation. Though

possessed of an ample fortune, all of which he left to benefit the clergy of his diocese, he lived in the most simple way. From the Lambeth Conference of 1908 he was the only Irish bishop absent. In explanation Archbishop Peacocke said, 'He has never in his long life been out of Ireland,' to which the Archbishop of Canterbury replied, 'It would be a pity to break that record.'

J. B. Keene, like A. G. Elliott, belonged to a diocese, Meath, which like Kilmore has no canons except its representative in St. Patrick's National Cathedral. He, too, became diocesan canon, and then bishop. He was a man of amazing learning, every possible honour fell to him in his University course, and his scholarship was always at the disposal of his companions and his correspondents. His personality was charming, and his humour overflowing. I once spent a week with him touring in Connemara; Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal, travelled with us part of the way. I wish I could recall the stories which flowed freely on all sides; what I do recall is the memory of one of the most delightful weeks I have ever spent.

Maurice Day when I first knew him was rector of Killiney. Then he moved to St. Mathias's, Dublin, where he maintained the traditions of Achilles Daunt and Canon Wynne. For a time he dwelt in the picturesque close of St. Canice's, Kilkenny, as Dean of Ossory, and then he was chosen by the Bishops to succeed Dr. D'Arcy in Clogher. I do not think that I have ever known a man more universally loved. To

see him confirming was an inspiration. He gathered to his knees for blessing those who came, as though he were indeed their father; and the loving words he spoke to them were felt to come straight from his heart.

If I forbear to write of the many merits of the present Bishop of Limerick it is not through lack of long and intimate knowledge, but because I rejoice to know he is still a living witness to himself.

Two of our lay members fill a large place in my recollection. Alfred Purser used to describe himself as 'the dunce of the family.' In the way of pure scholarship he was certainly behind my father's most distinguished and I think best-loved pupil, his brother, Louis C., but as Inspector and Chief of Inspection under the National Board he was an able and impartial officer. For years he visited us annually at Kildare Place, and all admired the skill and the kindness of his judgments.

J. W. Leahy of South Hill, Killarney, was a Church worker whose premature death proved to be an irreparable loss. His chief interest lay, I think, in the temperance cause, for which he was a valued speaker, but everything that was good was sure of his sympathy and help. I had the pleasure of spending a long day with him at Killarney. Among the visits we paid was one to Lady Kenmare. She showed us many of the treasures of that beautiful mansion—since unhappily destroyed by fire—upon which Lord Kenmare—her father-in-law—had lavished such loving care and such unstinted expenditure. A year before, while the

previous Lady Kenmare—a garden enthusiast—reigned, I had wandered through the pleasure-grounds wondering at the skill and taste, to which their beauty witnessed. This time the change was manifest, beauty in abundance remained, but the finish was gone. Few things show more quickly than a garden the loss of the master hand.

Canon Macbeth's lifelong zeal for religious education deserves to be recalled. The Ferns scholarship, a prize awarded annually in connexion with the examinations held by the Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge, owes its origin to him, and he did valuable work, towards the end of his life, in compiling, without fee, statistics of the educational endowments which belong to the Church of Ireland.

When I was installed as Canon of St. Patrick's, the presence of J. J. Robinson added much for me to the interest of the day. He was back from his work in Canada, on a visit to his brother-in-law, the Dean of St. Patrick's. Dean Robinson, or J. J. as his friends called him, had a very full career. When he was rector of Killiskey I felt him to be an expert in scenery as he unfolded alike the mysteries and the beauties of 'The Devil's Glen.' I saw him often at Delgany, his next parish, and at Dundrum we worked together in closest fellowship. For a time he was Dean of Waterford, and then he was called north to occupy the great position of Dean of Belfast. The end of his life was given to the Church of Canada. Through all the years I never met him without pleasure, and never parted from him without regret.

I conclude these inadequate sketches of Educational

Association friends with an affectionate in memoriam tribute to Dean Finlay. He was with us when the Association was founded in my house, and his interest in our work never lessened. With the good wishes of all his brethren he was appointed Dean of Leighlin. Retiring, owing to failing health, he took up residence in a northern county. There, in the evil days through which the country passed, his house was surrounded ; he and his aged wife were dragged out at night, and he was killed. No adequate explanation has ever been offered. Even in those times it was unusual to molest the clergy. The aged Dean was incapable of injuring anyone, and he was universally respected and beloved.

CHAPTER XI

HOME RULE

Causes of Unionist objections—George Wyndham and Walter Long—John Morley—Resistance to Bill—Poll of parishes.

In 1930, when Mr. Cosgrave's Government has had so much success in ruling the Free State, it is perhaps necessary to offer brief explanation of the strong objection to Home Rule in any form felt by Unionists in 1891.

At that time the difficulties arising from the party system of government had scarcely made themselves felt. What these difficulties were may perhaps best be explained in a book of this kind by an extract from Sir Henry Robinson's, 'Memories Wise and Otherwise.'

In 1905 Walter Long succeeded George Wyndham as Chief Secretary. Wyndham's health was indifferent, and he had been dallying with Home Rule under the disguise of 'Devolution.' Meanwhile the reins of government were held loosely, as Long soon realised. Here is Sir Henry's description of an illuminating incident:

'He soon heard that there was gross intimidation going on, and that people were not allowed to transact their business in peace, and he wanted furiously to know why? What were the police doing? Was this

letter he had received this morning from an old Galway lady of eighty years of age true, when she said that every Sunday the people headed by a brass band came and encamped at her gate and threatened her with violence, had sent away all her servants, and driven off her cattle and broken her fences while the police looked on and only took notes? Who gave these orders for the police not to interfere? He must see the police officers at once. Let them be summoned by wire.

'What transpired at the meeting is known only to those present, but the following Sunday the little old lady, trembling and peering out from behind her half-closed shutters at the assembling mob, thought her mind was going. Were her eyes deceiving her? Could this be a dream? The apologetic police usually on the edge of the crowd with their notebooks, so deferential to the local leaders, what had come over them? Why, they were charging the crowd! Was this the rehearsal of a pageant of the Balaclava charge? Why, there was a constable driving his bayonet through the big drum! There was that fair-haired constable chasing the flageolet player and laying into him with his instrument, the brass instruments seemed to be flying over the demesne wall! Now the platform was down—where were all the people running to? What was the meaning of it all?

'Poor little old lady! The sergeant who came to see her was so nice about it, and she was ashamed of herself for crying so much before him, but she really had had a dreadful time and suffered a lot. The

sergeant told her that he had made it pretty plain to the mob that if they didn't leave her alone the Government would put a policeman behind every bush to protect her ; those were his orders, and she could get her servants back now, and he laughed and cheered her up, and said there was a new Chief Secretary and " mebbe it's just a new idea of killing Home Rule with kindness that he had in his head."

' It was very curious how quickly the intimidation ceased under the firm hand. A landowner in Mayo told me that before that incident the workmen fencing his mountain had said they were going to take the mountain and parcel it off among themselves, and would work no more at his fences. The breaking up of the meeting just referred to had taken place on Friday, and on the following Monday his workmen all returned, and not a word was said of the forcible taking of his land.'

If the change, under the same Government, from a lax to a firm Chief Secretary could make so marked a difference, it will be understood that the difference could easily become unendurable when a Unionist Government went out of office and were succeeded by a party whose existence depended on the Irish members. This was what Irish Unionists came to realise, and it did much in the way of lessening and removing their objections to Home Rule.

In 1891, however, when Mr. Gladstone took office pledged to Home Rule, these experiences lay largely in the future, and there was much in the recent past, as for instance the Phoenix Park murders, which made

it difficult to feel confidence in those who would succeed to power if his Bill became law. These apprehensions were not confined to Unionists, as I learned in a somewhat singular way.

At Kildare Place, on Michaelmas Day 1893, a head was suddenly thrust in at my door. Some time before I had been on a deputation to Mr. Morley, and had sat close to him. His wrinkled face impressed itself upon me, and I noted the curious shape of his head which suggested that some important bumps had been forgotten. In consequence there was no difficulty in recognising in my unannounced visitor the Chief Secretary for Ireland. In his published account of his Irish work Morley has expressed his surprise at finding in me a Balliol man; it seemed to please him. He greatly appreciated our beautiful hall, and the library fitted throughout with carved oak. 'As a rule,' he said, 'I long to go about Dublin with a paint pot, but you have no need of such ministrations here.' He stayed in all nearly two hours chatting pleasantly the whole time. With especial interest I remember the frank way he talked about the prospects of Home Rule coupled with the 'greed' as he termed it of the Irish. With evident sympathy he told of a priest who had reproached him for thinking of giving Home Rule before the country was sufficiently educated not to abuse it. Plainly Unionists were not alone in doubting whether the Irish Party could be entrusted with power.

So soon as the proposals in Mr. Gladstone's Bill became known it was determined to offer the most

strenuous opposition. In this as in other matters Lord Plunket led. The sterling quality of the Archbishop's patriotism is admitted on all hands; but his love of Ireland included love of British government; to Home Rule as expounded by Mr. Gladstone he was in determined opposition. At the February meeting of the Standing Committee the Archbishop read a strong protest carefully and skilfully drawn. He had toiled at it, he told me, till 3 A.M. the night before. The protest was adopted unanimously, and a sub-committee took charge of its working. Next day the Archbishop drew up his plans. On February 27 I was appointed honorary secretary of the sub-committee, and I undertook to have protests from the select vestries of the Church by March 14, the date at which a special meeting of the General Synod was to be held. My one condition was unlimited expenditure in the way of stamped envelopes for bringing replies to keep me in touch with the vestries. On the 28th most of the day was spent at the Palace completing the necessary documents.

Cyclists at any rate will pardon if I interrupt here to say that after that day's work I rode home for the first time on *pneumatic tyres*, and found them 'delightful.'

With the details of the hectic fortnight which followed I shall not trouble my readers. Suffice it to say that a body of about a dozen young and enthusiastic workers gathered round me. We laboured from morning to night, and the results brought us congratulations and thanks from the Archbishop when

I took them to him on March 13, the evening before the Synod met.

The Journal of the General Synod for 1893 gives in detail what was done. The dioceses are set out separately. At the head is a summary, and then follows a list of the vestries in the diocese. The action of each is stated, and their contributions to the expenses are given.

I may summarise the whole as follows :

Out of a total of 1,229 incumbencies the vestries of 1,203 had met and sent us protests.

Of the remaining twenty-six, fourteen had no vestries, one was vacant, and one suffered from 'terrorism.' The remaining ten, for various reasons, did not send protests.

Towards expenses small contributions had been invited. We received over £600, a sum which staggered some timid gentlemen who at the outset would have liked to limit expenditure on postage.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the movement was the unanimity with which the protests were adopted. To ensure accurate information as to the feeling of the Church, we invited information as to the majorities by which the protests were carried. In four out of thirteen dioceses there were *no* dissentients. In the whole Church the dissentients numbered twenty-one. In no case did a vestry reject the protest.

No doubt remained as to the views at that time of the Church of Ireland. Irish churchmen drew long breaths of thankfulness when the Home Rule Bill was rejected by the House of Lords.

CHAPTER XII

LORD JUSTICE FITZGIBBON

The Kildare Place Society—Diocesan Boards—The Incorporated Society—Need of Reform—How planned and effected—Consequences, personal, and corporate—A great society—Sligo in Opposition—Athlone, ' The Centre '—Kilkenny's invitation—Cork——Our secretaries—Collegiate schools, Mountjoy, Celbridge—Celbridge pleasure-grounds.

AMONG the many valuable services which Lord Justice FitzGibbon rendered to the Church, his labours in connexion with the Educational Endowments' Act are conspicuous. Throughout he acted as Judicial Commissioner and was untiring in his attention to the work both as a whole, and in its most minute details.

No less than 219 schemes were carried to completion. This would be a sufficiently remarkable achievement if it implied nothing but the planning and drafting of the rules for so many various and often perplexing endowments. But, to appreciate properly what was accomplished, we must remember that every scheme had to survive a fire of criticism. The stages open to criticism were many, and those who disliked changes of any kind, as well as those who objected to the forms the changes were taking, made full use of their opportunities.

As honorary secretary of the sub-committee of the

Standing Committee it was my duty to watch all schemes in which our Church was interested. This caused me to be much associated with the Lord Justice. He consulted me about the chief Church schemes, and it was a pleasure to be able to help by inducing hesitating boards to recognise the advantages of submitting their endowments to the Commission.

As specimens of the work of the Commission I may instance three schemes in which I was particularly interested.

The scheme for the Training College was one of the earliest. At sight it appeared simplicity itself. To put the new College in possession of the buildings and property for which the old Kildare Place Society had no further use, and to frame the regulations necessary for administration, did not suggest difficulty.

Yet the change was not allowed to happen unresisted. For nearly fifty years the Society had done no educational work. They had been content to let their premises, and to use the proceeds for the sinecure office of Registrar, and for the support of their depository. The annual losses on their trading were taken as inevitable, so much so that, when the depository came into our possession, the manager lifted his hands in mute astonishment when told he must either make a profit or resign. In these circumstances it is perhaps surprising that the old committee made strenuous efforts to continue in possession. Their resistance, however, availed them nothing. The old Society was dissolved, and the Church of Ireland Training College entered into full possession.

A more complicated scheme was required for consolidating and giving scope for the extension of the work of a Diocesan Board. One of the chief features in the schemes for the different dioceses was the inclusion of the endowments in a schedule. This inclusion ensured to the Church the permanent ownership of the property, whether land, houses, or cash. Considering the many educational endowments which have been lost for want of such a title as inclusion in the schedule gave, it is strange that any difficulty should have been experienced in working up schemes of this kind. Human nature, however, seems to shrink from any relaxation of its rights either real or imaginary, and not a few parishes hesitated to make the diocese the titular owner of their school property, even though the transfer made it certain that for all time the use of the property must remain the inalienable right of the locality.

The result was that many dioceses were slow in accepting schemes. Most of them, however, were persuaded to come in before it was too late, and many valuable endowments were included in their schedules.

In connexion with the Dublin scheme the Lord Justice was anxious. The consent of the Diocesan Synod was necessary, and it has never been easy to foresee the direction in which a Dublin Synod will move. Himself a master of synods, no one understood better how easily a proposal may fail if its introduction be faulty. He therefore asked me to see Lord Plunket, and explain where trouble might be expected. The Archbishop came to Kildare Place and we spent

two hours together discussing the points of his synodical address. To the relief of the Lord Justice, and to Lord Plunket's great satisfaction, the scheme was enthusiastically accepted. The Board of Education became the legal owner of most of the primary school property in the diocese, and its means of usefulness were strengthened and enlarged.

Upon a broader and more comprehensive scale was drawn the scheme for the re-formation of the Incorporated Society. At the time the operations of the Society were limited, and comparatively unimportant. There were two schools for girls and six for boys. Good mathematical work had been done at Santry, but most of the schools were little if at all above the primary level, and the principles upon which they were managed made it easy for their Heads, while active for themselves, to allow the interests of their pupils to sink into the background.

When the Lord Justice spoke about possible lines for the new constitution, I expressed myself in favour of so re-arranging the governing body, and the endowments, as to make out of the reorganised Society a central educational force available for the interests of the whole Church.

It was on these lines that the present admirable and elastic scheme was framed and carried through.

So soon as the scheme became operative it was manifest that, if its powers were to be used, a radical change in the personnel of the governing body was essential. As there are no survivors of those who ruled before the scheme, I may be allowed to tell how

the change was brought about. Finding that Lord Plunket considered fresh governors necessary for the working of the new constitution, I asked would he sanction an attempt to get new men elected. 'Yes,' he said, 'if it is done thoroughly.' On this understanding I undertook the task, provided the Lord Justice approved. FitzGibbon was equally clear as to the duty of putting before the electors, who now represented every diocese, the importance of forming a governing body untrammelled by old traditions.

Some time previously the Diocesan Council of Dublin, who were entitled to one governor and six members on the roll of the Society, had elected me as their representative governor. Among the six members were the Lord Justice himself, Sir J. Creed Meredith, and Judge Holmes. The fact that I had been thus put forward suggested, in the Lord Justice's opinion, that I was the proper person to address the electors. A temperate letter was drawn up, the names of those recommended for election were given, precautions were taken to make it possible for all to record their votes, and every elector was approached. When the polling day came, we carried all our nominees, the Society was revolutionised, and a career of activity and progress began.

There was a personal sequel to this change. Not unnaturally, displaced members of the old governing body were indignant at their defeat. The triennial election to the Standing Committee of the General Synod came a fortnight later, and their feelings found satisfaction in a successful effort to bar my re-election.

So far we might be described as ' quits.' The end, however, was not yet. The Archbishop, like Mr. Balfour, was a man of resource. Dr. Ball, ex-Lord Chancellor, and famous as perhaps the most brilliant of the General Synod's assessors, was a co-opted member of the Committee; he had, however, ceased to attend. Lord Plunket ordered his carriage, drove out to Dundrum, told Dr. Ball the story, and induced him to resign his seat. At the next meeting of the Committee I was put forward for the vacancy, and both the Archbishop and the Recorder came round immediately afterwards to announce that I had been ' cordially and unanimously ' re-co-opted.

Among the many expressions of astonishment and disapproval at my exclusion none was more gratifying than the generous action of Canon Robert Walsh. On hearing the news he came at once, and offered to resign in my favour. He had been, he said, co-opted at my instance, he declined to remain in, if I were out. At the time of his visit I was unaware of the Archbishop's plan; unhesitatingly, however, I declined to rejoin if it meant the loss of a member so wise and capable as Dr. Walsh.

But, to return to the Incorporated Society; this will be the place to sketch in brief outline the valuable results which have since flowed from the Lord Justice's great scheme.

The new Board went to work at once, with all the enthusiasm of a fresh start. The great feature of its revised constitution was the power given of adapting the endowments to changing needs. The most

condensed account possible of the way this power has been used will sufficiently show its potency for good. The eight schools owned by the Society before the signing of the scheme are now represented by eleven. Of the old schools only three remain, Ranelagh School, Athlone, Dundalk Grammar School, and Celbridge, which has been raised to the rank of a collegiate school. The discontinued schools suffered from inconvenient situations and serious structural defects. They have been replaced as follows: Sligo has now two new schools, one for boys, the other for girls. Somehow Sligo folk were slow to realise the benefits offered. The neighbouring school of Primrose Grange for boys had done good work, but it was remote for day pupils, and its buildings were unsuitable. We made provision for the promotion of its head master, and offered Sligo a school in the town. Why Sligo opposed it is not easy to tell; but Sligo did oppose, stubbornly. I have vivid recollections of addressing a stormy public meeting—Sligo knows how to express itself—which at first was hostile and suspicious. With the Recorder I had come down from Dublin to reinforce the local Bishops of Kilmore and Tuam. Happily we succeeded in conquering Sligo for its good; the town is now proud of our Grammar School, and of the High School for girls, which we took over from Canon Ardill, by whose enterprise it had been founded.

No difficulty was experienced in closing Roscommon School. It has been replaced by Garrow House School in the town which boasts of occupying the most central site in Ireland. Bishop Keene used to be

delightfully humorous as to the claims not only of Athlone, but of individual sites there. As he visited different houses in the town it seemed a point of honour for his hosts to plant him in some selected spot in the grounds and say: 'Now, my lord, you stand in the exact centre of Ireland!'

At Kilkenny our move into the city was received with enthusiasm. The time-honoured College, which numbered among its pupils the world-famous names of Berkeley and Swift, was leading a precarious existence. On the invitation of the Marquis of Ormonde we closed the school which Bishop Pococke had founded some distance out in the country, and began what has proved a new era of prosperity for Kilkenny College.

Our latest venture has been the three intermediate schools of Cork, the Grammar School, the High School, and Rochelle. Changing times had brought these schools into financial difficulties with which the Bishop and his Board hoped our experience might be able to cope. We undertook them experimentally. It is as yet too soon to speak of the result; but, if misfortune is changed to prosperity by our management, it will be a rich reward to have been enabled to come to the rescue of the southern diocese.

Before passing on to speak of the most conspicuous successes of the Society—its two collegiate schools, I pause a moment to mention the officials under whom these changes have been accomplished. They are all with us still, except the first, Wellesley P. Chapman. Chapman had been secretary to the old Board, and it

is greatly to his credit that, so far from objecting or attempting to check change, he threw himself whole-heartedly into all the new proposals.

He was succeeded by two secretaries whose present distinguished positions bear testimony to the zeal and ability of their work, the Rev. H. Vere White, now Bishop of Limerick, and the Rev. Robert Miller, now Bishop of Cashel. The present holder of the office, the Rev. W. J. Mayne, is maintaining and developing the high efficiency which he inherited from his predecessors.

The Collegiate School for boys was moved from Santry to Mountjoy Square, Dublin, in 1896. It was the first forward move of the Society under its new constitution. The Rev. William Anderson was the first head master, and his rule continues. So greatly has the school increased that to contain its pupils it has been necessary to add house to house, and successes have grown till they include almost every distinction in the world of scholarship and commerce. No doubt the honours which have come have been won more easily because from all the provincial schools of the Society the picked pupils are sent on to Mountjoy. But even when this advantage is remembered few will question the phenomenal success which has come to this great school.

Equally remarkable in its way has been the rise of Celbridge. It was a strange institution when I first visited it, soon after my election as Governor. The head mistress confined herself to her room, and I gathered that everything bowed to her invalidism.

Her physical disabilities were allowed first claim, and no other interests seemed to count.

But the place itself, though forlorn-looking, for want of care, was full of promise. By a short avenue under a double row of limes you approached an arched entrance of stately proportions, and so entered a large court, shaded by splendid beeches. In front of you stood the house, or rather mansion, bearing the Conolly arms. Lady Louisa Conolly had given it to the Society in 1809. The large kitchen garden retained many interesting features, and its cultivation had received attention. Otherwise everything, both inside and outside, was in neglect and disrepair.

All that is altered now ; first under Miss M'Cullagh, but more particularly under Miss M'Clelland, B.A., the school has gone from strength to strength, until it stands among the foremost Irish Intermediate Schools. With particular gratitude I speak of the students who have come from Celbridge to Kildare Place. In tone and attainments they have done honour to the College and their school.

As noted above, the grounds of Celbridge were attractive even when no one bestowed a thought upon them. But it has been delightful work to give them the care which they deserve. The head mistress, enthusiastically aided by both staff and pupils, has taken pride in planting and adorning. In spring each side of the avenue is bright with a succession of bulbs, snowdrops, crocuses, wood anemones, blue bells, daffodils. A sheet of water, seen from under the limes, grows Japanese irises. Opposite, a field surrounded

by forest trees is now a miniature park which presents many vistas of choice-flowering shrubs. The court behind the house from a wilderness of weeds is transformed into one of the most decorative spots in the place. A confused mass of stones and nettles has become a gay Alpine garden; a ruined outhouse holds a collection of the rarest native ferns; the walls of the house are ornamented with Clematis and other creepers; in every suitable position daffodils and wood anemones abound. Such results could never have come without untiring co-operation on the spot. A Governor who loved gardening might plan and plant, but the success and the perpetual beauty are due to the double fact that the flowers are loved by the Head, and she is loved by everyone in the school.

So in many ways the revolution planned by Lord Plunket, Lord Justice FitzGibbon and myself has proved fruitful, and the Lord Justice's great scheme is crowned with splendid results.

CHAPTER XIII

ARCHBISHOP PLUNKET—AT HOME AND ABROAD

Testimonies to the Archbishop—His love of Kildare Place—Glimpses of his family life—Old Connaught, Festivities, and ' Quiet Day '—Landscape gardening.

Work for reform in Spain—Futile opposition—Debate in General Synod—Consecration of Señor Cabrera—The Archbishop's happiness.

I

It was my happiness to be much with Lord Plunket during his last years.

An old man, retained from the former staff of the Training College, having been tenderly rebuked for a series of bad blunders, lifted up his hands afterwards and tearfully exclaimed, ' Well, if ever there was a saint from heaven it is Lord Plunket.'

Lord Dufferin, whose knowledge was world-wide, said of him, ' He was the best man, in the best sense of the word, that I have ever known.'

To be associated with such a leader was an unspeakable privilege. If I might venture to summarise his qualities, I should say that they centred round his vigour and his humility. It has proved a life's inspiration to have been under the influence of an example so true to that of his Master.

The Archbishop's affection for the Training College brought him often to Kildare Place. He always, when in Ireland, presided at the Board, and he took great

pleasure in Commemoration Day, which was then a very prominent occasion. But it was not only for formal gatherings that he came. He would give an evening to our Temperance Society and distribute the pledges. His addresses at such times took a racy flavour which was very enjoyable. Many distinguished men have spoken to our students, but none were more at home with them than he. His brotherly instincts seemed to guide him to their hearts.

Often he would come in as he was passing: 'I have a little time, and there are some points I should like to talk over.' It was his custom, on returning after an absence, to send for me either from the Palace, or Old Connaught. He would talk over any pressing Church topics, especially those connected with education; when he became a Commissioner of National Education he regularly showed me the agenda, and asked for any necessary information.

Nor was it only on public topics that he talked. In times either of joy or sorrow he would speak about what such happenings meant for him. Many of these confidences are sacred, but one or two may be mentioned. This characteristic story he told me of his wedding: 'When I arrived at St. Bartholomew's, happily in good time, the crowd both inside and outside was dense. I tried to get to the door, but made little way, only a few inches through a momentary opening in one direction, a few in another.' Let us note that there was no courier to proclaim the bridegroom, no announcement by himself, till dire necessity forced it. 'At last,' he continued, 'I had to say to a broad back

which wholly blocked the path, 'Do you think, Sir, you could let me pass?' 'Certainly not,' was the reply, 'I want to see the wedding as well as you.' 'I fear neither of us will see the wedding if I am not allowed to enter, for I am the bridegroom!' This turned the broad back into an ally, and a passage was cleared. Vividly do I recall the intensity of his happiness when he told me of the coming ordination of his second son, who became Bishop of Tuam, and then Bishop of Meath. And I remember the tender way he referred to the death, at over ninety, of his aunt, Lady Plunket, widow of the Bishop of Tuam. 'I can never forget her goodness to me when I lived in the Palace as chaplain. She had no son herself, only daughters; but the fact that I, as heir, would succeed was not permitted to make any difference in her kindness and consideration for me.'

All his recollections of Tuam were not equally pleasant. He told me how he had lost several thousand pounds through signing incautiously a building guarantee.

In addition to speaking of his own life Lord Plunket showed that he took deep interest in others. Early in 1893 I was offered the Principalship of an important London college, and it was pressed upon me in an influential way. When I told him he expressed great satisfaction both at the offer, and at my decision not to accept. He himself, he said, would communicate to the press both the offer and the decision. Soon after he became godfather to my son, and volunteered to perform the christening ceremony at Dundrum.

Old Connaught in those days was the scene of many splendid festivities. I remember seeing the grounds look much as the Phoenix Park did on Emancipation Sunday. He had invited the General Assembly of the Presbyterians, with wives ' and friends ' to meet the clergy of his diocese, and he took the opportunity to speak on Christian Unity, a subject very close to his heart.

Another party of more private nature but very special interest was given when his eldest son brought home his bride. Early in the year Miss Plunket met me with what she termed a special piece of good news—it was her brother's engagement to the daughter of the Marquis of Dufferin. The marriage came off without delay, and everyone rejoiced with the Archbishop in welcoming the bride and bridegroom home.

One other entertainment of a semi-private nature shall be mentioned before passing to more public events. In 1893 the Archbishop invited the clergy to hold their ' Quiet Day ' at Old Connaught, and Archdeacon Meade, soon after to be Bishop of Cork, was chosen to give the addresses.

During the lunch interval the Archbishop asked me to walk with him. His first care was for his guests. Someone had blundered as to the time for the lunch. To his amazement Lord Plunket heard it would not be ready for an hour. The butler was summoned. ' Lunch must be served in a few minutes.' In vain the difficulties of the cook were pleaded. With a dynamic force which he was capable of using on occasion he said, ' Lunch *must* be on the table in twenty

minutes.' Within the time given a sumptuous meal was ready. As we strolled through the grounds the Archbishop spoke with appreciation of the Archdeacon's unfailing good temper. On my venturing to suggest that most men would speak of *his* temper in a similar way, he interrupted me with, ' My temper is very bad.' What he had brought me to see was a new walk. Landscape gardening was his special hobby. During building operations at Kildare Place an awkward junction came—what was to be done? ' Where two walks join unpleasantly,' he said, ' I plant a tree, and only the tree is seen ; put the clock tower at that junction.' Sir Thomas Deane took the hint, and the clock tower forms a very graceful feature in the quadrangle. The new ' ten minutes' walk ' as he called it had been planned and planted with great skill with a special object. ' As I begin to grow old,' he said, ' I like to have my shrubs and flowers close. Each evening I get home about six, and it is a great pleasure to have this walk which brings so much that is beautiful easily within my reach.'

II

Lord Plunket's work for the Spanish reformers filled a large place in his life. Few things that he did cost him more labour, few brought him more happiness, none entailed so much bitter and painful opposition. As his biographer tells,[1] the High Church party of England courted ridicule by ' the extraordinary

[1] *Memoir*, p. 205.

state of excitement into which they threw themselves upon the subject,' and so far as they were concerned the Archbishop lived with 'his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.' Sometimes their stings hurt him, but for the most part he moved steadily forward unheeding. In the end he conquered. With the Bishop of Down, and the Bishop of Clogher he consecrated Señor Cabrera as first Bishop of the Reformed Church of Spain; he was the principal agent in providing the new Bishop with a handsome church, in a prominent site in Madrid; and after freeing the Spanish and Portuguese Society from debt, he succeeded in placing it in a sound financial position.

Not only were his opponents defeated, they were even in a humiliating way 'hoist with their own petard.' When Señor Cabrera was consecrated, 'the English Church Union with characteristic modesty, addressed a letter of condolence to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toledo. In this letter the signatories described themselves as "representing the ancient and illustrious Church of England." It is amusing to note that Cardinal Vaughan sent an immediate despatch to his Spanish brother, telling him that the members of the English Church Union in no sense represented the ancient Church of England, but were a portion of a Protestant sect founded in that country.'[1]

Very strenuously did the Archbishop labour for Spain. Not only did he pay special visits of inquiry to the centres where reformers were established, but he himself did deputation work, in order to inform

[1] *Memoir*, p. 243.

English opinion, and obtain English support. On returning from a deputation tour in 1886 he told me that in his ten days' absence he had given five lectures, and preached six sermons!

The first overt act which aroused opposition was his ordination, in his private chapel, of Mr. A. Cassels. Because he used a service slightly differing from that in the Irish Prayer Book, his critics flamed into print. But most of them were ignorant of the facts, and their fireworks blazed harmlessly. At the next meeting of the General Synod prolonged applause greeted the Archbishop's references to what he had done.

In November 1892 Lord Plunket visited Spain for the fourth time, expecting to consecrate the church for which he had done so much. Political and ecclesiastical intrigue, however, baffled him for a while, and he suffered the disappointment of having to come away leaving the church unconsecrated. A meeting of welcome and sympathy, at which I had the privilege of speaking, greeted his return. It was good to see the spirit in which he took his disappointment, and delightful later to find him gladdened by the news that the opposition had been overcome, and the church happily opened.

He was greatly pleased soon after at receiving from two American bishops their unqualified approval of what he had accomplished for Spain.

In 1894 his efforts reached their successful climax. Early in the year he let it be known that if no obstacle were placed in the way by his brother bishops or the General Synod, he and the Bishops of Down and

Clogher would consecrate Señor Cabrera in the autumn.

As the Bench of Bishops by resolution decided to offer no opposition to the consecration, everything depended on the General Synod.

I was present at the remarkable debate which for two days discussed the question. Great speeches were delivered. The tone all through was one of affectionate regard for Lord Plunket, and unwillingness to oppose his plans. One prominent member, soon to be a bishop, told how he had spent sleepless nights at the bare thought of thwarting the Archbishop's devotion and zeal.

Two salient points, of decisive importance, emerged in the debate. The learning of Dr. Quarry, the honoured Archdeacon of Cork, made it plain that 'intrusion,' at which the extremists shuddered, had been perpetrated by the English Church, when the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated a bishop for Quebec. Even more telling was the communication of the Bishop of Derry (Dr. Alexander) to the effect that the draft of the Lambeth report had contained a clause forbidding the consecration of Señor Cabrera, and that the prohibition significantly had been withdrawn.

In the end the Synod decided that the *right* to consecrate rested with the Bishops, and was satisfied to leave the matter in their hands.

All obstacles from home sources being now removed, preparations were pushed forward for the consecration in September. The Spanish authorities undertook not

to interfere provided there was nothing of the nature of a public demonstration. This rather vague assurance did little to relieve the tension. I remember reading the lessons in St. Patrick's during the Four Courts struggle of 1922. We were not definitely threatened ; but bullets were flying all around ; no one could be quite certain they would not enter and kill. In Madrid, it was not till the morning of the day when Lord Plunket was to consecrate the church that the ceremony was quashed by force. Until Señor Cabrera's consecration was complete interruption and prohibition might intervene.

When at last the service was over, and nothing had occurred to mar the solemn joy of the occasion, ' the scene,' to quote the Bishop of Clogher, ' in the vestry was wonderful. The clergy fell in turn upon their bishop's neck and wept aloud. Their feelings, too, towards the Archbishop were expressed in the most striking manner. The Archbishop's expression was that of joy and gladness chastened by the thought of all he had suffered and surmounted in the long effort which was now brought to a successful issue.' [1]

Now that opposition had failed, there followed criticism. The flies stung, or perhaps I should say attempted to sting, for the Archbishop's calm remained unruffled. He had seen of the travail of his soul and was satisfied. An attempt to work up a protest in Ireland against the consecration resulted in an ignominious failure. In England the Lower House of the Consecration of Canterbury, notwithstanding brilliant

[1] Quoted in *Memoir*, p. 280.

opposition by such leaders as Dean Farrar, did succeed in passing by a majority a ' gravamen ' on the subject. The Archbishop sent for me to talk over this and other matters. He was in great spirits : ' Why,' he said, ' if the Lower House *had* approved I should begin to think I had done something wrong.' He had good reason for knowing that a large body of English public opinion respected and honoured him for his action. My next call to the Palace was his invitation to be present when he received an address, signed by some 600 English clergymen, expressing cordial approval of the Spanish consecration.

I can conclude this brief account of what Lord Plunket did and bore for Spain, as it was seen by me, in no more appropriate way than by giving some extracts from Phillip Brooks's ' Sermons in English Churches,' which for me at least have a sacred significance. In the midst of the controversy the Archbishop permitted me to see right down into his heart by reading long passages from the sermons. Here are a few of the words he quoted :

' We pass on now to speak of some of the interferences with the pleasures of life which come from our fellowmen, and of the way in which the soul's life with Christ puts these same pleasures out of the reach of any fellowman's intrusion. Take first, if you please, the pleasure of energetic action. It is a joy which makes life bright to the best men. . . . What are the interferences which this joy meets? . . . Are they not these ? Some opposition to our action by the action of some other active man ; or the contemptuous

discovery and announcement of the incompleteness of the thing we do ; or the ingratitude or irresponsiveness of the men whom we want our act to benefit. Opposition, criticism, and ingratitude, these are the ways in which other men meet an active man, and take the joy of his activity away from him, and make his work a drudgery. . . .

But now suppose that Christ had been with that man whom I described—Christ in His love and His authority—Christ the friend and the Master. I mean it really. Suppose—for, oh, it is at least supposable—that behind every other motive, shining through every other motive which made the man work, there had been this, the love of Christ. Whosoever He worked for second only, he worked for Jesus first of all. Would that have made no difference ? Like an electric atmosphere poured around the shrine in which a jewel rests, so that no hand can be thrust through to steal the jewel; so round the work, full of its joy, is poured the love of Christ, out of which no man can snatch it.'

CHAPTER XIV

KILDARE CATHEDRAL—VISIT OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Cycling—Adventures with the police—Mistaken for a spy—Bishops of Ossory—Kildare Cathedral in 1888—Archbishop Plunket's restoration—St. Brigid—Independence of the Early Irish Church—History of Kildare, its connexion with the architecture of the Cathedral.

Dr. Benson at Old Connaught, Dublin and Kildare—The Palace, Armagh—His farewell—His Memorials.

Lord Plunket's last great speech—His illness and death—A great funeral—Memorials.

THE Cathedral of St. Brigid, Kildare, along with Spain, engrossed much of the Archbishop's attention in his closing years.

My first visit to Kildare was in August 1888. I had been on a cycling tour to Kilkenny. Pneumatic tyres were still in the future, and solids were impossible where roads were bad. Near Kilkenny a good pathway attracted me, and I attracted a constable. Having demurely given my name and address, I pointed plaintively to the road inches deep in mud. 'Could you possibly expect anyone to wade through that?' 'Bedad and I don't think I could, and as yer riverence doesn't belong to these parts you may pass on!'

Long afterwards I had another police adventure. The Great War had begun, and a wave of enthusiasm

for the British cause was sweeping over Ireland; recruiting was active; everyone was on the *qui vive* for spies. One August afternoon I rode from Kilkee and inspected the Loop Head lighthouse as minutely as was possible from outside. I was to learn the following day that my movements aroused suspicion and pursuit; I escaped then because I returned by a different route. My next excursion brought me to a small harbour on the Shannon estuary. Two fishermen were busy with boats and nets. The harbour interested me and I inquired as to its safety, the use made of it, and the various depths. Noticing that answers came slowly I asked the reason. 'You're asking too many questions,' said one of the men, 'but here are the boys will answer you.' From nowhere, as it seemed, two constables suddenly appeared. 'Are you the man who inspected the lighthouse yesterday?' 'Yes, I was there.' 'How did you get away?' I told them. 'H'm, we pursued you the road you came and so missed you. What are you doing here?' 'Looking at the harbour; but why do you take so much interest in my movements?' 'Come along with us to the nearest magistrate and we'll soon let you know.' With a burst of amusement it broke on me that in their new-born zeal they and the fishermen took me for a German spy. Happily my bicycle bore my name and address, and my card confirmed it. Not very willingly did my captors relinquish their prey, but the evidence was too strong for them, and I was liberated.

To return to Kilkenny, en route for Kildare. I visited appreciatingly all the sights. This, however,

is not the place to speak of the Marquis of Ormonde's great castle overlooking the rushing Nore, or of the charm of St. Canice's Cathedral and its secluded close. These can be, and are, seen daily by all who have eyes for what is old, and what is picturesque. But the Bishop and the quaint sextoness are no more. I give them a word of remembrance. Having expounded the features of the Cathedral with a flavour that was original, the sextoness took for her theme—Bishops, past and present. I think her secret admiration went out to that bishop concerning whose book on 'Justification' I have elsewhere told a story (p. 32). 'Ah, Bishop O'Brien, he was the grand man. All the morning he'd sit in his study writing his great books, and in the afternoons you'd see him with his footmen and his splendid carriage and pair. As for this little man he's here, he's there, he's everywhere, you never know when he'll come in.' And sure enough, just as she was saying it, who should come round a pillar but the Bishop in person. He was showing the Cathedral to Professor Stokes, whose work on the Celtic and Anglo-Norman Church have shed a halo of interest round the early days of Irish Ecclesiastical History. I was rather hoping to glide unnoticed behind another pillar; cycling clothes at best are unepiscopal, and matters are not improved if they have been wet through the day before, and very badly dried. There was, however, no escaping the Bishop's quick eye and friendly greeting. I was fairly caught; but, as I went round with him, I reaped the advantage of his scholarly knowledge of the beautiful building.

Dr. Pakenham Walsh was one of the earliest Post-Disestablishment bishops. He was an eloquent preacher. His sermons on great occasions, such as the Synod Service in St. Patrick's are still remembered. He wrote well on foreign missions. I remember hearing Dr. Mahaffy at a large public meeting speak very highly of his works. His zeal for the missionary cause is fittingly reflected in his son, the first Bishop of Assam.

Kildare in those days contrasted sadly with Kilkenny. A handsome shell of a building, with service in a compartment, was what I saw in August 1888. To have got so far had meant for a small diocese effort and self-sacrifice. When the work began, after Disestablishment, all except the choir was in ruins. Mr. G. E. Street, however, reported so favourably upon the possibility of a faithful reproduction of the building, which was raised in 1229, and spoke so highly of the originality and beauty of the design, that the work of restoration was vigorously undertaken and the ' handsome shell ' of my visit in 1888 was completed at a cost of £7,000.

There seemed then no prospect whatsoever of any further progress ; but all was changed when, in 1880, Lord Plunket determined to carry the work to completion. He saw in the Cathedral an epitome of both the religious and secular history of his country.

Kildare, or the Church of the Oak, had been founded as a home for both monks and nuns, by St. Brigid, one of the three patron saints of Ireland. No one could have been more typical of her time. Force of character

and utter devotion to the poor and suffering marked her out for leadership and love. In accordance with prevailing custom she enrolled a bishop on her staff. Diocesan episcopacy did not then exist in Ireland; but then, as now, there were duties which no one but a bishop could discharge. St. Brigid allowed her bishops few liberties. One of them, influenced by a natural desire, asked leave to visit Rome. St. Brigid maintained that his activities should be confined to Kildare, and refused. Thereupon the Bishop gave himself leave. He paid dearly for his insubordination, for wolves devoured him as he crossed the mountains to take ship at Wicklow. Another bishop, not satisfied with the simple vestments used in the early Irish Church, ordered rich robes from Rome. St. Brigid, indignant at what she deemed uncalled for extravagance, cut up the costly garments into clothes for the poor. She herself, as the story shows, thought nothing ill-spent that was given to the needy, and her personal care for the sick and suffering, no matter how loathsome or dangerous the disease, was inexhaustible. Small wonder that her fame spread and her glory grew. She belonged to a Church which was soon to assert its independence in remarkable fashion. At the Council of Whitby, A.D. 664, no doctrinal points were debated. The doctrines which Protestants cannot accept had not then been promulgated. All that the Council did was to decide that Easter must be kept at the date fixed by Rome, and that monks in shaving their heads must abandon the Irish for the Roman fashion. Small as the issue seems, rather than obey, bishops and clergy

turned their backs upon the Church of Northumbria, which had been founded by their spiritual ancestor, St. Aidan, and sought instead the independence of their native Ireland. Perhaps this illustration may help to explain the heights to which the native Irish raised St. Brigid. As the Church of Rome tended more and more to the exaltation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, so did St. Brigid become enshrined in a rivalry of honour. Herein lies the explanation of her titles. She was commonly known as Mary of the Gael; by a strange hyperbole she even came to be described as the mother of our Lord. Naturally St. Brigid's, Kildare, became a very sacred shrine.

Nor was it only in connexion with religion that Kildare was noted. Its geographical position made it peculiarly liable to attack. The Danes and the Irish chieftains again and again raided and burnt. Three churches at least were destroyed before the present Cathedral was built in 1229. Till that time the Round Tower, which still stands in the grounds had afforded temporary refuge in time of stress. Bishop Ralph de Bristol, grasping the requirements of the situation, planned the new Cathedral as a fortress as well as a church, so that whenever danger threatened it became a sure refuge for the people of the neighbourhood. In this significant fact we find the explanation of the special architectural features which stirred Mr. Street both to wonder and admiration. The walls throughout terminate in battlements. More, the 'mahicolation,' usual over the entrances to a castle, is introduced right along both sides of the nave. The necessary opening

between wall and parapet is got by connecting the buttresses by bold arches which rise independently of, and apart from the walls. In this way a 'boiling welcome' was prepared for those who ventured to attack. The means of defence, however, were planned in a way which so far from lessening, greatly added to the beauty of the building. As Mr. Street says, 'the effect of this arrangement is to throw a very bold shadow over the windows, and to produce a most picturesque effect.'

The Archbishop's appeal for a shrine so rich in spiritual and historical memories, and possessed of so much architectural beauty, was rapidly successful, and the autumn of 1896 was fixed for the re-opening.

Lord Plunket had the happiness of securing Dr. Benson for the occasion. From the nature of their widespread responsibilities the English Primates have seldom been seen in Ireland. Somehow Lord Plunket prevailed on two to cross the Channel. Archbishop Tait had visited him when Bishop of Meath, and now Archbishop Benson came to visit him as Archbishop of Dublin. The prelate who had built for himself a new Cathedral when Bishop of Truro could sympathise with what had been done in revivifying the old Cathedral of Kildare.

The coming of so distinguished a guest with arrangements for meetings, sermons, social gatherings, and what developed into something like a triumphal tour through much of Ireland, laid heavy burdens on our Archbishop. Saturday, September 19, had been fixed for a public meeting in Dublin. A few days earlier

the Archbishop sent for me: 'Moore, I am overwhelmed with arrangements: will you take the organisation of the meeting entirely off my hands?' Very gladly did I consent. At Kildare Place I had a host of willing helpers ready to act as decorators and stewards. The state banners of the College, wrought for our Great Bazaar, were hung from the roof of the Metropolitan Hall, signifying that every diocese in Ireland joined in welcome. Specially chosen mottoes ran in great letters in front of the galleries. The platform was brightened with a wealth of flowers.

My first meeting with Dr. and Mrs. Benson was at Old Connaught the day before the meeting. A dinner party of twenty-four was given to local magnates, of whom there are many in Bray and its neighbourhood. The rector of the parish, the Venerable J. G. Scott, Archdeacon of Dublin, was the only other clergyman. The Archdeacon has been described by Mr. Howe as a close personal friend of the Archbishop and a true *oculus episcopi*; the diocese of Dublin owes much to his skill as a financier. Many thought that his spiritual qualities marked him out as a fitting successor to Lord Plunket in the see.

The Archbishop in introducing me to the Archbishop of Canterbury alluded to Kildare Place as the *fons et origo* of modern primary education. This at once quickened interest. Dr. Benson confessed ignorance as to Kildare Place, and asked for information. 'If your Grace,' I said, 'will honour us with a visit you will have no difficulty in verifying the Archbishop's words. In particular you will find evidence

to show that it was from us that the English National Society learned their business.'

After the guests left Mrs. Benson came up with a quizzical expression to her husband, and handed him a neatly rolled coil of twine. Gravely taking it, the Archbishop turned and said, 'My wife is such an untidy woman she never can have a piece of string, so she brings it to me, and for all purposes I produce exactly the right length.' It would seem that coils of twine have a common fascination. I remember being shown round a large country place by the owner, once a naval captain. Among his treasures was a large corner cupboard, upon whose shelves, as on the deck of a man-of-war, lay innumerable rolls of beautifully coiled string.

The evening ended for Lord Plunket and me with an hour's work in his study. He never seemed to want to go to rest. In that midnight hour the resolutions for next day's meeting took final shape.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the English Primate was received in the Metropolitan Hall the following afternoon. It is not my purpose to reproduce or even to give extracts from the great speeches and sermons which he delivered while with us. Dr. Bernard has done this fully in his published account of the visit.[1] My purpose rather is to recall some of those more intimate personal experiences which are wont to pass out of notice, though they often afford the truest insight into a great man's life.

The spontaneous warmth of his reception seemed to

[1] *Archbishop Benson in Ireland*, Macmillan, 1896.

go straight to Dr. Benson's heart. To see a great audience—every seat in the hall was filled—start to their feet and cheer till they are hoarse stirs any onlooker. How much more is this so when you are yourself the subject of the ovation. Possibly even more remarkable was the scene outside as the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson drove away after the meeting. Vast crowds, most of whom were Roman Catholics, had assembled, and it was good to hear their cheers, good, too, to see the manifest pleasure given by such a welcome to our English guests.

For Lord Plunket the meeting was memorable, indeed, to use his own word, 'unprecedented,' in many ways. Not only had his own people come in their thousands to express their appreciation of what he had done in bringing over the Archbishop of Canterbury, but Dr. Alexander now Primate also came, and there, too, were bishops from Scotland, Australia, and Africa, together with a representative of the American Church.

On Sunday Dr. Benson preached at Christ Church in the morning, and in St. Patrick's in the afternoon. In St. Patrick's robing-room after the service he was loud in his admiration of the music. 'Was it a special choir organised for the occasion?' he asked. 'No,' was the reply, 'owing to its being a vacation month the choir was only at half strength.'

Years later I happened to attend a weekday service in York Minster where there was no music. Chancing to meet the Dean afterwards I asked was it customary not to have a choral service on weekdays. 'Yes, in vacation when we have only half the choir.' 'In

St. Patrick's we manage to carry on even with half a choir.' 'Ah, well, but in York Minster we must always have the best.' Here I told what Archbishop Benson had said about our half choir. The following Sunday vacation was over and the choir full. The singing was excellent, but I saw where the Dean's difficulty lay. St. Patrick's half choir is nearly as large as the full choir of York.

On Monday the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson came to Kildare Place and gave me the opportunity of fulfilling my promise about the celebrity of the old Society. A brief inspection of the records sufficed. There lay Professor Pillan's testimony to the effect that the 'Irish schools were a hundred years before those in Scotland': there, too, was the letter of the Count De Lasteyrie, probably the foremost educational expert in Europe, in which, after a visit, he pronounced the Kildare Place Model School to be the best in the world, 'le plus bel établissement de ce genre qui existe dans le monde entier': and, what probably most impressed Dr. Benson, there, too, were letters from the English National Society consulting, commending, and thanking the Kildare Place Society for their information and their help. Our visitors then went over the College, expressing admiration for our beautiful rooms, especially for the library with its fittings all carved in Italy. From the students and the pupils they got a wonderful reception. As they left, the Archbishop shook hands again and again, and continually waved his hat in response to the parting cheers from over six hundred throats.

Next day all interest centred in Kildare. The 9.30 train from Kingsbridge was thronged. It took quite fifteen minutes to get free of the station on arrival. The three Primates were to be seen struggling vigorously through the crowd. Naturally enough the resources of a country Cathedral were not adapted for dealing promptly with such an unprecedented assembly, and it was long after time before the great procession moved out from the special robing-room which had been arranged at the west end. At Lord Plunket's request I was allotted a place among the canons, in virtue of my office; this gave full opportunity for hearing and seeing. In the procession were eight bishops, five Irish and three visitors, in addition to the three Primates. The Archbishop of Canterbury was given precedence, and walked last, beside the Dean. Armagh and Dublin were immediately in front. The throne was occupied by Lord Plunket as bishop of the diocese and he pronounced the Blessing. The English Primate sat on the north, the Irish on the south side of the chancel. The music was of the kind Dr. Benson had so much admired in Dublin, for Dr. Marchant, organist of St. Patrick's, was in charge, and had brought with him a picked choir. For the information of those interested in such matters a note or two may be added. The celebrant at the choral communion was the Rev. T. E. Winder, Succentor of St. Patrick's and subsequently Dean of Ossory. After the service he spoke, with emotion, of what it had meant to take such a part on such an occasion. Having communicated himself he administered to Lord Plunket, Lord

Plunket administered to Dr. Alexander, and the two Primates administered to Dr. Benson. The English Primate's robes were a sight in themselves. His great train was borne by pages ; when he reached the pulpit it was carefully arranged by the macebearer ; as he moved about the chancel administering he carried it himself by means of looped silken cords.

Owing to the wholly exceptional number of communicants—of the clergy alone there were 150—the service was abnormally long. It was not over till 3.15 P.M. Those with the Archbishops were to have driven for lunch to Moore Park, Lord Drogheda's residence. The late hour made this impossible. Happily the Dean and Mrs. Cowell had prepared liberally for any emergency, and they threw open their hospitable house to relay after relay of guests. I found myself in the first relay, and was set to carve for the three Archbishops. As we were making room for relay No. 2 Dr. Benson found me out, and expressed the pleasure he had derived from his visit to Kildare Place the day before.

It is a joy to look back upon the gracious impression made by our visitor on all with whom he came in contact. That afternoon his ' sunshiny gaiety ' was conspicuous. Notwithstanding the many engagements he seemed fresh ; everything must be seen. The restored Cathedral was minutely inspected and much admired, the high ladder to the door of the Round Tower was climbed, and the mouldings of the entrance arch examined. Wherever he went there was brightness, and even genial banter between him and his

brother bishops. Towards the end the three Primates joined in planting an oak on the traditional site of St. Brigid's tree. I can see them still as they stood in a triangle with outstretched arms, each grasping the trunk of the young sapling. It was a fitting tribute from the Princes of both Churches to the saint whose goodness and greatness have rung down the ages, and made Kildare famous.

On Wednesday, September 23, I met the English Primate again. He and Lord Plunket slept at Palmerston, Lord Mayo's seat, and came early to Dublin. The day was spent fulfilling various engagements, so much so that it was 5 P.M. before the party reached Old Connaught, where the guests were already assembled for a garden party. I thought both Archbishops seemed tired, longing for a rest. It was inevitable that many introductions should be made, and gracious words spoken, but so soon as the formalities could be concluded Lord Plunket quietly withdrew his visitor, and I was glad to see them passing out of sight in one of the beautiful walks.

Who could have foreseen that in little over six months both would have passed for ever out of mortal sight—passed to their great reward.

Two more incidents of the Irish visit I give, one on account of its intrinsic beauty, the other because of its permanent importance.

To his Diocesan Synod Primate Alexander thus described his parting from Archbishop Benson.

'May I be allowed to mention something which happened under my own roof on the morning when

the Primate of England left it—something which will ever make it to me a holy and a haunted spot? The time was come to say good-bye. I had received heavy tidings, and as I walked with him to the carriage I asked for his benediction. He laid his hand upon my head, and tenderly cheered me with the Aaronic benediction, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee," the while he lifted up his eyes and poured out some words of prayer and pleading. As I looked upon his earnest, hushed, and radiant face, I instinctively understood a little better that wonderful effect of prayer upon the pattern of humanity. "As he prayed the fashion of his countenance was changed." Then, as if in the Archbishop's subtlety of gentleness he would leave behind no possible impression of superiority, he took my hand and smilingly kissed the archiepiscopal ring upon it, saying, "I salute the ancient See of Armagh." Was not this in one way an epitome of his whole sojourn in Ireland? His pathway over Irish soil was like the journey of a prince rather than the progress of a prelate, but it was so because he had no ambition to satisfy, no patriarchate to extend; he simply came with open heart to speak to the hearts of Irishmen.'

Permanently important are the last words spoken by Dr. Benson before he left our shores—they were the last words he spoke in public. On the pier at Larne the Rector and many of his parishioners met him with an address. In his reply the Archbishop said, 'My visit has been to me one of the greatest possible interest and pleasure, to see the Irish Church

in the flourishing state it is ; to see the clergy and laity working together in such harmony ; and especially to see *your magnificent system of schools*, which, I assure you, we in England envy you.'

The italics are mine. They show the Archbishop's penetrating insight. He perceived that for our primary schools we had discovered a system which solved religious difficulties, and he longed for a similar fount of peace in England.

This farewell speech was made on Friday, October 9. The following Monday, as I rode to Kildare Place, I was literally stricken from my saddle by the news-posters, ' Sudden Death of Archbishop of Canterbury.' Were my eyes true ? Could it possibly be so ? He in whose company I had been daily for nearly a week—no more ! Yes, there was no mistaking the tidings—that centre of light and brightness was gone beyond recall.

Lord Plunket attended and took part in the funeral service. He told me that Mrs. Benson sent her son to assure him that so far from thinking the Irish visit had shortened the Archbishop's life, she looked back on it with gratitude—he had come away in health and vigour and full of gladness of heart.

Some days later the Archbishop called to say he wanted my help as honorary secretary in raising a memorial to Dr. Benson ; with me would be Sir James Creed Meredith, who in those days occupied the prominent part in Church affairs so ably filled now by Mr. J. A. Maconchy. The memorial took the form of a large stained glass window for the west end of

Kildare Cathedral. In the three great lights scenes are given from the lives of St. Brigid, St. Patrick, and St. Columba, our three patron saints.

In addition there is a specially touching memorial, which the cathedral owes to the Dean and Mrs. Cowell. The oak which the three hands held that festive day pined and died, as though mourning for two of them. The stem carefully treated and richly mounted, has been shaped into a Verge. A suitable inscription tells for all time of those three who grasped it together.

Farewells and memorials to Lord Plunket followed close on those to Archbishop Benson. Before turning to that sad theme I record in the words of Archdeacon Lindsay his last memorable public appearance on December 28, 1896.

'A great meeting was held at the Mansion House to express the opinion of the citizens of Dublin on a question which was then agitating the public mind, the financial relations of England and Ireland, at which I was present. Most of those in the hall were Roman Catholics. There were many Roman priests and National M.P.'s, Redmond, Dillon, Healy, and lesser lights of that party. The Roman Catholic Archbishop sat on one side of the Lord Mayor, Lord Plunket on the other. Eloquent and powerful speeches were made, all warmly received. But there was no doubt as to which speaker was greeted with the most cordial cheers, which made the most telling and reasoned address, which best held the attention of the audience, and which sat down with the most enthusiastic and

rapturous applause. On that occasion as on all others Lord Plunket's dignified yet gracious bearing, his beautifully clear sonorous voice and distinct articulation enforced respectful attention, while he possessed in a high degree the orator's skill to put himself *en rapport* with his hearers, to ingratiate himself with them, and to carry them with him as he developed his argument.'[1]

Early in 1897 the Archbishop took ill. At first there was no apprehension, but as the illness dragged on anxiety grew. On St. Patrick's Day there came to me a telegram from the private secretary telling of an unfavourable change. It was heart-breaking. Each day after, the news at the Palace grew worse and worse. As the end neared he expressed a wish to see me. Somehow the message did not reach me till he had become unconscious. It has been a life-long sorrow not to have heard his farewell words, not to have received his parting benediction. On April 1 the blinds at the Palace were drawn. The scenes at the funeral have had no parallel in the case of a Church of Ireland prelate. Somehow he had reached the hearts of the people. From the Palace to St. Patrick's, and from St. Patrick's to Mount Jerome large bodies of police mounted guard, a necessary precaution, for crowds lined the whole route. At Lady Plunket's funeral the Kildare Place men students had walked in procession, and the women students sang at the grave. He wrote me a tender letter saying how he had been comforted by their hymn. Similar loving tributes were ours as he himself passed to be with her, and in

[1] *Some Archbishops of Dublin*, p. 22.

addition our men formed a guard of honour at Mount Jerome. Their assistance was helpful in keeping space for the chief mourners, for the whole cemetery was thronged. The address in St. Patrick's was given by Primate Alexander. Belonging to somewhat different schools, the two had sometimes differed, but latterly they had drawn close together. 'That good Primate,' said Lord Plunket to me not long before his last illness, 'used sometimes to embarrass me but now we have no differences.' Beautifully did the Primate say of him in an address which was all beautiful: 'We think of him as a noble Archbishop, a humble Christian, a man full of sympathy for sickness, sorrow, and suffering, who stopped to wash every foot that was stained with earth's dust and to heal every foot that was stabbed with earth's thorns.'

Five years later, in April 1901, the representatives of ecclesiastical, political, and civic life met in Kildare Place in testimony of the abiding hold Lord Plunket had established in the affections and regard of all.

Many years before, in Manchester, on seeing the statue of Bishop Frazer, I said to myself 'Never in Ireland shall we see a statue to a Church of Ireland Bishop.' I was wrong. That day Hamo Thornycroft's noble statue was unveiled by the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Cadogan ; the chair on the platform was taken by Lord Plunket's successor, Archbishop Peacocke, and the Lord Mayor and Corporation came in state to do honour to the memory of a great Irishman.

The statue was a tribute from the public in which

Nonconformists and Roman Catholics joined. The special Church Memorial took the form of the new front to the Training College which looks upon Kildare Place and the Archbishop's statue. The inscription, written by Dr. Peacocke, is as follows :

'The front of this building has been erected by Members of the Church of Ireland as a Memorial of the Most Reverend William Conyngham, Baron Plunket, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, to commemorate an Episcopate distinguished by a lofty standard of duty, by a broad Christian sympathy and by unsparing devotion to the interests of the Church which he loved and served.—Nearly one-third of the cost was provided by former students of this College which in great measure owes its establishment and success to his wise foresight and able management.'

In addition, one of the College quadrangles was named 'The Plunket Quadrangle'; above it are the Plunket arms carved in stone.

CHAPTER XV

ROYAL WELCOMES

Queen Victoria.
King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.
King George V and Queen Mary.

As we look back to-day from the freedom we enjoy to manage, or mismanage, our own affairs, back to the days when British rulers, distraught by politics and party, were blundering in our isle, it is pleasant to recall the enthusiasm with which our monarchs were welcomed when they came to visit Ireland in 1900, 1903, and 1911.

Touched by the heroism of her Irish soldiers in the Boer War, Queen Victoria decided to visit Ireland in April 1900. At her great age, she was then eighty, it was a formidable undertaking, and there were many voices raised in friendly opposition. But the Queen was firm, and the splendid receptions which awaited her everywhere more than justified her resolve. The entry took place on April 4. The morning papers outdid themselves in describing the arrival at Kingstown on the 3rd—everything *en fête*—the fleet brilliantly illuminated, showing the shamrock in prominence—dense, cheering crowds thronging the shores.

At the entrance to the city, for which Leeson Street Bridge was chosen, a picturesque gateway had been

erected to the design of Sir T. Drew. There, from the grand stand, I had full view of the Queen, with the Princesses Christian and Beatrice. As the Lord Mayor presented the keys her Majesty looked well, even vigorous; she was manifestly gratified by the tremendous bursts of cheering which came from the crowds.

My next view of the Queen was on a quieter scale. When she and the Prince Consort came to visit the Great Exhibition in 1853 they drove out to Mountainville, where Dargan, the inspirer of the exhibition, lived. The Queen desired to revisit his house, which is now a convent. Cedar Mount, our home, lies on the opposite side of the road, and we were invited to help with 'God save the Queen.' The decorations which awoke in our quiet neighbourhood that day astonished everyone; in particular, the avenue of the convent showed floral garlands right along both sides. As the carriage drew up at the steps a bouquet was accepted from one of the pupils, and we were able to see the pleasure with which the Queen recognised, in the hands of the Mother Superior, the tea cups from which she and the Prince had drunk tea nearly fifty years before.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra came early to their Irish subjects. There was a great entry on July 21, 1903. Wherever they went dense cheering crowds and lavish decorations awaited them. The city illuminations were very striking, the Bank of Ireland especially being a dream of beauty. My party viewed the sights from the top of a tram. Such was

the press that it took exactly an hour to move from Dawson Street to Westmoreland Street, and this though there was no bustling or crushing, for the demeanour of the people was perfect.

I shall perhaps best interest my readers if, instead of general descriptions of various events, I give a somewhat detailed account of the presentation of addresses at the Castle. The address from the Training College was entrusted to the Recorder and me. We reached the Lower Castle Yard in good time and quickly found our appointed place. In front of us were the Duke of Abercorn and Sir J. C. Meredith representing the Freemasons, just behind the Dean of St. Patrick's, and W. G. Brooke for Alexandra College. As we entered, those whose addresses were in cases were chagrined at having to leave their cases behind, and they found to their discomfort that the address was not 'in form' unless tied with ribbon. Ours with the College colours, blue and gold, was envied.

By about 11 we reached the State Rooms, where we were joined by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Ashbourne. He told a story of a levee goer who appeared in trousers which he tried to hide. A pompous aide-de-camp, discovering the anomaly, thundered, 'Trousers are not allowed here, sir,' to which the offender with inimitable sang-froid rejoined in a stage whisper, 'If you'll give me a private room I'll take them off.'

There followed a good deal of chaff on the subject of dress. The Duke began it by ostentatiously adjusting a tape which obtruded at the back of Lord Ashbourne's

neck. 'I'll do as much for you when you're Lord Chancellor,' was the somewhat blunt thank you he received; he took revenge by 'putting it to the jury' to decide whether Lord Ashbourne or the Recorder showed the better leg. When it was given against the Chancellor, he playfully suggested that perhaps art had something to do with the Recorder's fine form.

Then came badinage about the exact shapes and proper gold lacings of the cuffs and collars the high functionaries should wear. An elderly Knight of St. Patrick's acknowledged his coat was fifteen years old, and said he had no intention of wasting money in reorganising it, Lord Ashbourne's gown looked even older. The Duke, who wore his garter, oscillated between a tendency to maintain the duty of dressing according to status, and a contempt for expenditure on the gew-gaws of costume. I suspect they had not realised King Edward's extraordinarily keen eye for all matters sartorial. Sir Almeric Fitzroy in his memoirs is illuminating on this subject. The sculptor, Bruce Joy, told me that the King in approving the bust he had executed said, 'You are the only artist who has been absolutely correct as to my dress and decorations.'

From the windows we had a good view of the magnificent entry of the King and his body-guard into the Upper Castle Yard. 'Nothing like that could be carried out at St. James's,' said the Recorder. 'I'm in the habit of telling them that,' said Lord Ashbourne, 'and I'll go on after this.'

Our addresses were received by the King and Queen in St. Patrick's Hall. Both looked their best. They

seemed in excellent spirits, bowing in the kindest way to each as he passed. There were not a few little comicalities, which lightened the gravity ; many forgot to bow to the Queen ; many did not excel in bowing to either ; one was passing without handing his address, but the King stopped and dexterously caught it from him.

The King's reply was admirably spoken, and made a most excellent impression.

After the addresses the Queen drove to Alexandra College. She had asked to have twenty of the students presented ; my daughter was one of the chosen, and her mother had the pleasure of seeing her receive from the Queen's hand a handsomely bound copy of ' Lavengro.'

In July 1911 came King George V and Queen Mary. In many ways theirs was the most imposing and elaborate of the three visits. In the banqueting hall there were seven stands of the Royal Gold Plate ; all through the Castle the Beef Eaters formed an imposing guard. The ceremonial at the presentation of addresses was much more formal ; those presenting knelt on one knee to hand the address, to receive the reply, and to kiss hands. Very strange were many of the attempts at homage ; throughout the King and Queen were delightful, smiling and gracious and royal.

The city as if recognising that the occasion called for special greetings, excelled itself. Never before had there been decorations so extensive, or so well designed. To give a single instance, Fitzwilliam Place from end to end showed a well-planned scheme in which flags

and coloured garlands were combined with telling results. One of the chief events was the opening of the new College of Science, a very handsome pile of buildings. The function was well thought out, and very interesting. While we waited the Guards Band played ; when the King and Queen came the Chief Secretary, Mr. Birrell, made the presentations, with a grand air. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. T. M. Deane, our architect at Kildare Place, suddenly transformed into a knight. He told me that he knew nothing about it until on being presented, as joint architect of the new College, he was bidden to kneel, and rose as Sir Thomas Deane.

The Garden Party at the Viceregal Lodge was on a grand scale, as had been King Edward's. As the King moved among his guests in ordinary morning dress it was easy to understand why he, alone of European Monarchs, did not shrink from appearing in mufti. King George's entertainment was quite on the same level as his father's. An interesting incident illustrated the King's thoughtful kindness. Hearing that the last survivor from the loss of the *Birkenhead* was present, he ordered him to be summoned. The veteran sat in a bath chair at the bottom of a steep grass slope. Immediately the chair was put at the sloping ground ; but on that brilliant summer day the grass was slippery as ice ; those who were pushing slipped and the chair rolled back. Then a friendly giant lifted the invalid in his arms to carry him ; he had scarcely begun the ascent when we were horrified to see him slip, totter, and fall. Happily, neither he

nor his burden were injured. Then we planned a joint effort. Again the giant took the veteran in his arms. When he reached the slope some held his feet firm, as he placed them, some gently pushed, and I tugged from above. Thus triumphantly the slippery grass was conquered, and the invalid was restored to his chair at the top. Presently the King and Queen, with the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary came and halted close to where we stood. Gravely and kindly the King spoke for four or five minutes to the old soldier. As the heat of the sun was intense he bade him put on his hat, and when he demurred had an umbrella held over his head. After the King, the Queen and Princess Mary, and finally the Prince, all talked a while to the delighted old man ; he would have precious memories to recount for the rest of his days.

As we drove back the crowds were immense. Perhaps they might catch a glimpse of their Majesties ; at any rate there were decorations everywhere to be seen. In all respects the reception given to the royal visitors was wonderful, and very deeply did they appear to value the greetings of their Irish people.

Pleasant it is, as has been said, to look back on these royal welcomes. And it is also pleasant to be able to believe that, if an invitation for another visit should be given by our rulers, an equally warm welcome would await our King and Queen.

CHAPTER XVI

THE INNER HISTORY OF SOME NOTABLE MOVEMENTS

THE AUXILIARY FUND AND LORD JUSTICE FITZGIBBON

Twentieth Century Funds—Why is the Irish Church behind?—The Bishops not leaders—Primate Alexander—Archbishop Peacocke—Wanted, assurance of success—Clerical incomes affected—Need for Special Fund—How the Auxiliary Fund was launched—£250,000 asked—Great meetings—Final success—Lord Justice FitzGibbon's zeal—Tribute by Primate Alexander—His death.

With the quiver of novelty which ran round the world as we stepped from the nineteenth into the twentieth century, there came a general desire to mark the transition in some permanent way. Twentieth Century Funds arose, and found valuable employment in many directions; but somehow the Church of Ireland lagged.

The year 1900 passed, 1901 passed, 1902 passed; there was much talk but no action. Men kept asking for a leader; no leader appeared. The May of 1903 had been reached before movement began. 'Why is our Church behind the others in this matter?' said a prominent Government official to me. I questioned him as to prospects of success, and received an assurance, fully justified by future results, which made me feel that something must be done and done promptly.

Before entering on what followed, an attempt may be

made to answer the question, 'Why is our Church behind?' To say that we are waiting for the bishops to stir is not enough. Why did they not stir?

At no time has leadership been a marked characteristic of our bishops. A notable exception was Lord Plunket; he led the Irish Church in healing the educational schism which had cleft it into parties for the previous fifty years; he led the Anglican communion in its recognition of the Reformers in Spain. But for the most part our bishops have been of the nature of good parochial clergymen, whose training led them to emphasise first the parish, and then the diocese, at the expense of issues, such as education, which concerned the whole Church rather than a part.

The Primate was Dr. Alexander, highly respected and admired as perhaps the greatest living pulpit orator. In the previous April, though eighty years of age, his opening address had held the General Synod spellbound for an hour. But the Primate had not been conspicuous as an organiser. Very keenly had he felt the blow of Disestablishment. He thus spoke of it to the General Synod of 1905: 'It happened to him who now addresses you, to speak feebly from red benches and to see the peers "playing at statesmanship" (as our great Archbishop Magee said). I can never forget the summer night just after the division when I reeled out into the cool air, almost hearing the crash of a great building.'

In the work of reconstruction he took small part, so much so that, when at last his ample form was seen

again in counsel, ' Here is our prodigal returned,' said Archbishop Trench. ' At any rate he has not wasted his substance,' replied the attenuated Bishop Fitz-Gerald. Anent the Primate's great size and unlimited circumference, a quaint story comes from Derry, where the streets are steep and in time of frost most dangerous. Venturing forth one winter day the Bishop (he was Bishop of Derry at the time) slipped and fell. As he lay mountainous, half stunned, an old woman rushing to his aid hoped his lordship was not hurt. ' I fear I am,' came the quavering reply, ' in the small of my back.' ' Glory be to God, where might that be ? ' was her astonished exclamation.

The Archbishop of Dublin was Dr. Peacocke. No fairer ruler ever occupied the see. His addresses were often beautiful and always capable. He could rise to an occasion well. I called at the end of the week before the General Synod of 1904, hoping for his support in an important matter. He was sympathetic, but could undertake no further synod work. ' I have heard from the Primate, he is ill and I must occupy his place. I have not slept all night thinking what to do about the address.' Short as the notice was, and much as it weighed upon him, the address he gave was admirable.

As an administrator along set lines Dr. Peacocke excelled ; but he did not initiate. I sat under him at innumerable meetings of boards and committees, always admiring his strict impartiality, often wishing he would do more than guide the proposals of others. His general attitude may perhaps be gauged from the

pleasure he expressed at the choice of his successor, when he left Monkstown parish, 'I am delighted at the selection made, D—— will alter nothing.' At a sub-committee I once heard Lord Justice FitzGibbon, his chancellor, thus describe him. 'I have noticed that the Archbishop is slow to take a point, and not quick at decision, but, when he does decide, mostly right and always immovable.' Perhaps the best summary of his public character is his own, given in one of the last speeches he made. 'I am a very cautious man.' This rather excessive caution led to his seeming shy and reserved to those who approached him on ordinary matters. But he had another side. Sometimes in his holidays I had drives with him and I always found him full of geniality and kindness. He possessed a stock of good stories which he told exceedingly well.

Among the other bishops there were outstanding figures, such as the versatile Dr. Crozier, afterwards Primate, the eloquent Dr. Chadwick, and the venerable Dr. Elliott who sometimes got so far as to complain of the difficulty of moving the Bench. I once heard him describe his brother bishops as 'an obstructive lot.' But neither he nor any of the others were in the least likely to stir, of their own accord, on behalf of a Twentieth Century Fund, and it had become plain that the Archbishops would not lead, unless by some means they could be assured of success.

The best means of giving this assurance seemed to consist in securing promises of support from prominent churchmen, clerical and lay. As it happened,

the circumstances of the time made plain the object for which a fund was required. The incomes of the clergy were slender ; as many as 300 incumbents were receiving less than £200 a year ; and yet, small as was the remuneration, it was in danger of serious reduction ; already some reduction had been necessary. For every reason such a calamity would have been deplorable, but there was one great outstanding fact which made it to the lay mind intolerable.

When Mr. Gladstone disendowed the Church he was prepared to pay to the existing clergy their full salaries, so long as they lived and worked. But, said he, in effect, if the clergy are willing to trust a body elected by their Church, I shall hand over a capital sum sufficient, *if properly managed*, to pay for life the incomes of those at present in Holy Orders. As a whole the clergy accepted this offer, and exchanged the certainty of the British Treasury for the uncertainty of an untried body of more or less amateur financiers. So ably did these new financiers, known as the Representative Body of the Church, use the capital sum with which they were entrusted, that for the first thirty years the interest brought by their investments had sufficed to pay in full all claims. But with the opening of the new century political and other changes began to make it increasingly difficult to obtain interest at a rate sufficiently high. The small reduction alluded to above had sounded a warning which could not be mistaken.

Laymen were beginning to ask themselves what steps must be taken to avoid a cutting down of clerical incomes. The clergy had made a great venture of

faith whose prudence many questioned, but whose courage all admired. The thought that they had been mistaken in their trust was therefore intolerable.

Manifestly, the work for a Twentieth Century Fund was an effort to raise a capital sum whose interest would suffice to make good any deficiencies which the circumstances of the time might cause.

The result of the effort which these circumstances inspired has been of such permanent benefit to the Church that it is worth while to trace the steps which led to its public inauguration.

I began by laying my thoughts before the Archbishop. At first he declined to sanction anything apart from the Bench of Bishops ; but, when I urged that it was advisable to stimulate the bishops by outside assurances of support, he agreed to my putting my views in writing and promised to consider them.

Having drawn up an appeal for a capital sum, I started with it for Lord Justice FitzGibbon's house. At the corner of Merrion Square I met him, and we drove to Ely Place. He glanced at the appeal there, pronounced it ' a good thing,' and kept it for careful study.

Thus encouraged I set to work, and within a week was able to bring the Archbishop such evidence of certain support as won from him an undertaking to put the appeal before the bishops, at a meeting fixed for June 17. He approved of the exertions which had secured so large a measure of support in so short a time, but did not entertain hope of favourable results. Following up this line of action by means of personal

visits and letters, I got upwards of fifty of the most influential churchmen, clerical and lay, to sign the appeal, and to request the bishops to move. Every bishop was then informed by a letter of what had been done, and furnished with a copy of the documents.

In this way all was made ready for the 17th. Early on the 18th, Dr. Paterson Smyth, then Professor of Pastoral Theology, left a card at Kildare Place, ' To congratulate you that the bishops have taken up your proposal.'

It might be supposed that a movement launched with such substantial assurance of support would be pushed forward rapidly. But this was not to be. The bishops contented themselves with proposing an appeal in the autumn. Autumn came, no appeal was issued. The bishops preferred that the Representative Body should do the organising. That august body got an appeal circular ready at the beginning of 1904. By April the bishops had prepared a pastoral letter to go with the circular, and to be read from every pulpit. It took nearly a year from its inception to place the appeal before the Church.

The sum appealed for was £250,000, to form an ' Auxiliary Fund,' by whose interest deficiencies of all kinds might be made good.

In order to bring the need more fully before the public than was possible by circulars and pastorals, two great meetings were arranged for the beginning of June. They were held in the Metropolitan Hall, where the ' Convention ' met and framed the Constitution of the Disestablished Church in 1870, and they owed much

to the organising ability of the Very Rev. R. G. M. Webster, Dean of the Chapel Royal. The decorations were carried out by the Training College. Again the banners of the dioceses hung from the roof. Hundreds of school children and students made friendly raids for daisies and buttercups. Endless white chains and festoons of daisies, lit by bunches of the golden cups resulted. Lilac and laburnum given in quantities completed a scheme eloquent of spring.

Great speeches were made at both meetings, and large donations ranging up to one of £1,000 were announced.

At the second meeting, Canon O'Connor, whose remarkable eloquence is too little remembered, carried all before him. At the first, Lord Justice FitzGibbon in one of his greatest speeches, put the whole situation before the Church, with a clearness and vigour which ensured the success of the Fund. Taking as his theme St. Paul's appeal to the Corinthians, which I have heard him describe as 'the best charity sermon ever preached,' he stored the minds of his hearers with the facts and stirred their hearts to the duty of a splendid response.

There is no need to follow in further detail the steady growth of the Fund thus hopefully brought into existence. To raise a quarter of a million needed time; there were periods when those entrusted with the work might have moved faster, but always there were at hand means of ensuring quickened motion. The speeches at the great meetings were printed and widely distributed; at the various synods care was taken to

keep the interest alive ; there were more public meetings ; and everywhere parochial meetings were held—in my own parish, Dundrum, a donation of £500 came from such a meeting ! Through all, the great personality of Lord Justice FitzGibbon kindled and inspired. Finally, the Fund reached a total of £297,392.[1]

I conclude this account of the Fund whose success stands as an imperishable memorial to the exertions of the Lord Justice, by a brief account of his last public work and his memorial in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Devotion to his Church and to Trinity College were the outstanding features of his life. He wore out his last years in a gigantic self-imposed task for both. Believing that the permanent connexion of the Divinity School with the University was of vital importance alike for Trinity College and the Church, he spent all his leisure, night and day, in tracing the careers of those who had been educated in the School. As a single illustration of what he did, an inquiry has brought from his son, Mr. Justice FitzGibbon, the astounding fact that he read through Crockford's great clerical directory no less than three times, in pursuit of the information he sought. The evidence thus laboriously obtained was poured out torrentially before the Commission then dealing with the affairs of Trinity College. Such a *tour de force* became a nine days' wonder in the clubs, and was probably the chief factor in the permanent settlement, good alike for Church and College, which was finally reached. I quote an extract from the splendid eulogium on the evidence

[1] See Report of Representative Body, 1922.

and its result which I heard Primate Alexander deliver to the General Synod.

'My object is to express, however feebly, the debt which is due to Lord Justice FitzGibbon. His argument is an immense and glorious work of fine intelligence. The structure of his argument is like that of a palace with long, majestic lines. Every brick in the structure has been carefully rung before it was laid. . . .

'Method has been defined as the aptest position of a number of topics which can be referred to a common centre. Lord Justice FitzGibbon's mind, which is capable of following all this method, is a great mind; but the recollection that all this was done for a Church, poor and weak as the world counts it, shows that he possessed more than a great mind—a great heart.'

The Lord Justice died in October 1909. The following lines which appeared in the Press express something of the universal feeling:

He is gone home whose greatness all revered
Splendid in counsel, in his speech supreme,
In labours inexhaustible; he steered
No course for self, but down life's toilsome stream
Fared zealously, and, scornful of his rest,
To all who sought a champion gave—his best.

He has gone home! we heard, and hearts stood still—
'The last great Irishman,' and everywhere
Men planned for him a nation's funeral.
But hark! once more he speaks, 'My friends forbear:
Always I loved your presence while I trod
Earth's paths, forgive me! Now I turn to God.'

Immediately after the funeral I wrote to the Archbishop urging a Church memorial. His reply was to

ask me to undertake the work of organisation. In this I was joined by Mr. (afterwards Judge) Samuels, and an influential committee with the Venerable Robert Walsh and Sir J. C. Meredith as honorary treasurers. It was decided to place his statue in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and memories of the Berkeley Memorial led to the selection of Mr. Bruce Joy, R.A., as sculptor. No difficulty was experienced in raising the necessary funds, but there was protracted delay about the statue, largely owing to a strange accident. Bruce Joy was painting in the woods of Fontainebleau while a youth was deer stalking. Something in the sculptor's head-gear suggested antlers, and the rattle of his implements transformed him into a startled stag. The youth fired, with results that paralysed all work for months.

At last, in May 1914, the statue was ready, but we suffered a severe disappointment in connexion with the unveiling. When originally the motion for the memorial came before the Synod, a distinguished mover and seconder had been arranged, but quite suddenly I found the whole task mine. For the unveiling Lord Rathmore had consented to deliver the speech. Illness intervened, and the committee pressed on me the duty of taking his place. What a position! To stand instead of the most polished orator in the Parliament of England, and speak on the greatness of our most persuasively eloquent Irish debater! In my difficulty I gathered what I attempted to say round three incidents typical of the Lord Justice's devotion to the Masonic Schools, of his indefatigable industry, and of his sway over an assembly.

On the night of his daughter's wedding he caused cake to be parcelled for every pupil in the Masonic Girls' School—he knew them all by name. With the cake he went to Ballsbridge, and going round, accompanied by the matron, himself put a packet under every sleeper's head.

Cycling over Mount Street Bridge about 7 one spring morning I saw the Lord Justice coming towards me with a large parcel under his arm. 'What in the world brings you out at this hour?' was my astonished inquiry. 'Well,' he said, 'I examine the papers of the Girls' School for a prize; I sat up all night at the work, and now I'm bringing them the results.'

In the Dublin Synod, one of many attacks was being made on the Divinity School of Trinity College. Things looked awkward for the professors whose defence failed to satisfy. The Lord Justice came in when a hostile division seemed certain. 'What's up?' he said, sitting down beside me. I gave him a sketch of the position. Scarcely had I finished when he rose and so spoke that the Synod came right round and gave an emphatic verdict for the School.

How I worked these points at the unveiling it is not in my power to say. Certainly I felt how different it all was from what might have been expected. To some extent I was reassured next day. At the Standing Committee, a note from one of the leading laymen of the Church was passed down the table, 'Hearty congratulations on your speech yesterday, it was admirable, not a word too little or too much, and all most interesting.'

CHAPTER XVII

INNER HISTORY OF SOME NOTABLE MOVEMENTS

II

DEFENDING THE SCHOOLS OF THE MINORITY

National Board Reforms—The Church's policy for small schools —Sudden danger, no school under twenty-five pupils to be accepted —Consternation—Motion in General Synod—Change denounced, futile defence of Commissioners—Lord Justice FitzGibbon's indictment—'A bargain with the Treasury blown up'—Fresh danger, schools under thirty to be suppressed—Resistance—Provost Traill —Deputation to Mr. Birrell—Assistance of Mr. J. H. Campbell— Success of deputation—'General' Booth.

I

With the opening of the century sweeping reforms were introduced by the National Board. For the student of education it would be interesting and instructive to deal with the storms of opposition they aroused, and to follow their chequered history and fate. But for the general reader it will suffice to speak only of one of the reforms which, though unopposed, led to much public heart searching; I refer to the large increase in the salaries paid to the teachers of small schools. The support of schools for the minority, whether Roman Catholics in the North, or Protestants in the South, is a vital matter. The successful exertions of the Church of Ireland on behalf of her scattered children and their schools have been already described.[1]

[1] See chaps. viii. and ix.

When the Education Act of 1892 definitely established the right of schools with an attendance of only ten pupils to State aid, we felt secure.

But while we put forward unhesitatingly the claim of such schools to exist, and receive adequate remuneration, we never asked that those who taught ten or fifteen children should receive salaries like those of teachers in large schools.

Very great, then, was the astonishment when we found that the new reforms proposed this method of payment. In general terms it meant for small schools fixed and increasing salaries which would add largely to the incomes, and remove the uncertainty of depending, as hitherto, on capitation grants.

Naturally for the teachers' sake the change was welcomed; but it was immediately foreseen that the increased cost of the small school would make the Treasury restive.

The danger was not long in breaking. In the week before the meeting of the General Synod of 1900, I was startled by a letter from a rector in the county of Wicklow saying that his school had been refused connexion with the National Board 'because it had not an average of *twenty-five*.'

Foreseeing the disastrous results which must ensue should such a policy prevail, I asked the rector to bring me the official letter, and to prepare a statement of the facts. He came on Friday with the letter, which was signed in the usual official way by the Secretary; he made it plain that his school, though unable to

muster an average of twenty-five, would have over twenty in attendance.

Saturday was spent in organising. Thirteen visits were paid, including the Archbishop, the Recorder, who received me before he left his bedroom, W. G. Brooke, and Lord Justice FitzGibbon. All recognised the seriousness of the situation, and the Lord Justice drew up a resolution, of which I gave notice for Tuesday, the opening day of the Synod. The resolution bluntly branded the action of the Board, conveyed in the Secretary's letter, as a violation of the Education Act of 1892, and called upon the Standing Committee to take the necessary steps for safeguarding the Church.

The debate came on before a house full charged with interest, not to say excitement. I gathered beforehand that the Irish Church members of the National Board who were present were markedly uncomfortable, and I rose to my work encouraged by the prospect of success. In a somewhat lengthy speech, fully reported next day, I recalled the exertions of the Church for the small schools ; I acknowledged the benefits of the proposed changes to existing schools, but I repudiated the right of the Board to refuse admission in future, unless an average of twenty-five could be shown. Mr. Bagwell, the historian, seconded the motion, and it was supported by the Recorder, Dean Dickinson and many others.

The defence offered by our Church of Ireland Commissioners was curious and, as events were to prove, unfortunate. They dwelt on the benefits to existing schools, which nobody had questioned, and stated, with reference to the case in point, that the Secretary's

letter was unauthorised and therefore unofficial. The result, so far as they were concerned, was overwhelming. When my motion was put to the House, no voice was raised against it; moreover, the Synod added a rider directing the Standing Committee to meet at the earliest opportunity to give effect to the vote.

Among many others, Judge Madden came to me afterwards with congratulations. As Attorney-General he had greatly helped in our parliamentary struggle for the small schools. This gave weight to his words when he said the motion dealt with one of the most important matters which had been brought before the Synod for years.

The following Saturday was fixed for the meeting of the Standing Committee. Lord Justice FitzGibbon undertook to prepare a statement, and I supplied him with all necessary documents. Soon after 9 A.M. on Saturday I was with him, and had the pleasure of enjoying the vigorous way in which he had presented the case. Together we walked to the Synod Hall. Sharp at 10 the Bishops' room, where in those days the Committee met, filled up. Never before or since have I seen so large a meeting. Only one of the Irish Church Commissioners of National Education, a bishop, was a member ; his courage did not fail him ; on the contrary he complained that the Synod had been led to make much ado about a letter which actually was unofficial, and he stated that before the debate I had been told this by him. Lord Justice FitzGibbon quickly demolished this position. It was to him, not to me, the bishop had described the letter as unofficial ;

of course he believed the bishop, but he believed also that the bishop had been purposely misled. The Recorder with warmth maintained that the whole Church should be grateful for the prompt way in which the matter had been handled. In the end Lord Justice Holmes summed up dispassionately. He joined in the denunciation of the National Board for violating the Act of 1892, and refused to believe the Secretary's letter was 'unofficial.' 'I shall continue to refuse,' he said, 'until I have an opportunity of cross-examining the gentleman who told the bishop that story.' When the Lord Justice concluded the vote was taken. Lord Justice FitzGibbon's indictment was enthusiastically adopted and forwarded to the National Board. No one voted with the bishop.

There were two sequels to these happenings: Within a fortnight the Wicklow School was accepted; a few weeks later, at a private dinner party, one of the members of the National Board assured me that the Secretary's letter was 'certainly official'; it represented a bargain which had been struck with the Treasury; my resolution in the Synod 'blew the whole thing up.'

II

For the next eight years the small schools were left in peace. Most people had forgotten their danger and rescue, when suddenly, early in 1908, we were startled by confidential intelligence to the effect that the Treasury had again become restive, and desired the National Board to suppress all schools whose

attendance was under thirty! In Southern Ireland this would mean the loss of half our total number of schools. Instantly we were stirred into resistance, and we soon found that this time we should have energetic support from some of our own Commissioners. Provost Traill in particular urged and inspired energetic action. His is a name which in many quarters deserves to be held in lasting honour. To him the clergy owe the superannuation scheme, which has solved so many difficulties for them and their parishes; to him and his unhesitating courage many an organisation owes its present prosperity. Working with him, and ably helped by the present Registrar, Mr. A. L. B. Moore, I had the pleasure of taking part in the reawakening of the Erasmus Smith Board, one of whose results has been the great success of the High School, Dublin.

To carry forward the small schools campaign a sub-committee was appointed with myself as honorary secretary. At Greystones I spent an afternoon with Mr. J. H. Campbell, now Lord Glenavy. He was hopeful, and promised all possible help, a promise which he kept. A deputation to the Chief Secretary, Mr. Birrell, was organised. General approval of our efforts was everywhere expressed, and the time was auspicious, for the Lambeth Conference was in session, and our bishops, already in London, were available. Mr. Campbell and I reached London on July 27, and spent most of the day in consultation; at his suggestion I had drafted in outline speeches for him and the Archbishop which he approved. But

where was the Chief Secretary ? No answer had come from him ; what were we to do ?

After various inquiries we succeeded in tracing Mr. Birrell ; he was at Chelsea, nursing an injured limb. J. H. Campbell thought we must rest on our oars, I pleaded for movement. I would drive out to Chelsea if he approved, or should I first work the Irish Office ? He agreed to trying the Irish Office. There I found a friend at the helm, he put me into telephonic communication with Mrs. Birrell, and she induced her husband to fix July 29 for receiving our deputation.

Soon after 4 we assembled on the Terrace where Mr. Campbell entertained us at tea. The bishops, with the Archbishop as chief spokesman, were well represented ; the Provost was there and the Dean of the Chapel Royal. Mr. Walter Long introduced us.

With regard to my three speeches, I say nothing of the one delivered by myself, except that I succeeded in unloading my facts. The other two, as transmuted by the brains of the Archbishop and Mr. Campbell, I enjoyed ; and I thought what the Provost said was most helpful.

It is satisfactory to be able to say that the deputation was entirely successful. The Chief Secretary gave us verbal assurances, subsequently confirmed by letter, which made any further deputations on behalf of our schools unnecessary.

A picturesque incident lit up our departure. As we went down a long corridor, the figure of a really splendid old man in uniform was seen walking grandly

towards us. None of us knew him, but he had no intention of passing unrecognised. Saluting first the group of bishops he said, ' I am sure you would like to shake hands with General Booth.' Each episcopal hand was grasped, and so with us all ; and then he passed on magnificently, with a blessing.

CHAPTER XVIII

INNER HISTORY OF SOME NOTABLE MOVEMENTS

III

THE CENTRAL EMERGENCY FUND

The Great War—Rising prices—Clerical distress—Irish laymen plan relief—Minimum stipend—Central Emergency Fund organised —Appeals by Laymen—Distribution Committee—The Lord Chancellor at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

AMONG the many illustrations of the devotion of Irish laymen to their Church, the Central Emergency Fund is conspicuous, both on account of the occasion which inspired it, and the generous way in which it was worked.

As the Great War dragged on, the inevitable rise in prices followed, and it became painfully evident that in the households of numbers of the clergy there was acute distress. The severest privation was being faced uncomplainingly; it seemed only too probable that, unless relief could be planned, starvation must ensue.

As I write—January 1930—I find in a daily paper the following account of clerical distress in England. 'The position of many clergyman in the Church of England was brought very forcibly to the notice of the public to-day, when it was stated that the Rector of L—— had been obliged to go to the local infirmary

for hospital treatment, while his wife and large family had to be given outdoor relief.'

In loyal determination that nothing so discreditable should happen to their clergy, Irish laymen planned the Central Emergency Fund.

The occasion was not promising for a special pecuniary effort. On the one hand, war taxes had reduced incomes, on the other the new conditions had already turned men's minds towards the necessity for a *permanent* increase in clerical stipends. As all know, the Synod held in the autumn of 1920 recognised this necessity in a way which has redounded to the honour of the Church of Ireland. By votes which were practically unanimous clerical stipends were fixed at a minimum of £400 a year, and a free house.

When, however, the crisis arose this settlement was still in the doubtful future, and at best it would have had little power to bring early relief.

Accordingly, a number of influential laymen, among whom Lord Farnham and Sir William Goulding were prominent, determined to make an immediate effort.

The original intention was that laymen only should take part, but almost at once it was decided to invite the help of one or two clergymen. Dean Vere White, now Bishop of Limerick, was one, Canon Lewis-Crosbie another, and I was a third. Thus I was able to take part from the outset in the organisation and working of the fund.

The machinery proposed by Lord Farnham in the General Synod of 1919 was too limited for the task he accepted an amendment of mine for extending, but

it was not till the Synod of 1920 that the necessary strength was secured. When complete, the organisation consisted of a Central Committee and Diocesan Committees. The work of collecting was undertaken chiefly from the centre ; the dioceses gathered information as to cases where help was needed. At stated times, representatives from the dioceses met the Central Committee in Dublin. Together they formed the Distribution Committee which divided the fund among the dioceses. By these means it was possible to make plans for raising money in all the localities, and also to make certain that the grants reached their proper destinations. The completeness and success of the organisation may be gathered from the fact that during the five years for which assistance was needed not a single complaint reached us as to unfairness or negligence in the distribution.

Very interesting and encouraging were the exertions used for winning the co-operation of the Church at large. The bishops heartily approved, they have never been behindhand in coming to the aid of clerical distress. By their direction, each January collections were made in the churches. But perhaps the most notable feature was the zealous way in which the laymen laboured, not only by working in committees, but by speaking and appealing, whenever opportunity offered. Long lists will be found in the Reports of those who were authorised to speak in churches. To mention only a few, Lord Farnham is credited with nearly thirty ' sermons ' for the fund ; Judge Samuels and Judge Wakely were often heard ; Mr. Maconchy

placed his unrivalled financial knowledge at the disposal of the Committee;` in his remote western diocese, Mr. J. Garvey set himself to work with a determination and a wealth of resource which resulted in perhaps the most remarkable of the diocesan contributions. His plan was to go from parish to parish accompanied by his daughter, a highly-trained amateur singer. Large congregations assembled in the churches. Mr. Garvey spoke, Miss Garvey sang. After the service he waited in the vestry and took down promises of donations and subscriptions. Modestly he assures me that more was due to the singing than the addresses. Having often listened to Mr. Garvey with pleasure and appreciation I take leave to question this opinion. Certainly the joint results were wonderful. Here are some examples. Three small country congregations gave £200 each; Westport gave £550; the total at Ballina was no less than £1,250. In one case a lady, who had heard Miss Garvey sing 'Nearer my God to Thee,' sent a cheque for £500.

The meetings of the Distribution Committee were of great interest. The representatives from the dioceses came, each intent on doing all he could for needs with which he was personally acquainted. There were no 'scenes,' but much earnest pleading. I recall in particular Mr. Whiteside Dane. Though not in good health (he had been compelled to forego his favourite field sports) no labour seemed to deter him. He was a speaker for the fund; as a member of the Central Committee he was one of the most regular attenders; and well he used the knowledge thus acquired when the

time for distribution came. The diocese he represented was Clogher, where clerical incomes ranged low. Many a rector's family has cause for remembering the earnestness and success with which Mr. Dane pleaded their necessities.

The sum raised and distributed during the five years during which assistance was required amounted to nearly £36,000. This was the more creditable because some of the leading dioceses did not 'join.' Before the Central Fund began they were already at work in the same direction. It is, however, pleasant to be able to state that many liberal subscriptions came from dioceses which were so to speak outside, and therefore ineligible for participation.

A single principle ruled all the distributions. 'Help the most needy.' The 'pound for pound' maxim, valuable in certain situations, found no supporters. Thus the arch-diocese of Dublin, though it had contributed more than four times as much as any other united diocese, received less than one of the remote united dioceses in the West.

I close this brief account of loyalty and affection with a remarkable episode. The scene is St. Patrick's National Cathedral. In the long and chequered history of that great fane there have been many events, some lamentable—as when Cromwell used it for his horses' stable; some memorable, as when at the Restoration the episcopal succession was made secure by a consecration of no less than twelve bishops. But many and varied as have been the incidents in St. Patrick's story, it is safe to say that never before had a Lord

Chancellor of Ireland stood there to plead the cause of clerical distress. Once a lay Lord Chancellor had been thrust into the position of Dean ; but he took the office to enrich himself, not to help others. On the occasion to which I am referring, February 1921, the Lord Chancellor has come to lend his powerful aid to the Central Emergency Fund.

The Right Honourable J. H. Campbell, whom we have already seen working for our small schools, is now Lord Glenavy, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He is to speak at the afternoon service. An exceptionally large congregation is there to hear. I have conveyed myself from the sheltered stall of Rathmichael where draughts are few but hearing bad, down to the Precentor's throne, where hearing is good, though draughts are many. I do not lose a word. Speaking from the great lectern the Chancellor delivers a wonderful address, no rhetoric, no melodramatic pathos, but a statement closely reasoned and admirably presented, a statement the more telling, the more powerful, because it is built, logically built, step by step on facts, facts which, standing above criticism, irresistibly command attention and ensure response.

To this address, delivered early in the movement and sent everywhere by means of the Press, none will hesitate to ascribe a large measure of the success of the Central Emergency Fund.

CHAPTER XIX

ST. PATRICK'S NATIONAL CATHEDRAL

The fascination of St. Patrick's—Dean Jellett—Dean Bernard—Dean Ovenden—The supremacy of our music—Ina Boyle—Great preachers.

'CATHEDRALS have a wonderful fascination,' said Dean Ovenden as he announced to the Chapter a substantial legacy. His words found an echo in my heart. Whenever I could visit Dublin, St. Patrick's claimed me; and as soon as Dublin was my home I became a regular attender.

The music of St. Patrick's has always been famous. In the first half of last century Dublin citizens commonly thought of the Cathedral as little more than a shrine of music, so much so that they spoke of it as 'Paddy's Opera.' Some of this spirit survived in the early eighties. I have seen young men promenading in the transepts awaiting the anthem; once, at a crowded service, as I rose from my knees, I found my seat snatched by a well-dressed female.

The first Dean to make permanent headway against such irreverence was Henry Jellett, who was appointed in 1889. In his election I had a curious share. The canons with whom the choice rests seldom meet. They are scattered through all the dioceses, and have

little personal knowledge of each other. When an election is nearing the only people who pretend to foretell the result are the outside public who, of course, know nothing whatever about it. When Dean Ovenden was chosen no one was more surprised than himself. One of the Dublin canons told me that this result was wholly unexpected ; and this canon, the Very Rev. R. G. M. Webster, was as wise in such matters as anyone in the Church.

From what has been said the perplexity felt in 1889 will be understood. Many of the canons felt that Jellett was the outstanding man ; but would he accept ? If they voted for him and he refused, they might lose not only their first, but also their second choice.

In these circumstances I, who had known him well in Cork, was asked to ascertain his wishes. Well do I remember his look of surprise. ' Ah, no, I am too old.' I pleaded the strong desire I had been commissioned to express. When I ceased he was silent awhile, and then quietly he said, ' If they elect me I shall not decline.'

Under Dean Jellett there was much progress at St. Patrick's. The many enrichments which Lord Iveagh's munificence made possible were planned in his time and carried to completion by Dean Bernard. Among them were the restoration of St. Peter's Chapel, a magnificent organ, and new bells. The services became real acts of devotion. Of his pre-eminence as a preacher I have written in Chapter III ; Lord Cadogan said of his reading : ' To hear the Dean read the Lessons is equal to any sermon.' When a canon, whose attend-

ance had not been perfect, expatiated on his love of the Cathedral, he was met by the remark that regular signatures in the attendance book afforded a ready means for estimating genuine affection. The Dean's own example was convincing—he was always present at the services unless peremptory claims elsewhere intervened. At times his zeal in Cathedral matters outstepped even his own standards. Here is a story, told by a succentor, which I think does credit to both. For something, which in the Dean's eyes was a lapse of duty, the succentor exposed himself to so violent a verbal castigation that he went home and wrote his resignation. Next morning at the Cathedral door he met the Dean carrying his letter. ' It is not easy,' he said, ' for an old man to acknowledge he was wrong, but I do acknowledge I was wrong yesterday ; here is your letter, I have not opened it.'

Very curious was the rejoinder of an elderly canon whose manifest shortcomings had deserved rebuke. ' How dare you speak to me that way ? Don't you know that you owe your present position to my stupid mistake ? ' The dignitary in question was an extreme ' low ' churchman, and quite determined to oppose Jellett because he thought him ' high.' His memory, however, was failing, and to make sure of his vote he kept repeating to himself, ' not Jellett, not Jellett,' with the result that, by a not uncommon trick of the mind, he wrote down the name he was bent on rejecting. Had he voted as he intended Jellett would not have been Dean.

Dean Bernard carried forward and developed all

that Dean Jellett had done. He made his mark at St. Patrick's, as in all the other great offices he held. Sometimes he asked me to preach. At lunch on one of these occasions he told us of Lord Justice Fitz-Gibbon's advice to him when he began public speaking. 'Bernard, will you let me give you a hint?' 'Immediately,' said the Dean, 'I was all attention, keen to assimilate any inspiration from the great orator.' 'Be careful not to appear on a platform with bags at the knees of your trousers!' He could afford to tell this against himself, for his early promotion to gaiters freed him from all peril of that kind.

Once I was settled at Kildare Place the only desire which remained was a canonry at St. Patrick's. Under Dean Ovenden I was elected by the Chapter.

'Charlie Ovenden,' as his friends called him, was full of interest. He was a good musician. His anthem, specially composed for the celebration, was sung on the signing of the Armistice in 1918. He painted well; his portrait by himself hangs in the Deanery. He was an authority on the weather, and wrote a book on meteorology. When I rented a house he owned at Mullaghmore, Co. Sligo, I heard many tales about his and his daughter's fearless yachting. To scholarship he made no claim. He used to tell how his Latin Thesis for the degree of Doctor of Divinity was criticised. 'I asked the authority to whom I submitted it whose Latin was the better, mine or my friend X's.' 'Oh, X's Latin is infinitely beyond yours, but the queer thing is he doesn't seem to understand what he has written.'

At the Deanery, Ovenden kept open house for the canons. 'When I was canon in residence,' he would say, 'I often had to lunch on a bench in St. Stephen's Green.' He was determined that this should not happen in his time, so much so that even when his family and servants were away he would contrive to entertain. Once when the Deanery was quite empty he insisted on my coming in, and showed his yachtsman's canniness by cooking a capital lunch on a Primus stove in the dining-room. Personally I was indebted to him for many kindnesses, and I think his kindness was boundless. 'I never,' he said, 'succeed in getting my candidate into a charity without being tormented by thoughts of those kept out.'

The music of the Cathedral he intensely enjoyed. Often it stirred him deeply. Near the end of his life having heard 'Lead Kindly Light' played as a voluntary he said, 'When I hear that hymn so played I feel glad I am an old man and a dying man'; and then he named his favourites in the Hymnal—all were similar in tone, bright with glimpses of the hereafter.

Certainly the music of St. Patrick's is a treasure of which Ireland may be justly proud. In Chapter XIV I have told how our vacation choir astonished Archbishop Benson. Quite recently a visitor to Dublin who claimed to be an expert in cathedral music met one of our canons in a hotel, and without knowing he had any connexion with the National Cathedral said: 'There are now only two places where it is possible to hear first-class cathedral music, one is the Temple Church, London, and the other St. Patrick's, Dublin.'

Our choir has the distinction of being the first to give Dublin an opportunity of hearing 'Ina Boyle's' music. When spending an afternoon at her home, Bushey Park, Enniskerry, I suggested she should write an anthem on 'The Transfiguration.' She consented on condition I supplied the words. When the work was finished I found, to my pleasure, she wished to dedicate it to me. At St. Patrick's there were no two opinions as to the beauty and talent of the music. Since then Miss Boyle has had many triumphs. With her orchestral work, 'The Magic Harp,' she won the much coveted 'Carnegie Prize.' Sir Henry Wood included it in his Promenade Concerts; at Bournemouth Sir Dan Godfrey performed it several times; Colonel Fritz Brasé won it a fine reception in Dublin. Finally, both in England and Ireland, all who possess a wireless set have been enabled to enjoy this now famous work of our gifted young Irish composer.

But to return to St. Patrick's and its music, our supremacy there has been due to two main sources. A fine musical tradition secures excellent material. To belong to the choir is the cherished desire of Dublin singers both amateur and professional; it has been well used by a series of great organists and choir masters, Sir Robert Stewart, Dr. Marchant, and now Dr. Hewson. The means of supporting a first-class choir have been liberally supplied by the munificence of Lord Ardilaun and the Earl of Iveagh.

A special source of interest and advantage in connexion with St. Patrick's arises from the many eminent men who fill its pulpit. Every prominent churchman

who crosses the Channel seems pleased to preach for us.

Sometimes they bring pleasant memories with them. Thus it was gratifying to hear from the Archbishop of Upsala how greatly he had enjoyed Sir Henry Lunn's hospitality at the Murren Conference ; and my heart warmed when Dr. Headlam, the learned Bishop of Gloucester, described my lifelong friend, Canon Hawkins, as ' King of Stroud.'

CHAPTER XX

THE NEW REGIME

I

IRELAND AND THE GREAT WAR

The Mansion House meeting—Recruiting—The Easter Rising.
Blunders of the Government—Conscription.
Triumph of Sinn Fein.

THE New Regime, paradoxical though it seems, may be said to have begun at the great meeting held on September 25, 1914, in the Mansion House.

There were sinister rumours as to what might happen to the Round Room that night. The object of the meeting was to win recruits for the Great War and opposition accompanied by violence seemed possible. Ample precautions, however, were taken, and to all appearances everything went well. The hall was crowded, National Volunteers kept guard, and among the speakers, in addition to the Prime Minister, my old Balliol tutor, Mr. Asquith, and the Earl of Meath, were those stalwart Nationalists, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Devlin, and Mr. Redmond. Won by the action of the Government with reference to Home Rule, the Nationalist members of Parliament had pledged Ireland to the support of the Empire, and the appeal they made at the meeting was for an Irish brigade.

A particularly telling speech was that of the veteran, Lord Meath; he astonished us by his unwonted fire, as he told how the Irish Guards first knelt in prayer, and then charged to victory, under the command of his son.

As I listened to the impassioned orators and noted the tremendous enthusiasm with which they were received by the vast audience, I little thought that the volunteers had split into two factions, and that the meeting and its objects were being fiercely denounced that very evening by a section which, though seemingly unimportant at first, was destined to become the ruling power in Ireland. Outwardly there was nothing to suggest alarm; violent speeches were a common crop in Ireland. Nobody seemed to heed them. Recruiting proceeded vigorously and thousands of Irishmen from South as well as North took a noble part in the fierce struggle.

The Easter of 1916 I spent at a remote but charming seaside village, which looks out upon Cape Clear. The absence of posts or papers, not only on Easter Monday but on Tuesday and Wednesday, caused questions rather than alarm. No one expects regular communications at Eastertide. In quiet ignorance of any unusual happenings, I was taking a seaside walk, when a local boatman stopped me to denounce the mad folly of the Dublin rebels. He resented bitterly the inexcusable interference with the country's welfare. At the time Ireland was exceedingly prosperous. Crops were good, prices were high, the farmers had taken to travelling first class, their wives had been pro-

moted to sealskins. Later that day some sailors at the pier were equally indignant over Sir Roger Casement's treachery. 'I'd like,' said one of them, 'to point a rifle at him myself.' When, after much delay, I succeeded in getting back to Dublin I found this attitude general, and I could well understand it. The city had been visited with a calamity for which no one was prepared; numbers of harmless holiday-makers had been killed, supplies of all kinds had run so short that starvation seemed imminent, and that splendid thoroughfare, Sackville Street, had been reduced to a heap of smouldering ruins. So wholly unexpected was the calamity that Sir Henry Robinson, describing the public mind on Easter Saturday says, 'Outside the Sinn Feiners themselves I do not think there was a living soul in Ireland who was prepared for what was to follow in two days' time.' [1]

But a change of feeling soon took place. The executions of the leaders aroused sympathy, and Mr. Asquith's visit and parleys with Sinn Fein bred contempt. As the door closed upon him after his interview with the prisoners hats were thrown up in triumph, and Sinn Fein agitators hailed his weakness as a foretaste of their ultimate victory.[2] The subsequent wholesale release of those who had been deported emphasised these impressions and completed the belief in the impotence of English rule. One of the higher officials at the Castle spoke to me with something like panic in his voice of the way in which the people were

[1] *Memories Wise and Otherwise*, chap. xxviii. p. 235.
[2] See *The Revolution in Ireland*, W. Alison Phillips, chap. iv.

rushing to Sinn Fein. When he recalled the treatment of Mr. W. Vesey Harell, broken because of his energy in dealing with gun-running at Howth, he might easily foresee the hopeless task before an executive which could never be certain that its activities would not meet with condemnation, instead of support.

As these are merely personal reminiscences I shall not deal with the steps whereby, in the end of 1916, and in 1917, Sinn Fein gradually matured its plans, first quietly, then with an audacity which continually grew. Absorbed as we were in the issues of the Great War, we Unionists took little note of lesser happenings, contenting ourselves with gasping from time to time at the supineness of the Government. But no one could be indifferent to the blaze of wrath which swept all Southern Ireland when the Conscription Act was passed early in 1918. Cowering as usual before the conflagration, the Government announced that if voluntary recruits in sufficient numbers could be obtained there would be no conscription. At once all who valued the Empire took up the recruiting campaign. That year we spent our holiday at Ballycastle, in the extreme north of County Antrim, whence week by week we viewed the great convoys engaged in their amazing task of escorting the American troopships unscathed. One cloudless August day, as I left the church after a weekday service, I found the College Bursar, the Rev. P. P. Conerney, awaiting me with a distinguished military officer. The authorities had decided to commandeer the Training College for recruits. Finding the Principal absent, the officer had pressed

the bursar into his motor and started on a drive of nearly 200 miles to Ballycastle. A few hours' halt had been allowed for sleep, and Ballycastle was reached about 11 A.M. For recruits I was as anxious as the authorities, but to close down the work of the College meant paralysis to the educational work of the Church. We talked the whole matter round and round, each grasping and sympathising with the standpoint of the other, and finally agreed that the College should be handed over to recruits until the opening of the session late in September. Forthwith, declining all offers of refreshment, officer and bursar were speeding southward. A tragic fate, such as happened to those, who, going to meet Casement, were plunged by a mistake into the sea and drowned, nearly befell them. The wearied chauffeur fell asleep over his wheel and the swerving car narrowly escaped being wrecked. Happily, all escaped with nothing worse than bad shakes, and the Kildare Place premises, built on the site of the old Shelbourne barracks, were, for a time, a barracks once more.

With the coming of the Armistice in November the need for recruits was over, but meanwhile Sinn Fein had become so powerful that in the General Election which followed the National Party disappeared for ever. Almost every Irish member in the new parliament was pledged to Sinn Fein.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NEW REGIME

II

DESTRUCTION

A Republic proclaimed—Attacks on police—Attempted assassination of Lord French—Terror—Demoralisation—The clergy not molested—Sir Hamar Greenwood—The 'Black and Tans'—Surrender of Mr. Lloyd George.

No time was lost by Sinn Fein in developing the position given by the triumphant return of its representatives. With the Imperial Parliament Mr. De Valera would have no dealings. An Irish Parliament, Dail Eireann, met; a Republic was declared; De Valera was elected President; he appointed a Ministry—no one interfered.

Next came steps to stabilise. The constabulary were the first objects of attack. Raids for arms were planned; the arms were used for attacking police barracks, and killing individual constables. The murder of a policeman was paid for in sums varying from £60 to £100.[1] This was described as 'warfare,' and met with no public disapproval. A visitor at my house told how the carman who had driven her boasted, unashamed, of these deeds, and foretold

[1] *The Revolution in Ireland*, chap. ix.

bigger happenings. Soon after came the attempted assassination of the Viceroy, Lord French.

During 1920 terror reigned alike over those who sympathised and those who opposed. Friends were constrained to join the ranks and carry out orders; disobedience meant death. Foes were callously 'executed.' There was no redress. The King's Courts were empty. Sinn Fein Courts took their place. A complete system of espionage was established. It was dangerous to utter any criticism; the giving of information was punishable by death. A young girl was shot in Trinity College Park while watching the athletic sports. I asked an 'out and out Republican,' so he described himself, what defence could be offered for such a deed. He was a gentleman and a scholar, yet he did not hesitate to say that information had been given—and this was an offence for which there was no pardon. It is difficult, as one looks back from the calm of 1930, to realise the universal demoralisation. Slaughter was in the air; some of the lesson-books used in schools spoke of 'raids' as natural and everyday occurrences; young children played at murder; a band of them rushed at me in a Dublin street and pointed their wooden guns, shouting 'your time has come.' Even in County Dublin most people went to bed thinking they might be raided before morning.

There were redeeming features. Raids for arms and money were often conducted with a show of courtesy, and there were cases in which the victims were made aware that some at least of their visitors

hated the deeds they were forced to do. In particular the clergy of the Church of Ireland were, for the most part, unmolested. I have mentioned the killing of the venerable and gentle Dean Finlay; I do not recall another death. There were raids for arms, bicycles, and food, some churches were injured, but there was no interference with Sunday services or parochial duty. Everywhere, according to the testimony of their bishops, the clergy performed their ministrations faithfully and fearlessly, and won respect thereby. In one case, certainly, even the giving of information was condoned. A rector came upon an ambush prepared for the soldiers. He was held up and ordered to hold his tongue. 'Boys,' he said, 'I belong to neither party. If I saw you marching to destruction I should warn you; surely you will understand that I must do the same for the soldiers.' This argument sufficed, there was no ambush that day.

In April 1920 Sir Hamar Greenwood became Chief Secretary. Under his predecessors things had got steadily worse. He concluded that an exceptional situation needed exceptional treatment, and organised the notable, perhaps I should say the notorious auxiliary police force, which, from the uniform, became known as the 'Black and Tans.' Immediately, Sinn Fein was confronted with a policy as ruthless as its own. The auxiliaries knew no fear, and sometimes perhaps no pity. At first the shock was terrific. There were reprisals, and reprisals and reprisals; small houses were burnt by the Black and Tans, great houses were burnt by the Sinn Feiners; 'executions' were multi-

plied, there was horrible cruelty. Fiercely the warfare raged from place to place. Even in Dublin, the Castle, the seat of Government, had to be strongly guarded and fortified. Spies watched and noted all who went in or out. When I went, in my turn, early in 1921 to preach in the Chapel Royal I had to make my way past elaborate wire entanglements, and to satisfy suspicious guards.

But Sinn Fein had met its match. At first there were 'undesirables' among the auxiliaries; these were weeded out, and discipline improved, until Sir Hamar was able to describe it as excellent, and praise the *esprit de corps*. As the early months of 1921 passed Sinn Fein found it more and more difficult to sustain the conflict, so much so that the available evidence goes to prove that their resources were well-nigh exhausted when Mr. Lloyd George collapsed.

CHAPTER XXII

THE NEW REGIME

III

CONSTRUCTION UNDERTAKEN

Negotiations—Aspirations of Sinn Fein—Peace—De Valera hostile—W. V. Griffith, President, and ' Nine inexperienced young men,' at work—National Board dissolved—War—The Dunmanway ' massacre '—Anxious meeting of General Synod—General Election—Activity of the ' Irregulars '—St. Patrick's under fire—Ruthless destruction—Demoralisation—Some hopeful signs.

PROTRACTED negotiations followed upon what has been on all hands termed ' The Surrender.' From the first generous terms were offered, terms which exceeded the most ambitious dreams of the old Nationalists. Ordinary people wondered that there could be any hesitation about accepting them. But the aspirations of Sinn Fein were boundless. After the extermination of the Nationalist Party, in 1918, everything seemed possible—a seat at the Peace Conference—the championing of their cause by President Wilson—the wresting of complete independence. One by one these hopes disappeared. Deaf ears were turned to the claim to representation at Versailles ; President Wilson grew cool and indifferent ; as resources dwindled the prospect of a ' sovereign state ' became a chimera.

But with 'The Surrender' hopes again awoke: perhaps they might single-handed wrest from England what the nations at Versailles had refused to consider. From midsummer till December in 1921, the negotiations dragged on, until at last British patience was exhausted—*you must sign or face reconquest* was the ultimatum. Well do I remember the relief with which I saw on a poster as I rode in to Dublin early on December 6, *Peace*. The signing had been done in the small hours of that morning. Only one paper had caught the news. The other posters still foreshadowed war. Weary as all Ireland was with wartime, there were few who did not welcome the news of peace. To a prominent English newspaper which invited an article I was able to write: 'Thankfulness and hopefulness would seem to be the words which best sum up the feelings of churchmen south of Ulster with reference to the peace terms on which the Conference has agreed.'

The hope thus expressed has, in my opinion, been justified, but much rough water had to be sailed and many shoals and quicksands avoided, before stable government was established.

De Valera disapproved, and tried to induce the Dail to reject the Treaty. When he was defeated by a small majority he resigned his office, but the numerical strength of his following was ominous. He was succeeded by W. V. Griffith, who appointed a Ministry.

Sir Henry Robinson has given a graphic account of the formal abdication of the Irish Government to Michael Collins at the Castle. He was impressed by

the courteous bearing of the new Ministers. He noted also their extreme ' youth,' and their ' pale and anxious looks.' [1] Well might Kevin O'Higgins, speaking in the Dail, enlarge upon the almost desperate nature of the task which confronted ' nine very young and rather inexperienced young men.' At first there were anxious fears lest the Irish Republican Army should march on Dublin, and seize the Government by force. Had they done so nothing could have averted the most appalling of disasters. Happily, disunion in their ranks prevented immediate action, the Griffith Ministry, profiting by their delay, were able to organise a force which their superior resources soon made effective, and they lost no time in attacking the general work of reconstruction.

Within a month the Commissioners of National Education disappeared. For nearly a hundred years they had worked, with varying success, at Irish primary education. One of them described to me the closing scene. They had assembled for the usual weekly meeting when a representative of the Government was announced. Entering somewhat nervously, he informed the Board, ' in a voice that sounded like the rasp of an automatic pistol,' that the Ministry would take over the management of the National system, but would welcome such advice as the experience of the Commissioners might tender. To allow freedom of discussion he would withdraw into the next room, pending what the Board might say. Manifestly there was nothing the Commissioners could say. The

[1] *Memories Wise and Otherwise*, chap. xl.

curtain dropped : I heard no regrets. The constitution of the Board as an educational machine was indeed anomalous. Seats were conferred rather as a social cachet, than as a recognition of experience in education, and few of the members established a reputation for knowledge of the technique of their work. As a result management lay chiefly in the hands of the permanent staff. For the most part the officials were able and devoted, and much good work was done ; but there was little to be said for placing in the hands of amateurs the final control of a department so complicated and many sided.

Meanwhile a very serious situation was developing all over Ireland. The Republicans were planning trouble everywhere. In the South they began attempting, though with small success, to oppose the forces of the Government. In the North they succeeded in making dangerous many parts of Belfast. Resenting the secession of the Six Counties, they introduced their gunmen into the city. Sniping became common in the streets ; fierce reprisals followed, shocking deeds were done on both sides. A leading lawyer, on a Dublin platform, told how a child at her prayers had said, ' Good-bye Dod—I'm do-ing to Belfast to-morrow.'

There ensued a time of grave anxiety for the scattered Protestants of the South ; the belief spread that Roman Catholics were being murdered in Belfast, and fear arose of reprisals in kind. Something of the nature of a massacre took place in Dunmanway. It was thus described to me by one who was there that night. About 2 P.M. an I.R.A. ' policeman ' who

claimed to be ' on duty ' came to a house in the street and demanded entrance. Similar demands commonly meant robbery, and often they included murder. The demand was resisted and the ' policeman ' was shot by a Protestant named Wood. Instantly frenzy reigned. Wood was seized and hanged, the Protestant owners of the house were shot, together with all the Protestant men who could be caught. The rest stampeded. The Protestant clergy were not molested.

A fortnight later I lunched at the University Club with five of our bishops. The state of the country was discussed. A northern prelate defended Belfast in general. To which a southern bishop rejoined, ' If you murder more Roman Catholics in the North they will murder me in the South.' He had received an anonymous letter to that effect.

The meeting of the General Synod in May reflected the prevalent anxiety. For over thirty years I had been a member, and a regular attendant. I had heard and taken part in many great, in some stormy, debates ; never had I been present when grave apprehension was so manifest. Strong things were said in the debate on the state of the country, especially by a member who had literally been ' thrust out on the road.' An eminent lawyer advised an earnest appeal to England for protection ; more practical were the steps taken to raise a fund for the relief of cases of hardship and distress ; the general feeling which finally prevailed was one of loyalty to what was still a ' provisional Government ' and a determination to work in every possible way for the good of Ireland as a whole.

A brief extract from Primate D'Arcy's opening address will best convey the circumstances in which we met.

'I venture to say a few earnest words on a subject which has been pressing of late, with a heavy weight of anxiety on the hearts of all. We have observed with growing apprehension the reign of terror—I may say a veritable nightmare of violence and bloodshed—which has been in existence for some time in parts of our country, both north and south.

'Further, I feel that we cannot meet here to-day without expressing the deep sorrow with which we heard of the shocking deaths recently inflicted on some members of our Church, and of the expulsion of many others. We know not what may be behind these appalling outrages. But it is a sinister fact that, in one district, there should be so many terrible crimes of which the victims were all Protestants. Nothing more awful could happen than that the political strife of our country should become a war of religions.

'My brethren, let us be very earnest and constant in prayer, for the peace of our country, for our Church in these difficult days, and especially for those who are now living in deep anxiety?'

Giving effect to his devotional request the Primate, on Friday, invited the Synod to adjourn for a service of intercession in the neighbouring Cathedral. With unanimous approval the members poured down the steps of the covered way which connects the Synod Hall with Christ Church. It was a scene of unforgetable solemnity. Everyone knelt. The Primate from

the pulpit led the intercessions for our country, for our Church, for the sufferers, the sorrowful, the anxious, for those who had undertaken the burden of government, for the turning of the hearts of those who were warring against peace. In the hush for private prayer between each intercession, the light of the May sun, softened into many colours by the stained glass of the windows, was seen falling on bowed heads and bended knees. In all the long history of that sacred and beautiful building, had there ever been a service at once more wholehearted and more devout!

The first General Election since the Treaty, took place in June 1922. The majority for the Government was decisive and gave confidence. Early in the year the Four Courts had been seized and fortified by Republicans now generally known as Irregulars. Various other buildings in the city, such as the Masonic Hall in Molesworth Street and the Kildare Street Club, were also seized. It was disquieting to pass these places under the scowl of huge sentinels, who brandished pistols. More disquieting was the way rifle fire sometimes broke out. On one occasion I was lunching at the University Club when suddenly bullets seemed flying everywhere. Immediately places at windows became undesirable, and I noticed much unreadiness to leave the premises. My return to Kildare Place was through deserted thoroughfares. On arrival I found the staff of our depository timidly raising themselves from the floor. Everywhere things were panicky. We wondered how much more the Government would tolerate.

The seizure of a Free State General, who was carried captive to the Four Courts, lighted the match. Next day, June 28, the siege began. On starting for town I found the roads blocked, but was allowed through. All day the noise of the shells was audible at Kildare Place. I arranged to send the students home as quickly as possible. On the 30th a tremendous explosion shook the whole of Dublin. It told the destruction of the Four Courts and the Record Office, as planned before surrender. Fierce fighting followed in various parts of the city. On Sunday, July 2, I started, as my custom was, for St. Patrick's. On crossing the canal the sound of shooting came; presently a Red Cross ambulance, then a nurse on a bicycle, hurried by. In Kevin Street there was a resounding volley, more in St. Patrick's Close, more in the yard where we put our cycles. The gentleman of the choir who went in after me came rushing out saying that a bullet had flattened on the wall beside his head. That day I read the Lessons to the punctuation of rifle shots; some stray bullets entered the Cathedral. It was decided to hold no service in the afternoon.

The fighting continued till the 5th, when the Irregulars surrendered the buildings they held and transferred the ' war ' to the country.

The struggle which ensued was long drawn out, but none doubted as to the final issue. The campaign had a personal interest for me, because my son was engaged to act as correspondent for a leading paper. In themselves, however, the happenings were of little importance. The Government held all the chief

towns. They harried the Irregulars from place to place in the country, apparently making sure that, when they met, casualties should be few—had they not all in braver times been boon companions!

The really serious and terrible feature of the 'war' was the reckless destruction of every description of property, and the moral degradation which ensued. According to President Cosgrave 'Bedlam was let loose.' Mr. Kevin O'Higgins said, 'We are presented with a spectacle of a country bleeding to death . . . steering straight for anarchy, futility, and chaos.' The Roman Catholic bishops, bewailing the demoralisation of their people, described Ireland as 'wrecked from end to end.' Among the mansions destroyed was Marlfield with its splendid library and countless other treasures. Mr. Bagwell's offence was that he had accepted Mr. Cosgrave's nomination to the Senate. He took his loss in a spirit of true patriotism; when I condoled he said, 'Well, if this and other outrages teach the harm that is being done to Ireland, I shall not regret my misfortune.' Naturally other Senators with similar possessions were disturbed. One of them told me he had been offered a garrison of Free State troops. Being a military man he preferred to take his own precautions. He was a popular landlord, and had no difficulty in organising a local force. An encouraging feature all through was that while Protestants in numbers suffered, there was no evidence to show that they were attacked on account of their religion. With nearly all the southern bishops I had personal talks. None of them were afraid; on the contrary, they were

hopeful. Lord Glenavy, the chairman of the Senate, did not find it so easy to be cheerful. 'What are we to do,' he said, 'with all the prisoners?' There might have been a covert allusion to himself. His house at Milltown was strongly guarded night and day. A southern landlord spoke gloomily of the prospects of the Church of Ireland owing to the exodus of landlords. I reassured him by describing the good spirits of the bishops, and foretold that others would be found to rally to the support of their Church.

In closing this notice of a very dark period in our country's story, I may be allowed to recount one or two experiences which reflect the happier moods of the times.

Late one night a bicycle was seized from a clerical relative; he pleaded in vain the need of the cycle for his duties; the plea, however, went home at the local headquarters—next morning the bicycle was returned.

The same clergyman failed to appear on Sunday at afternoon service. At the time he was in charge also of a neighbouring parish. The home congregation in extreme anxiety waited half an hour and then organised search parties. Great was their relief when they met him returning safe. A very urgent sick call had delayed him.

In a southern town a popular bank manager was robbed of a large sum as he drove from an outlying office. On his complaining to the local chief he was told that the robbery was 'unauthorised.' Within a few days the whole sum was returned.

It is difficult to rival the following tale of a raid as told me in her drawing-room—the scene of the adventure—by a dainty little lady.

There came loud knocking at the door one stormy night. She and an elderly connexion were alone in the house. The second lady was tall, strongly built and formidable. The raiders seemed awed as they entered. They demanded arms. 'There are none in the house.' 'We must search.' 'Certainly.' They searched everywhere and found nothing. But the leader, a fine-looking young farmer, tried to capture other spoil before he left. Deferentially approaching the younger lady he inquired, 'Would ye be married?' and hearing she was single, he blurted out shyly, 'Don't ye think I'd be a likely boy?'

The whole was told with peals of ringing laughter. 'Did you ever hear of an adventure like that, commencing with a raid and ending in a proposal?'

CHAPTER XXIII

THE NEW REGIME

IV

CONSTRUCTION SUCCEEDING

'Cease Fire'—Ratification of the Constitution—Confidence—'Compulsory Irish'—National Programme Conference—Committee on Inspection.

In March 1923 De Valera lowered his flag and called 'cease fire.' One of the last, if not the very last, episodes, was the attack upon a house a few hundred yards from Cedar Mount. The assailants, we heard afterwards, approached by a field at the lower side of our kitchen garden, and having taken cautious cover behind trees and walls opened fire. The fire was hotly returned. All night the 'battle' raged; dawn suggested the wisdom of retreat. There were no casualties on either side. So ended the 'war.'

The energy and courage of the 'nine young men' had prevailed. But their task had not been easy. Owing to the 'war' the Dail, elected in June 1922, did not meet till September. When it did meet the Republicans not only refused to attend, but threatened the lives of all who dared to answer the call. A murderous attack on two deputies, in which one was killed and the other dangerously wounded, showed

what the threats meant. The Government were undeterred ; the summary execution of certain prominent prisoners followed quickly—the assassination of deputies ceased.

In October the Government, no longer Provisional, was finally established ; the Imperial Parliament ratified the Constitution, and the last Lord Lieutenant, Viscount FitzAlan, was replaced by Mr. Tim Healy, as Governor General. Mr. Cosgrave's outline of policy in his opening address to the Dail had inspired general confidence. It was good to hear that the Government held itself responsible ' not to one section or one order of the community.' This confidence was and has been increased by the number of loyalists nominated to the Senate, and by the liberal proportion of high judicial posts given to Protestants.

Owing to the nature of this book the work of the Government as a whole is outside my scope. I shall therefore confine myself to some of the happenings in which I was involved.

The ' Compulsory Irish ' policy of the Ministers caused trouble and anxiety. In no sense was the Church of Ireland opposed to Irish ; but we feared an impossible standard, and possible danger to our faith from the teaching of the textbooks.

Quite a dramatic interview with Mr. McNeill, then Minister for Education, took place in December 1922. The Civil War was fierce at the time. In the Anglo-Irish struggle I had gone through wire entanglements to the Castle, but they were nothing to the meticulous precautions at Upper Merrion Street. Passing many

guards, and coming at last literally into wire cages, we found our Minister safe beneath the level of the ground. The Archbishop, Dr. Gregg, opened with a vigorous and at times indignant exposure of the way in which our children were being compelled to study Irish books written for Roman Catholic pupils. He closed by emphatically demanding protection, and was calling on the President of the Methodist Church in Ireland to continue, when a gentle voice from the opposite side of the table was heard. 'Perhaps if you would hear me there would be little need for further criticism.' Whereupon there and then the Minister gave the most ample promises of plenary protection, and we passed away from the cages and the sentinels reassured.

The confidence thus encouraged has grown with the years. On all occasions we have been treated with consideration, kindness, and respect.

In 1925 was undertaken the revision of the Programmes for National Schools. One representative of the Protestant Churches was invited, and I was chosen. Only under pressure did I consent. When a man is over seventy, additional work is not sought as eagerly as in earlier years, and what influence was a single individual likely to exert among some twenty-five others whose aspirations and ideals promised the widest divergence of opinion? We met in the splendid mansion of the old Marquis of Tyrone, and sat at the great round table which I remembered so well in connexion with the defunct Commissioners of National Education. At sight we certainly were a heterogeneous

body—Roman Catholic dignitaries, National Board Inspectors, National Teachers, representatives of the Gaelic League, the farmers and various other interests. The chairman was Father McKenna, S.J. There were two other members of the Church of Ireland, an Inspector of advanced Nationalist views, and Professor Thrift, who represented Trinity College. As the Professor, being a member of the Dail, found it practically impossible to attend, for voting purposes I formed a minority of one.

It is with sincere pleasure that I say at once that from the first, in some inexplainable way, I found myself at home. High officials at the Ministry had greeted my nomination with congratulations; I sat on the immediate right of the chairman. All through this seat was kept for me, except on an extremely cold day when the secretary met me on entering to say, 'the chairman thought you would prefer a seat by the fire.'

The work we did, sitting sometimes for a week all day long, though laborious, was always interesting. Perhaps my most interesting experience was the examining of that talented educationist Father Corcoran. Under the old Royal University I had examined for their Diploma in Education. To my regret I was appointed immediately after Father Corcoran was awarded his diploma; I saw the wonderful set of diagrams he had sent up, and wished I had been privileged to share in the award.

In his evidence at our conference Father Corcoran strongly advocated, for infants, Irish and little but Irish. He demonstrated, taking royal families as

illustrations, the ease with which young children acquired two or more languages. I accepted his proof, quoting the case of my son who, owing to a German nurse and a German governess, had spoken German like a native. 'But,' I added, 'there is unfortunately another side to this. When my son left his governess and went first to a preparatory and then to a public school, he lost his German and now cannot recall a word of it. If the infants or the school children go where no Irish is spoken, how long will they take to forget it?' He frankly admitted that the forgetting would be rapid. Referring to the apparent absence of a public demand for Irish, I asked him was he acquainted with the history of the Kildare Place Society. He politely replied that he had read my book.[1] Had he noticed that among the many charges brought against the Society by its enemies, none had found fault because Irish was not taught. When he suggested that this was because the Society did not operate in Irish-speaking districts I showed that this could not be the explanation, because the Society's schools were at work in every county in Ireland.

Another interesting and unexpected experience of the Conference came in connexion with the Irish-speaking districts. So far from objecting to Irish, I have always regretted its decay, and I went into the Conference with some hope that a better policy than compulsion might be devised. My thought was that the Irish-speaking districts might be used as centres

[1] *An Unwritten Chapter in the History of Education*, Macmillan 1904.

from which the language might be encouraged to extend. This possibility was shattered by the witnesses who came from the districts. Without exception they testified to the indifference, in some cases even to the hostility with which Irish in general was regarded by those who spoke it from birth. When I asked one of the enthusiasts of the Conference how this could be, the explanation was sought in the deficient intelligence of the native Irish peasantry.

After the examination of witnesses came preparation for the drafting of the report. Naturally our chairman desired that we should be unanimous, and practically he succeeded in his aims. That he did so was due to the unfailing tact and courtesy with which he presided. Often in indifferent health, he contrived to be continually on the alert ; no matter how tiresome some of us were, his temper was always in absolute control. When, at our closing session, I found myself voted to the second chair, I was able, *ex animo*, to convey to him our appreciation of his great services, and our gratitude to himself. When the Conference ended, and we bade good-bye to each other, our partings were more those of old friends than of rival disputants.

As a result of the work done at the Programme Conference, I was nominated, this time by the Ministry, to serve on a small committee, eleven in all, which was requested to examine and report on the system of inspection in primary schools. Happily we had the same chairman. At our first meeting I said to him, ' This is an even more difficult task than your last.' ' Yes,' he replied, ' but we will do our best.' The

trouble arose from a sort of traditional antipathy between teachers and inspectors. The Education Office was not responsible for this feeling, their confidential circulars to inspectors breathed a very different spirit; my friend, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, fairest, kindest, and ablest of 'Chiefs' was shocked when I hinted at a divergence between official advice and subordinate practice. I fear, however, that there is truth in the following conversation between an elderly lady friend and a newly-appointed inspector. 'I must congratulate you on your office, but I fear the work will be very difficult.' 'Oh, not so troublesome as you might imagine—the chief thing you have to do is to find out faults and dwell on them, the rest does not so much matter.'

On our committee the inspectors and the teachers were evenly matched in number. The rest of us formed a neutral body, ready to give fullest attention to the views of both the others. It is another triumph for our chairman, Father McKenna, to be able to say that after long and careful investigations and deliberations we once again reached a unanimous report. If, or when, this report comes into action it will, in my opinion, go far towards changing the old faulty tradition, and alter the inspectors from teachers' critics into teachers' friends.

Before closing this glance at the constructive work of the New Regime, I shall give one more instance of their fairness and breadth of outlook. In order to push forward the study of Irish among the teachers it was proposed to found preparatory colleges, where

Irish only should be spoken, and where all teaching should be through Irish. In these colleges candidates for training were to receive preparatory teaching. The Dublin College was to be for all denominations.

If such a college were organised on lines wholly undenominational and could be attended by our children without danger to their faith it would be welcome. But could this be done? That was the question. To ascertain how matters stood the Archbishop, with the Bishop of Cashel and myself, visited the Minister. Early in the interview it transpired that a college conducted on absolutely undenominational principles was not considered practicable. 'Then,' said the Archbishop, 'we will not touch it.' Dr. Gregg knows how to put down his foot firmly and with finality when occasion demands. There came a long and rather awkward pause. When the Minister spoke it was to inquire if we would like a separate college for ourselves. 'It is an entirely new thought,' said the Archbishop, and he turned to me for my opinion. I saw at once the generosity and the potentialities of the offer. All expenses would be borne by the Government, our difficulty in securing properly qualified candidates for training would be greatly reduced. Unhesitatingly I welcomed the suggestion. Immediately all present laid on me the burden of drafting the separate constitution. I undertook the task, and the manuscript was with the Minister next day.

This interview took place in October 1925. Outside rumours, nothing more was heard from the Ministry till May 1926. Some of our private friends

after delaying for months to answer an important communication wake up suddenly and request from us answers by return of post, if not by telegram. Ministries with much better excuse, owing to the number of strings they have to pull, sometimes act similarly. The communication which reached me was to the effect that our college was to open in September; would we co-operate and help in mustering pupils? There ensued a rush of interviews and committee meetings. We complained of the shortness of the notice, but our help was ready and, as desired, the Archbishop would act as Manager, it being understood that he favoured neither compulsory Irish, nor teaching through Irish.

Early in June came another surprise—a new Pupil Teacher Scheme intended to recruit the ranks of primary teachers from intermediate schools. Plainly this, as well as the Preparatory College, was a matter in which the Church of Ireland was interested vitally.

The Archbishop threw himself into the work necessary for making both Schemes known. The Standing Committee of the General Synod gave their approval; a letter to all the clergy in the Free State was drafted and signed by both Archbishops; in these and all other possible ways willing co-operation was given.

As I write, the Schemes are still in initial stages, but there seems no reason to doubt their ultimate success.

In many other ways it has been my privilege to negotiate with the Minister for Education. Thus, in 1929 I was four times with Dr. O'Sullivan on very

important Church matters. There is no need in a book of this kind to flood my readers with further details; enough to say that if Ministers have not always acceded to our wishes they have never failed to receive us with sympathy, and very often their sympathy has been translated into cordial and liberal assistance. I endorse heartily Professor Alison Phillips's appreciation of the fact that under the New Regime 'the government of Ireland has been taken out of the hands of legal pedants and political doctrinaires.' [1]

Our rulers understand Ireland, and they are sincerely endeavouring to use their knowledge for the good of all classes of the Irish people.

[1] *Revolution in Ireland*, p. 295.

CHAPTER XXIV

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW AT KILDARE PLACE

I

Lady Superintendents—Students—Completion of buildings—Lords Lieutenant's visits.

Our Centenary—Service in St. Patrick's ; Prebendary Reynolds——Lecture—Reception—Prize-giving, Lord Aberdeen—Garden Party.

The Great War—Rise in prices—Financial difficulties—Working for a rise in grants—A golden hint—To London—Changed Westminster—The Irish Office—Sir Hamar Greenwood—A Table of Bombs—Sir John Anderson—Success.

I

SUNSHINE reigned within, the shadows came from without. With a loyal staff and earnest students, life in a training college is assured of brightness. With Government Departments changing their requirements and their grants occasional clouds are inevitable.

In Chapter VI I have spoken of some of our staff. I wish space, and the requirements of my book permitted me to mention all. I must, however, allow myself the pleasure of speaking about some of our lady superintendents.

Miss Lloyd Evans, M.A., came to us from St. Andrews. In spite of her few years, the moment I took her hand I felt she was what we wanted. There was no disappointment. Her personality left a permanent mark on Kildare Place, and when she left to

be Principal of a great London college she did not forget. At our Centenary she was an honoured guest; and often afterwards, by her hospitality and counsel, she helped members of our staff and myself, when we visited England to study the latest developments in education.

Miss Elsie Tuckey, M.A., when appointed, was rich in Honours from Trinity College, Dublin. With unflagging perseverance she set herself to master the intricacies of training college work, and of primary education. Then came a call to the mission field. All her arrangements for response were made; but just at this time I was laid aside by illness, and she gave a year out of her life, waiting until she saw me restored and at work again. It happened that the climate of India, whence her missionary call came, proved hostile to her constitution. To this is due Dublin's gain in having her with us as the successful Head of the Masonic Girls' School.

The present Lady Superintendent, Miss Beattie, M.A., takes rank in Kildare Place affection with the two I have mentioned. One of our own *alumnæ*, she has experience, both theoretical and practical, of teaching in all its aspects, and the fruits of her skill are seen in the reputation which the College enjoys for sending out students who can *teach*. As a musician her position is high. Miss Lloyd Evans was able to transform students into good actresses of Shakespeare. Miss Beattie shapes her material into choirs which have won the highest Honours at the Dublin Feis Ceoil.

What I owe to the students found expression in the

dedication of my History of the Kildare Place Society. ' To my students past and present whose love of their College and devotion to their work have made life at Kildare Place a constant joy.'

That I am not alone in my evaluation is shown by the judgment of one of the visiting secretaries of the Students' Christian Movement. After spending two days in the College she told me how greatly she appreciated our girls. ' In *no* training college have I found students so keen and alive.'

During the early years of the century the innovations of the National Board, educational and financial, caused trouble and anxiety. I do not think that the results were improved schools ; in the College the only traces to-day are a laboratory built at great expense, which has not been used for years, and a set of black boards disfigured to serve an ' improved ' system of drawing, which perished with the speedy exodus of its inventor.

Internally the chief event was the completion of Sir T. M. Deane's successful plans for the extension and ornamentation of our buildings.

' You have long been beautiful within,' said a kindly rival from another college as he viewed our façades, ' now you are beautiful without.'

' Outside Oxford,' said a high authority from across the Channel, ' I know of nothing to equal the carving of your library.' He was alluding to the skill with which Italian craftsmen in Sienna had carried out Sir T. M. Deane's designs. Mr. Bruce Joy, the sculptor, praised the artistic excellence of the room in

similar terms. These tributes were the more acceptable because the carved oak which cost nearly £1,000 was the gift of former students. Another of their gifts was the organ in the dining-hall.

As before, there were visits from the different Lords Lieutenant. One of the most interesting was Lord Dudley's. He expressed a wish to see some of the training done by the College, and he, with his beautiful Countess, came and, as they said, greatly appreciated a Criticism Lesson. Visitors were often present at these lessons. An exceptional case was the coming of the Roman Catholic Principal of St. Mary's Training College, Belfast. In reply to a request for permission to attend I sent her a list of dates. She chose her own day and came. The subject was *The Reformation*. I did not think it necessary to substitute another. At the end our visitor expressed her gratification; once allowance was made for the different angle by which the subject was approached, she had nothing but praise for the way it was treated.

II

In 1911 we had the joy of celebrating our Centenary. The College is the oldest in the three kingdoms which continues on its original site. One English college was founded a year earlier, but it has moved from London into the country.

A year's preparation, and the dreams of many years, culminated in a series of happy gatherings—there were five in two days. St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Theatre

of the Royal Dublin Society, the College, and Lord Iveagh's garden, in turn were thronged.

For the opening at St. Patrick's, Dean Bernard, with the utmost kindness, placed the Cathedral and the ordering of the service unreservedly at our disposal. Lord Plunket's hymn, written for the College, was sung to the Kildare Place setting, a special Thanksgiving was used. As preacher, we had secured the Archbishops' Inspector of English Training Colleges, the Rev. Bernard Reynolds, Prebendary of St. Paul's. Before the opening of the celebrations he inspected the students in Religious Knowledge, and he brought us from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York their congratulations and their benediction. In his fine sermon, after dwelling upon the boundless influence for good which teachers could exercise, he spoke of the high rank to which the College had attained, and of the benefits which such a gathering as that before him ensured. I think it must have been his testimony and his reports on what he saw, that brought me from the Archbishop of Canterbury an invitation to join a committee set up at the request of the Lambeth Conference, for the improvement and development of Sunday school training. I can explain in no other way a letter he showed me, written by the secretary of the National Society in which the writer said that from what he knew of the staff at Kildare Place he could understand why it compared favourably with any college, on either side of the water.

Judging by the size of the congregation at St. Patrick's—it reached from the chancel to the west

door—I was not surprised to find the theatre of the Royal Dublin Society crowded to hear a lecture on the pioneer work of the old Kildare Place Society, 1811–1831. The lecture was greatly helped by a series of lantern slides and by the admirable way in which the lanternist showed them. The slides were the work of a former secretary, Mr. F. M. Sellens. When the Centenary came the office was held by the Rev. P. P. Conerney, whose ungrudging help has been invaluable to me and the College. Among those present who spoke congratulations were the Archbishop, Dr. Keane, Bishop of Meath, and the Provost, Dr. Traill.

Immediately after the lecture we adjourned for a reception at Kildare Place. As it was foreseen that the most exact of memories would be puzzled in identifying former students, many of whom had not been seen for a quarter of a century, very careful arrangements had been made for announcing. The Archbishop, as Manager of the College, received, together with myself and Miss M. Lloyd Evans, who had succeeded her sister as Lady Superintendent. So admirably did all work that it was possible to give personal greetings to each in the ever-passing stream. The numbers were variously estimated at from 600 to 800 ; there were certainly present fifty per cent. of all trained since 1884. Notwithstanding the many guests no difficulty was experienced. There was tea on arrival and afterwards supper. Only one portion of our plans gave way. A full concert was intended. A Centenary Ode had been set to beautiful music by Mr. C. O. Grandison, unhappily no longer with us.

This was sung and enthusiastically received, so also Mr. Grandison's melodious 'College Song,' and Wagner's 'Alma Mater.' Warm welcome awaited everything that spoke of Kildare Place and the College; but the manifest desire of friends who had not met for years to devote themselves to past memories and present experiences caused us to exchange the rest of the programme for a *Conversazione* in the literal sense of the term.

At noon next day there assembled in the great schoolroom perhaps the largest gathering it has ever held. Prizes were to be distributed and commemorative speeches made. The Lord Lieutenant, who was to give the prizes, happening to be a few minutes after time, the representative of *The Mirror* used the opportunity for obtaining photographs of two of our speakers, the Primate, Dr. Crozier, and the Archbishop, Dr. Peacocke, who presided. The other speakers were the Premier Bishop, Dr. Keene, Lord Plunket, Sir Algernon Coote, the Dean of Armagh, and a former student, now the Rev. Henry Frazer, an English rector. All felt the peculiar appropriateness of having with us our great patron's two sons, Lord Plunket and his brother—then the Rev. Canon Plunket, afterwards Bishop of Meath.

Lord Aberdeen's speech after the giving of the prizes was apt and graceful; the week before he invited me to tea, and he used the opportunity to master all the points. Somehow all the speakers appeared to be at their best. That evening the Lord Lieutenant told a friend that ours 'was the

nicest function he had attended since he came to Dublin.'

A garden party, given by the Governors from 4 to 7 that afternoon, brought the Centenary to a happy close. Lord Iveagh, with customary kindness, lent us his beautiful grounds. More than a thousand guests came ; they were received by the Archbishop and my dear wife. The weather, as it had been all through, was faultless. As we shook hands and bade good-bye at the end it was possible to feel, as an editorial of the day expressed it, that ' all had moved as though to music. With the help of wise plans, all difficulties were surmounted, and the whole tone of the celebrations was one of glad rejoicing.'

A Hundred Years have sped and still the Teachers
Flock to our Halls, and toil, and still we pray
That God will fill them with His great ideals ;
Still is our aim to send them on their way
With hearts attuned to bring,
As servants of the King,
Fit preparation for a brighter day.

A Hundred Years ! a teeming wealth of knowledge
Poured forth for good or ill, with smiles and tears !
How have we used it ? What has been our progress
In work for God ? What of the coming years ?
We answer, If men trace
God's smile upon our face,
All must be well—no room for fears.

In the autumn of the Centenary year past students presented me with my portrait, which I accepted on condition of being allowed to hand it over to the College. The Archbishop and many more came to the

ceremony, and it gave me special pleasure to see the chair occupied by one who had come as a student in 1884, David Horgan, M.A., LL.D., and who had been married by me to Miss Patience Lynch, a much valued member of our school staff.

III

The years which followed passed happily and uneventfully, till the coming of the War. At first the War affected only our sympathies and our minds. The rising of Easter 1916 did not touch Kildare Place, because it came in vacation. But when prices mounted existence became difficult. A special effort brought in £1,000 from voluntary sources. This, however, gave only temporary relief, and when it became certain that the rise in prices was permanent we and the other Irish colleges were faced with the desperate prospect of having to close down—unless increased Government grants could be obtained.

Then there came a feeling out in every direction for the best means of securing a successful hearing. As the interests of all the colleges were involved many and different powers could be invoked. There were interviews at the Castle, interviews at the Education Office, interviews with Members of Parliament of all parties. But what could these Irish voices accomplish? The Empire had been drained of its resources by the vampire of the World War: what statesman could turn an ear to the desperation of a few Irish training colleges?

As often happens, a door of hope opened in an unexpected way. A deputation to Sir Hamar Greenwood led by Dr. Gregg, who was now our Manager, had met with much sympathy, but no promise. As we retired an influential Treasury official detained me and said, ' A serious difficulty in your way is that you put up so little for yourselves. The fees at Kildare Place are barely £5 5*s*. a year, at other colleges they are practically non-existent. Possibly if you could induce all the colleges to make their fee say £21 a year, the Government might do the rest.'

This proved to be literally a golden hint. Acting upon it I succeeded in bringing all the colleges into line, and a deputation to London was organised on the understanding that if increased fees were made a condition of increased grants, all would agree. The Archbishop, while not hopeful, gave the necessary authority. ' Certainly go ; at least you will have the satisfaction of knowing that everything possible has been done.'

The Principal of De la Salle and a representative from Drumcondra crossed with me on March 1, 1921, and we were at the House of Commons in good time on Wednesday the 2nd. What a changed scene ! The Sinn Fein warfare was at its height, and many feared that its activities might extend to Westminster. Precautions of all kinds were taken ; spies were everywhere ; a Nationalist member sub-humorously grumbled that even a bomb might be a blessing—provided its attentions did not include himself. Our activities were sadly hampered. No entrance now to

the Centre ; we must keep our distance in Westminster Hall. Whether from this, or because Irishmen, even though dressed as clerics, were suspect, we wholly failed that day to establish connexion. After waiting for hours, we came away—nothing done. Thursday was better ; we drew Mr. Devlin, who proved a fruitful source of help, Captain Redmond, and others. They wanted us to succeed, but did not think we could ; the cry for economy was shrill everywhere. ' See,' said Mr. Devlin pointing to a band of passers, ' there is a deputation of National teachers ; they had a good case, but they have effected nothing.' This was not hopeful. Still, it did not prevent our gleaning from these friendly gentlemen much that was of value. In particular they gave important advice as to procedure. Our plan had been to work for an interview with Mr. Baldwin, who then controlled the Treasury. ' No,' they said, ' though the Irish Office so far has given nothing but good words, see Sir Hamar Greenwood first, and if necessary induce him to forward you to the Treasury.' They all spoke kindly of Sir Hamar ; he was doing his best, they thought, in a position of extraordinary difficulty.

We determined to brave the Irish Office next morning, even though without appointment. Arriving early we found the hall crowded with detectives. Evidently no unnecessary risks were being taken. The Archbishop's card of introduction secured admission ; we were shown up to the little room where I had first spoken to Mr. Balfour. A door at the opposite end opened, and an engaging secretary invited us to be

seated. When I pointed to the physical difficulty of three men on one chair he conjured in two more. Anxiously we asked—could he get us an interview? He was unable to promise, but if we would wait he would try. There was a kindness, a reality, in his manner which gave courage. We poured out our troubles, our desperate straits. 'I dare not go back empty,' said Drumcondra, 'unless you provide me with an armoured car.'

Presently a stir—Sir Hamar had come, the secretary disappeared. Some moments of suspense, then the far door opened. 'Come this way.' Through one large room we passed and into another where the sun was shining pleasantly upon the Minister. He greeted me as a friend, beckoned me to a seat beside himself, and after introductions placed the others comfortably. To my delight he seemed all sunshine. Conspicuously well dressed in a suit of grey-blue with tie to match, and boots manifestly chosen with an eye to the unveiled publicity of a front bencher, he was a most interesting study, the more so because of his surroundings. There he sat, beside a table which literally bristled with small bombs, each bearing a label telling where and when it had been discharged, and yet he seemed fresh and unconcerned as though there was nothing to disturb.

We opened our case by asking for advice; we knew he understood; we believed he sympathised; would he help us with the Treasury?

As in duty bound, he emphasised the economic straits of the time. But it was possible to detect a

twinkle in his eye ; this gave us courage to emphasise *our* economic straits. ' Well, if the Treasury could be moved what would we do to meet them ; for an extra £10 a year per student would we impose a £10 fee ? ' ' Yes,' came instantly from all three. He was surprised—and pleased. ' But,' said we, ' more than £10 is needed.' For a moment our audacity baffled him, then he said, ' I'll get you an interview with Sir J. Anderson, perhaps he may meet you further. First, however, I should like to talk with you on the state of the country.' Then followed a remarkable conversation. No one could be more frank than this chief governor. He collected facts from us, he gave us facts himself. Transparently he was anxious for peace, fearlessly he was ready for war. ' We don't arrest Mr. De Valera because we should prefer to treat with him—one of our greatest difficulties is to find someone who can and will negotiate.'

For three-quarters of an hour this strange and engrossing interview lasted. In the end he was literally torn away for an engagement at the House ; and we to our astonishment and delight found ourselves transferred to a potentate I had met more than once in Dublin—Sir John Anderson.

' You are most persistent,' said Sir John to me, but with a smile. My first thought was of the importunate widow and her success ; but remembering the unfavourable character of him she importuned, I contented myself with ' Yes, but we are starving.' We told him of Sir Hamar's £10 and our £10, and pleaded for more. ' Could you meet us with more ? ' ' Yes,

we can raise fees to £21.' 'Then you may count on our grants being similarly raised.'

Utterly bewildered at such success we staggered rather than walked to the adjacent park. Children were feeding some flamingoes whose scarlet and white splendour shone in the sun. The scene brought us to ourselves, we concentrated our thoughts, and grasped the abiding truth that for our colleges a new era of prosperity had dawned.

CHAPTER XXV

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW AT KILDARE PLACE

II

Alliance with Trinity College.
Tried by Sinn Fein—Condemned—Acquitted.
Irish difficulties—An unexpected solution.
Destructive fire—New buildings—Farewell.

I

THE summer of 1921 saw an alliance concluded between Trinity College, Dublin, and the Church of Ireland Training College.

The desire of primary teachers for university standing had been growing, and the wisdom of satisfying the desire was generally recognised. But the solution was not simple. Various plans had been tried in England and Scotland, whereby it became possible to introduce to the University varying numbers of the most promising students. There was no inclusive scheme, and most of the attempts had to face the perplexity of the simultaneous working of clashing systems. During a criticism lesson at which I was present in a prominent college, I saw a number of students leave the room because some University fixture claimed their presence.

Our scheme is both inclusive and so arranged that

fixtures do not clash. All students who succeed in entering the Training College are entered in the books of Trinity College. At the end of two years' training they pass an examination which ranks with the Dublin 'Littlego.' If they decide, as increasing numbers do, to proceed further, on passing an examination in languages of matriculation standard they rank as sophisters, and take any of the courses prescribed for degrees.

Only one real difficulty had to be surmounted in the working of this scheme. Contrary to previous requirements, which had always allowed a lower standard of mathematical qualifications in our women students, they must now take the same course as the men. With tireless energy our Professor of Mathematics, Mr. W. Moore, faced the task of producing equality, and faced it with complete success.

In the negotiations by which this goal was reached, we were greatly helped by the transformation of Dr. Bernard from Archbishop to Provost. It was a record. In England, bishops seeking rest have become deans and canons; in Ireland, provosts have become bishops. It remained for Dr. Bernard, in his prime, to exchange lawn sleeves for the provost's gown. The exchange came in good time for Kildare Place. As Archbishop and Manager of the Training College, Dr. Bernard had approved of our becoming connected with the University. As Provost and Chairman of the Board he contributed his influence wholeheartedly to securing the success of the scheme.

II

In previous chapters my personal experiences in connexion with the coming of the Free State have been told. Here I shall deal with the way Kildare Place was affected.

Scarcely had agreement been reached as to 'The Treaty' when the Manager of our Educational Depository heard from the Sinn Fein authorities that he had been fined £10 for selling English Christmas cards 'contrary to orders'! As the Manager showed no desire for the arena, I stepped in and requested a hearing. In reply came a summons to the Mansion House. Arriving punctually I was conducted to the 'Round Room,' where emptiness and silence reigned. While waiting I amused myself by an inspection of trophies and relics of many kinds.

Presently I was aware of an attractive little lady beside me. Would I come to the platform? 'Certainly.' Accordingly we chatted our way to a table with one chair at each side and a curtain behind. As invited, I took one of the chairs and looked for the judges to be ushered in from the concealment of the curtain. To my sheer amazement the little lady herself took the judicial chair! Straightway there was a change in manner. Without parting with her urbanity she became magisterial:

'Why has your Depository not paid the fine?'

'Why are we expected to pay a fine?'

'You have been selling English Christmas cards contrary to orders.'

'We were unaware of any such order.'

'The order was duly published.'

'Where?'

An organ was named.

'I never read that paper. Was the order published in the *Irish Times*?'

She did not know, but the order was binding even though unheard of by us. In other circumstances I should have questioned the authority; instead, I tried suggestions as to the dubious wisdom of such a policy —a curious return for England's gift of freedom. Policy, however, did not come within the scope of the tribunal; my judge was there to administer the law, as she understood it. The fine must be paid—paid within three days.

'May I appeal?'

'Well, yes, if you think it will do you any good.'

'To whom?'

She named an official with the significant title, 'Director of Boycott'; then we rose and bowed politely to each other in parting.

I had no reason to complain of the law's delays. My appeal went forward that (Monday) evening. On Thursday came a reply from the 'Director.' The appeal was disallowed.

It happened, however, that I had taken the precaution of writing also to Mr. Griffith, who had entered on his Presidential duties. Accordingly, I told the 'Director' I should await the President's reply. It came next morning—the fine was quashed and the 'Director' had been dismissed!

I have never since met my fair judge, but if I did I think we should shake hands amicably. I can even imagine her confiding to me that in the happier times we have reached she has found herself guilty of the offence of handling English cards—and there has been no fine.

III

During the early years of the Free State serious difficulties beset Kildare Place. They did not arise from indifference, still less from harshness on the part of the Government; but a knowledge of Irish was made an inevitable requirement, and we were utterly unprepared to cope with it. To enlist candidates for training who could satisfy, or to raise those in the College to the necessary Irish standard, seemed alike impossible.

Matters reached a climax in the autumn of 1923. Mr. Allen, an old student, whose 'Homan Allen College' had given valuable help in preparing candidates, called to say that unless the Irish programme could be modified the Training College was doomed. Manifestly everything possible must be done to avert the peril. There was no difficulty in obtaining protests. From the Teachers' Organisation up to the Board of Trinity College, including all the great educational societies, resolutions poured in, and a great deputation, representing the Church of Ireland, was nominated by the Standing Committee.

Then a strange *dénouement* took place. No reply came from the Minister of Education. As the time

specified for the deputation approached I wrote again. Next day came a telephone answer. The Minister was in London, would we see the Secretary? With some vigour I emphasised the importance of the bodies who were asking audience, and said it was the Minister himself they expected to see. Well, would I myself talk with the Secretary, Mr. O'Neill? To this I could make no objection. I knew the Secretary and admired him.

The interview (still telephonic) opened with a complaint from me as to the difficulty of seeing the Minister. 'But,' said Mr. O'Neill, 'the Minister does not happen to be acquainted with this programme.' This admission gave an opening of which I made full use for attacking what we were expected to master. At the first pause came the astounding suggestion, 'Will you, yourself, draw up an Irish programme that is practicable and submit it?' Here was a situation! I, whose vocabulary of Irish words would be exhausted by my ten fingers, to draw up a suitable programme! But such an opportunity must not be allowed to escape. 'Yes, certainly,' I replied, 'with the help of experts.'

Without delay we went to work. The Trinity College Professor of Irish came and co-operated with our two Irish teachers; a programme was drawn up—and approved. Deputations became unnecessary.

With similar kindness but in a different way the authorities have been merciful as to Kildare Place candidates. On our part we organised special classes for preparation, and we also raised a special fund for providing loans to help them with their increased

expenses. As the result the College has not only escaped its doom but continues vigorous and prosperous.

IV

In drawing to a conclusion there are many things which might be set down, one thing which must.

I was spending the winter vacation of 1926 at Maloja in the Engadine, the guest of my sister and her husband, Sir Henry Lunn, when there came a telegram telling that the greater part of our Men's Department, including three schools and three classrooms, had been burned down. The Archbishop who had been present and waited till the brigade had conquered the flames, most kindly added a request that I should not curtail my holiday, as at first there was nothing we could do.

When I got back some days later what I found was wonderful. On entering the quadrangle, which Sir Thomas Deane's skill had made new, no trace of the fire could be seen ; but, on passing through the main door in the cloisters, the complete destruction of some three-quarters of the hinder part of the old building met the eye. As it was vacation, the fire, which began in the topmost storey at first escaped notice. When the brigade came, summoned by an alert sentry in the adjoining Government buildings, they concentrated their efforts on saving the great staircase and the new work. Thus it happened, mercifully, that what we lost was old and out of date. The staircase from top to bottom was decorated with oil paintings and other

artistic treasures. They were the gift of a valued friend, Mrs. Tuckey, who had devoted some years of her life to the College. All escaped uninjured; it was the same with our handsome 'Model Classroom' and our beautiful library, whose exquisite oak carving could never have been replaced.

Thus we had good reason to give thanks, and go forward with courage in the work of restoration.

There was much to be done but there were many willing helpers. Trinity College lent classrooms; a large house was hired as temporary premises for the schools; no time was lost in pressing on with the reconstruction. How our resident staff got through that year of crush and strain can never be told. Nothing but the most splendid spirit of co-operation could have combated the many difficulties, and succeeded in bringing the students through their studies without loss of prestige.

Mr. Murphy the architect, chosen because Sir Thomas Deane had left Ireland, pressed on enthusiastically with the plans, and found in the contractors, Messrs. Keatinge, capable and willing workers.

In every way the reconstructed buildings mark an advance; in particular, by changing an indifferent attic into much new accommodation, we have gained a number of new rooms. It has always been a struggle for our skilled teachers of drawing, Professor Cooke and Miss Healy, to attain satisfactory results in an ordinary room. Now the long-desired spacious and well-lighted drawing-room is attained, and its effect on the student's work has been instantaneous.

To me it was a source of intense satisfaction to be able to superintend this, the final completion of our College; and when at the end of the year, needing rest, I laid down my office, I had the abiding joy of feeling that vast improvements had become possible as the result of our time of trial, and that from henceforth those who remained would carry on their work helped by a luxury of space and equipment such as had existed hitherto only in our dreams.

Laus Deo.

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